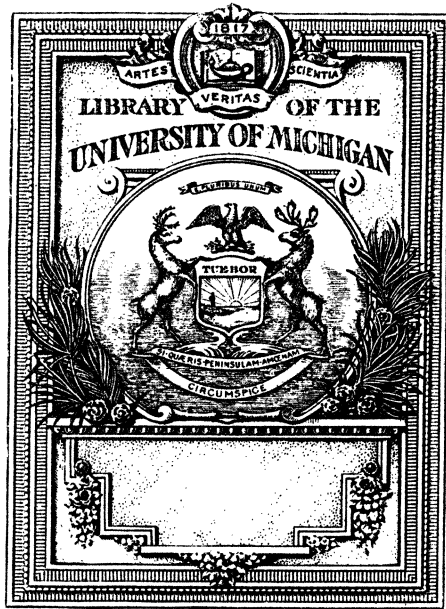

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**NON
CIRCULATING**

Allen Sharp.

THE
Lady's Book
VOL 5.



PUBLISHED BY L. A. GODEY & CO. ATHENIAN BUILDINGS

FRANKLIN PLACE.

PHILADELPHIA.

1832.



PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.



EVENING DRESS

HOME DRESS

Published for the LADY'S BOOK for July 1832 by L.A.GODEY & Co.



THE LADY'S BOOK.

JULY, 1882.

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVING.

EVENING DRESS.

It is composed of rose-coloured Donna Maria gauze, over satin to correspond. The corsage, cut very low, is disposed in folds round the upper part of the bust. Those behind are arranged in a straight line across; those in front are disposed en demi Cœur. The corsage is bordered with narrow blond lace, which stands up round the bust. Bouffant sleeve, very much puffed out on the shoulder. The skirt is trimmed with three bands of iris velvet, each edged on one side with blond lace, set on plain. The hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in loose full curls, which hang as low as the throat. The hind hair is platted, and forms a demi Grecian knot, which is ornamented with three full damask roses placed behind. The ear-rings, bracelets, and neck-chain are of bright gold, finely chased.

HOME DRESS.

It is of terre de Pologne gros de Naples. The corsage is cut low, plain behind, and in crossed drapery in front. Long sleeves, slashed in the Spanish style at the upper part; the slashes are edged with blue satin, and trimmed with mounds de Page of blue riband shot with white, which protrude through them. The chemisette is of tulle; it comes very high in front, and is bordered with blond lace. The cap is composed of blond lace; the trimming of the front turns back partially, and is intermingled with knots of blue gauze riband. The caul is of the capote shape, and ornamented with a blond lace drapery. The infant's dress is of cambric, richly embroidered round the bust, and the border of the skirt. The sash and sleeve-knots are of green figured riband, and the cap of English lace.

THE MIND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! thou mysterious and eternal mind!—
Haply I sing of thee but as a bird,
Whose lonely notes float feebly on the wind,
Passing away unnoticed or unheard:—
But, oh! had I the energy of word,
The eloquence to utter all I feel,
The gift—the power to grasp thought like a sword,
And what I know as I could wish reveal:—
My song should find a voice deep as the thunder's peal!

Exquisite spirit!—if thine aspect here
Is so magnificent;—if on earth thou art
Thus admirable;—in thy sainted sphere,
What newer glories wilt thou not impart?
What powers—what unknown faculties may dart
Like sunlight through the heaven of thy mould!—
What rich endowments into life may start!—
What hidden splendours may'st thou not unfold—
Which earthly eyes ne'er view'd—which human tongue
ne'er told.

When time stands mute before eternity,
And the god-gifted mind, now filled with light
From living fountains, glorified and free,
Soars in transcendent majesty and might;
An angel in its first immortal flight!—
Gazing upon the heaven of heavens, to find
The bliss of wings!—the ecstasy of sight!—
A glory amidst glories of its kind!
A disembodied soul!—a re-created

Then—and then—
The stars—
The—

TO A JEWESS OF ALTONA.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Oh, Judith! had our lot been cast
In that remote and simple time,
When shepherd swains, thy fathers pass'd
From dreary wilds and deserts vast,
To Judah's happy climes;—

My song upon the mountain rocks,
Had echoed oft thy rural charms,
And I had fed thy father's flocks,
Oh, Judith of the raven locks,
To win thee to my arms!

Our tent, beside the murmur calm
Of Jordan's grassy vested shore,
Had sought the shadow of the palm;
And blest with Gilead's holy balm
Our hospitable door.

At falling night, or ruby dawn,
Or yellow moonlight's welcome cool,
With health and gladness we had drawn
From silver fountains on
Our pitcher brim.

How sweet—
The

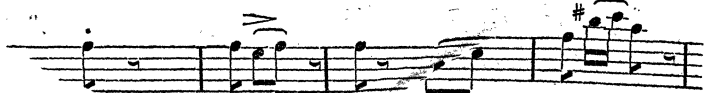
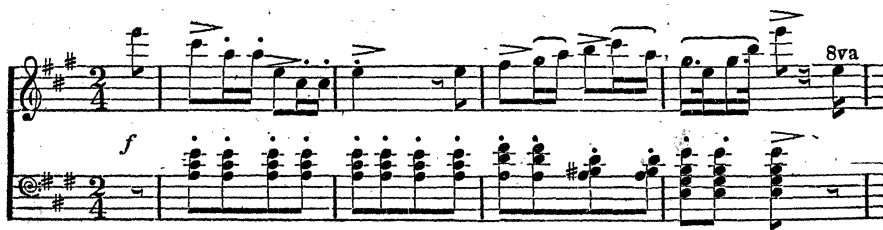
GRENADIER.

A BALLAD, SUNG BY MRS. KNIGHT.

Written and Composed

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ.

LIGHTLY.



Cont.
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here, She has red lips and bon-ny black eyes; And she

lives with her own Granny dear," "Gre-na-dier! did you say! did you say Gre-na-

dier!" "Yes, yes," the old gos-sips re-plies, "She

lives with her old Granny dear," O dear! O dear!

Annette flew to welcome him home,
But turn'd from the maid with disdain,
"False girl, I suppose you are come,
To jeer me, and laugh at my pain!
Since scandal hath blotted your name,
I deem you unworthy a tear;
I've been told by an elderly dame,
That you live with your own Grenadier,"

Quoth pretty Annette, "Do you dare
To call me inconstant and frail?
Beware, Master William, beware
How you trump up an old woman's tale.
'Tis true, when such stories are told,
We should not believe half that we hear,
Yet I own that my Granny is old,
So I live with my own Granny dear."

Original.

THE TRAITOR'S DOOM.

"Suspicion is a heavy armour,
That impedes more than it protects."

BYRON.

DAY had sunk into the arms of night, and the city of Paris was still, no busy crowds thronged the passages, and no splendid cavalcade drew forth the citizens with curious looks: naught, save the heavy tread of the mailed sentinel, was heard before the royal palace, as he slowly paced his weary march. The night was beautiful to look upon; the stars seemed to glitter more brightly than their wont, and the moon now reached her full, careered majestically along her star-lit path. A happy group were gazing on her glories, and one among them whispered in the ear of his companion, "Marie, thou art fairer than yon glorious orb, and thy sight more pleasant to mine eye than her light to the sea-fost mariner." The speaker was Philip of France, (the third of that name who bore the Gallic sceptre.) He stood on a balcony of the palace, and his queen leaned against his bosom in the full confidence of a strong and fervent love. His countenance was marked with an air of amiable serenity, and his dark and expressive eye rested on the fair form that he supported. She was a creature of noble bearing, yet her proud look was chastened by a woman's grace, just verging from fragile youth, to the richer beauties of maturity; she possessed a highly cultivated mind, and a powerful affection for her husband and his offspring. The princes Lewis and Philip, by Isabella the late queen, were the objects of her tender solicitude; for her husband's sake she bestowed on them all the attentions of maternal care, and found an ample reward in the gradually expanding intellect of Lewis, who was now in his fifth year: he had every thing in him which could delight a fond parent; he was beautiful, amiable, and talented, and his soul was as generous as it was pure. He now held his mother's hand, and shaking back the curls from his face, looked up archly in her eyes, and then started off to the other end of the terrace with a speed that rivalled the young hart. "Aha! my good lord," said he, to a form which he encountered, "have I caught you: where are those sweetmeats you promised me but yesterday, I will tell papa that his chamberlain does not keep his word, and then—but no, not that either, when I am king, and wear a sword, and a crown, and sit in the throne with all the great men about me, you shall not come in."

"Pshaw! child," said the chamberlain impatiently, "I will give thee toys another time—get thee away, I would be alone."

"An thou can'st then," retorted the child, "come away with me to papa and mamma—there they stand, in the shade of that gloomy turret."

Finding resistance vain, the chamberlain yielded to his importunities, and approached the spot where the king and queen were standing.

"Welcome, La Brosse," said the king kindly, "thou wert not with us in council this morning—hah! wert pondering on some new scheme for the nation's weal? We forgive thee, but would have thee send us word when again detained from our deliberations."

"But sire, the reasons"—

"Nay, nay, thou art a good servant, and we this once indulge thee; therefore no more."—The group for a long time tarried, and the time flew on, scarce noticed, so deeply were they engaged in conversation, one while amused by the artless prattle of the boy, another listening to the eloquent descriptions of La Brosse, who discoursed on every subject, as if conscious of his superior powers.

None heard more eagerly than the queen; she loved to enjoy these happy moments with her family, and the confidant of the king, when the cares of state were dismissed, and the true feelings of the soul drew aside the veil of hypocrisy, which power is compelled to wear. The evening passed, the terrace was deserted, and the king happy in the fidelity of his subjects, and the affections of his spouse, could rest in quiet, and not find thorns where his wearied frame would seek repose. By early dawn he had arisen, and soon greeted Marie, "A fair morn to thee, dearest; the balmy air invigorates, and the bright sun smiles again on happy France;—happy! what is happiness to a king? it has been thought beyond his highest hopes, and as the object only of his vainest dreams. Can'st tell me?"

"Ay, something whispers an answer to thy question; do not I answer it? do not I love thee, and will not that dispel the clouds of sadness which gather on thy brow, even in the darkest day?"

"In faith, well answered, and right lovingly; but would thy smiles blunt the spears of rebel vassals, or thy frail form turn aside the falchion's edge? A faithful people is my coat of proof, but *thou* art the soul which animates the form which it protects."

"And thy children—the noble Lewis and the little Philip, they are thy weapons; of more value in a father's hand than even thy stout blade which has cloven many a helm, in tourney and in battle."

"Truly, fair one, thou divinest well; how fare the little ones? methought last night, the spirits of my son seemed buoyant above measure, and his eye sparkled with a hotter fire. Oh, glorious

thought! When these limbs are tremulous, and this beard is blanched upon my withered cheek, will he not hold the sceptre with a noble grasp, and wear the coronet like a king?"

"With majesty indeed; but we cannot look into the cloud before us; who can tell what may come to blast thy hopes, and turn thy exultation into sorrow. God grant that day may be far hence!"

They were startled by a loud shriek, proceeding from an adjoining apartment; and the next moment a female domestic rushed in with pale and horror-stricken countenance; she attempted to speak but was unable to utter a syllable, while she beckoned with her finger to the royal pair, who stood almost petrified at the sudden and alarming interruption. Believing that some robber or assassin had been discovered, Philip drew his sword and followed the domestic. But all was silent; not a sound was heard, and no intruder to be seen. On a couch lay the two young princes undisturbed by the confusion around them;—"There!" cried the female, pointing to the couch. The king raised Lewis in his arms, but he fell back heavily, a cold and senseless corse. His long and glossy ringlets were flung in beautiful disorder over the silken pillow, his eyes were gently closed, and a sweet smile still lingered about his lips, as if in mockery of death, but the pale and marble brow, and the icy nerveless hand, told too truly that the pure spirit had forever fled.

The care worn countenance of age assumes a look more ghastly, when the king of terror strikes with his sceptre; but who can gaze on the beautiful habitation of the young and unsullied soul, but with feelings of delight; it is a sadly pleasing contemplation thus to behold the bud nipped and withered by that icy and relentless hand. The queen threw herself by the side of the body, in an agony of grief, and the little Philip who was still by his brother's side, raised his lisping voice and said, "Dear mamma, why don't you wake Lewis? he looks so pale it almost frightens me, but then I know he loves me."—This simple appeal touched the spring of the father's sorrow, and covering his face with his hands, he rushed from the chamber, and gave vent to his anguish in a flood of tears.

Prince Lewis was borne to his resting place, amid the tears and sympathies of thousands for the bereaved parent, who saw the child of his affections laid in consecrated earth, with sorrow for his untimely fate, and wonder at the suddenness of his death. Even while he bent over the tomb, a harrowing thought, undefined yet dreadful, passed gloomily over his soul, and a voice whispered in his ear a word that was full of horror; he looked around, no one was there but his weeping family and attendants, and he shuddered to think that the thought within him had taken form and passed his own lips. The procession left the chapel, and again the word was whispered that it was not to be mistaken, but the dense throng defied his utmost attempts to discover whence it came. With heavy heart

he reached the palace, and retiring immediately to his private closet, ordered the chamberlain to be summoned. La Brosse was soon at his side. The king looked inquiringly into the countenance of his confidant, as if to read there an answer to his yet unspoken question, but the marble features were silent.

"La Brosse?" said the king.

"I am here, Sire; is there aught within my power that can heal thy wounded heart? most gladly would my life purchase thy tranquillity."

"There is that within me, that rends my soul, preys on my vitals, gnawing to my very heart's core; I endure a torture more cruel than very flames could inflict;—suspense—suspicion—dost understand?"

The chamberlain recoiled, and remained in an attitude of attention.

Philip pursued. "Didst thou hear a foul whisper floating on the air, that spoke of treason, when our son was entombed with his ancestors—or when some damned fiend amid the darkness, coupled it with a name so pure, that angels might not blush to bear? Speak out and fear not."

"My master," replied the chamberlain, "do not, I pray thee, compel me to speak of this matter; sooner should my tongue be plucked out by the roots, than it should utter a syllable against one who holds thy affections, and doubtless does most nobly deserve them."

"I warn thee, trifle not; we would know all, and by the throne of heaven, we will; it is a deed that we will sift to the very bottom, let what will oppose, and though one half the world cry out for shame—if thou hast any love—nay not love, it is forsworn—but, if justice, honour—can sway thee in one point—blanch not, but speak all—all that thou knowest—can'st prove—or even thinkest."

"Sire, though I love thee, and owe all to thee, from childhood upward—my name, my office, my very life, I cannot yield to thy request—it will do thee no service, but harm thee in the tenderest point."

"Be that my care: wilt thou behold my palace entered with a murderous hand, and not point me to my revenge, but let me still foster a viper in my bosom that may one day dart its poisonous fangs even into me?—Still silent! Then, ingrate, it is time duty should be taught thee. What ho there! guards!" shouted the king passionately, but the chamberlain looked up imploringly, and the order was retracted. With trembling limbs, and faltering tongue, the dismayed courtier promised to divulge all that he knew, and while the narrative proceeded, Philip sat with clenched teeth, and his countenance grew pale and cold; for love, when attacked by suspicion, quickly yields, and hatred, bitter and inexorable, fills its place. La Brosse asserted nothing positively, but hinted the inferences of his own observation, and instilled into the mind of the king suspicions unfavourable to his consort. That he had often observed in her a strong aversion to the young princes, and that her ambition contained the idea

of their supplanting her own offspring (if she should have any,) on the throne of France: that although the sudden decease of Lewis *might* have taken place in the natural course of things, he had reason to believe that the queen knew of it, at the very time of her last conversation with Philip on the memorable morning: that these were but vague suspicions, and unfounded on any demonstrative or presumptive evidence. So artfully, and at the same time with so much apparent frankness were these sentiments advanced that the king warmly proffered his thanks; but his rage was ungovernable, as the thought of his wife's infamous guilt crossed his mind, it seemed as if the furious commotion within him could only be calmed by the death of his betrayer, and his thirst for vengeance only satisfied by her blood. But he was not entirely blind to the necessity of producing stronger proof to warrant any violent means; the eyes of the world were upon him, and the pride of the king for a time triumphed over the feelings of the man. He knew that some report of the deed was bruited abroad, and the nation would be his judges in the award which the guilt should receive. It was therefore deemed more prudent, to remain inactive till some stronger and more tangible evidence could be adduced.

That very night the king sat for a long time, revolving the unhappy occurrences of the few past days; he thought on all his fond hopes, wrecked in the full prospect of success—of the laughing eyes which had once shone daily welcome upon him, now closed in unbroken sleep: he groaned when the image of his queen rose before him in beauty and majesty; his heart expanded to the bright and pleasing dream, but he frowned it down, and strove to banish the recollection of his ever having loved one, who now trampled under foot every tie of blood and honour. He was aroused from this unwelcome train of reflection by a page, entering from the antechamber, and requesting audience for a stranger on weighty and serious business. A moment after a form entered the apartment muffled in a cloak which concealed his face, even when his cap had been removed: he bent his knee before the king.

"Rise," said Philip, "and with thy commission make good speed, for we are not in a mood to hear a tale of every day occurrence; if there be aught of weighty import, unburden thee of it right hastily, but if not, thou may'st retire. But unlock thee, we have no masquerading here to-night." At this command the cloak was suffered to fall, and the king saw a man of middle stature, broad and brawny, with wild, matted hair, and a visage that bore every trait of villany, from shaggy brows, and deep set lurking eyes, to the seamed and crooked mouth, armed with protruding teeth. Philip started at this apparition, and laid his hand on the hilt of his dagger.

"Don't be afraid," growled the stranger, "I will not harm thee, for then gold could not save me from the friendly embrace of the halter; and I've come for gold."

"Thou shameless villain, get thee gone, or I will have thy scarecrow body swung to the terrace railings,—gold! and why? what hast thou done for gold? would'st thou tempt me to hire thy poniard, and pay thee the price of blood?"

"Humph! not just so—nor much different—marry, a good guesser; but there was a prince Lewis, a fairer child than my mother ever called me."

"Hell's fiends! get on—speed thee, or I'll dig thy heart out."

"It would tell no secrets, and therefore I would have gold, one hundred marks on this hand, or my tongue will not budge."

"Take them, and the curse of God go with them, may they burn thee, but go on."

"Well, the queen, that is Marie, thy wife—was not over fond of a brat not her own—so we made a bargain"—

"Villain, monster! as I stand here, I will dash thee to atoms, at such another word—look well to it."

"Well, then, most gracious sovereign, your most faithful queen, was anxious to remove the present heirs of the crown, and between us, as I said before, or was going to say, we sent the Prince to heaven!"

"Great God, is it then so! can'st prove thy words, and show her guilt as black and hideous as the caves of the abyss?"

"I will swear it in the face of France."

"Then, before France, ere a fortnight has passed, shalt thou confront this guilty wretch, and if thou dost make firm thy words, thou shalt find a monarch can be generous as well as just: till then these walls must keep thee safe from harm."

The king then summoned a guard, and delivering the prisoner into their hands, gave orders to keep him securely, but treat him with kindness and supply all his wants.

The unexpected death of the heir apparent caused a great sensation throughout the whole of France; many were the rumours as to its cause, and many a hard word was spoken, and evil suggestion made of its supposed author, spreading like wildfire, till it became the story of the village gossip, and was spoken of even in the precincts of the court, in no undertone. A confirmation was soon found in a proclamation by herald, in the name of the king, attainting queen Marie of high treason, and appointing a day for the trial. The period so anxiously expected at length arrived, and at an early hour all Paris was in motion to behold this unparalleled example of female depravity, and the triumph of justice over the feelings of the husband. A spacious arena was enclosed, as for a tournament; stages were erected, the higher for the accommodation of the nobility, while below the dense mass of the populace waved like a troubled sea, while ever and anon their deafening shouts rose upon the air. Either end of the lists was provided with bars or barriers; in the centre between them was a low scaffold hung with sable drapery, and a post rose from a large heap of faggots. Directly opposite

was the royal balcony, where the heart-broken king sat in impatient expectation, for the sacrifice to begin; he was arrayed in the gorgeous robes of state, the crown reposed upon his brow, and his hand held the sceptre, but with a feeble grasp.

What misery did that splendour conceal! his blasted and withered hopes had spurred him on to revenge, while the loss was fresh in his memory—his injured honour, and love despised, had supported him for the trial—but now, that the decisive moment had come, his long lost affection returned with redoubled vehemence, and he could not be convinced that one so lovely could be polluted with such horrid guilt. But then the testimony of her accuser supported by an oath, staggered his belief; her own prophetic words flashed on his bewildered mind, and he buried his face in his hands, in utter despair. The trumpets pealed; with a powerful exertion, the king regained his feet, and gazed sadly but firmly on the mournful procession, approaching the scaffold, to a strain of wild and solemn music. As if in ridicule of her destitution, Marie was closely guarded by a score of men at arms, who moved onward in dreadful and death-like silence, unbroken by a single whisper. The scaffold reached, the beautiful culprit looked with an unquailing eye upon the immense concourse and the cruel preparations for her execution, but when she encountered the eye of her lord, and saw the piteous expression of his haggard features, her emotion was too big for utterance, and she burst into tears. Philip turned and bit his lip, till the blood sprung from it, but he was still firm and unaltered, unswayed by those tears he would once have reproached himself for allowing to fall to the ground; but that day was passed, and he seemed another and a different being. The dark funeral garb of the queen, contrasted strongly with her alabaster neck and pallid cheek, where the rose of health had withered under the desolating touch of sorrow. Standing on the other end of the platform, was the accuser, with folded arms, and his eyes fixed on the ground; he was arrayed in a suit of armour, and a plumed helmet was on his head, but the raised visor still showed the same countenance which had startled Philip at his first interview; dark and sinister, and looking like a demon by the side of the fair victim. A solemn oath was taken to disclose the participation of Marie in the murder of the young prince, and while he spoke the words which should condemn his companion, a deep silence reigned over the vast assembly. He declared that he had been employed by the queen to procure poison, which having been disguised in sweetmeats was given by the queen to the young Lewis in his presence, and that stung by remorse he had unburdened his conscience to the king, and previously to the chamberlain. There was a low murmur, and the marshal addressing the queen, thus spoke—

"Marie, queen of France, what hast thou to answer; art thou guilty of this most heinous crime?"

The queen replied, mournfully, "It is as false as hell. God knows my innocence, and into his hands I commit my cause."

"Then, men, do your duty," cried the officer; "fire the pile."

One step they advanced, but were arrested by a cry from the royal balcony, commanding them to desist. It was the king, who, with outstretched hand pointed to the extremity of the list, where a knight, attended by several esquires, was passing the barrier. "Sound, heralds, sound a loud welcome to the stranger."

Marie sank upon her knees, and, raising her clasped hands to heaven, breathed a grateful prayer; then, rising, called upon the king, in a loud, clear voice for the right of a champion to defend her cause; she had recognised in the device of the stranger, her well known family arms, of the house of Brabant, and she knew that the assistance she had sent to entreat was not asked in vain. Her brother, the Duke of Brabant, knelt before the king, and demanded room to defend his sister's innocence against the machinations of her enemies. It was instantly granted.

"And now," he shouted, as he hurled his gauntlet furiously at the feet of the accuser, "raise my challenge, and show that your craven heart is as bold in battle as in lies;—I would crush thee, slave, but that, from thy noble office thou may'st claim a right of combat, lift my gauge, and mount thee, for my sword is impatient to hack thy coward limbs from thy false carcass."

The accuser was silent, and stirred not, but gazed vacantly on.

"Not move," cried the fiery Duke, "then yield thee, villain, and confess thy guilt, before I dash thy head from thy shoulders; confess that thou hast, with damnable intent, leagued with others, against the happiness of thy liege lord, and the life of a pure and virtuous queen;—confess that *she* is innocent—thine answer?"

"*I do*," were the only words that escaped his lips.

Language cannot describe the effect which these words produced; even the champion started back in astonishment, and the queen sank into her brother's arms. A low sound, like the sighing of the wind before a hurricane, ran round the immense multitude, strengthening and deepening as it moved onward, till, all suddenly, a roar burst from the arena, like the battle-cry of an army. The Duke, snatching his sister, flew to the barrier, just in time to escape the multitude who poured forth to the scaffold, like some huge ocean, bursting its confines and rushing foaming and swelling, and overwhelming every thing in its progress. Mingled shouts of "*vive la reine*," and curses on the accusers head rent the air: in one moment the lofty pyre blazed to heaven, and the enraged populace, dragging their miserable and guilty victim, hurled him headlong into the midst of the flames, drowning his cries for mercy in their deafening yells.

Who can describe the first meeting of the royal pair;—let it be imagined from the fervour of woman's love, and that proudest act of a go-

nerous soul; the reparation of an injury. In the presence of the Duke of Brabant, Philip directed an attendant to inquire after La Brosse, who had excused himself from being present at the trial, on plea of being unable to endure the spectacle.

"You may save yourself that trouble, cousin of France," said the Duke, "it was well we arrived so opportunely, for this arch traitor is now safely lodged in a dungeon, under the special protection of the constable of France."

"Surely," said Philip, "thou art in jest; we hold not a more faithful servant in all our court, or realm, than this same chamberlain."

"Nathless, thou errest: what would'st say to letters written by him to the Spaniard, engaging to vacate the Pyrenian fortresses, that his troops may have free access to the heart of your country? What would'st say to a promise under his own seal, of a thousand marks to that devil incarnate, (who has gone to his parent, the father of lies,) for poisoning thy son, and fixing the crime on our fair sister, that he might thus have thee in his power to mould and fashion, as he would? Yef of all this, have we fair writing to prove, and therefore placed him out of the way of danger till the innocence of our own dear Marie should be established, and his vile plot disclosed, and confessed by his worthy tool, whom may heaven curse."

"Amen!" said the king, "but thy love deserves our warmest thanks;—we shall ever remember with gratitude thy heaven directed hand, which prevented us from committing a crime which a life of penance could not have atoned for, which has restored to our arms a dear and adored wife, and which has brought to his just doom, the boldest traitor that ever betrayed his master."

Y. P.

CURSORY REMARKS ON A WIFE.

"Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life."

THERE is reason to rejoice that those early ages of society are past when a man purchased a woman to be his wife, as a butcher purchases an ox or a sheep to be food; and valued her only as she contributed to his gratification. Innumerable instances might be collected from the early history of various nations, but the following will be sufficient:—

Abraham obtained Rebekah, and gave her to his son Isaac for a wife. Jacob served Laban fourteen years for two wives. When David had Saul's daughter given in marriage, it was said, "The king desireth not any dowry, but an hundred fore-skins of the Philistines." In the *Iliad*, Agamemnon offers his daughter to Achilles for a wife, and says that he would not demand for her any price. But those days are past, and wherever such practices have prevailed, men could not have for the fair sex that tender regard and esteem which constitute so essential a part of the genuine affection of love.

In this age, matters are different: the feelings are wrought upon—the man beholds the object of his affection with a longing wish to claim her for his own—he observes in her that capital article, sweetness of temper, which manifesting itself in mild looks and gentle manners, is perhaps the first and most powerful inducement to esteem in a cultivated mind.

The amiable disposition, the gentle and insinuating manners of the sex, are all highly respected by the man, who, more robust, bold, and vigorous, is qualified for a protector. The female being delicate and timid, requires protection, and is capable of making an engaging figure under the good government of a man possessed of penetration and solid judgment.

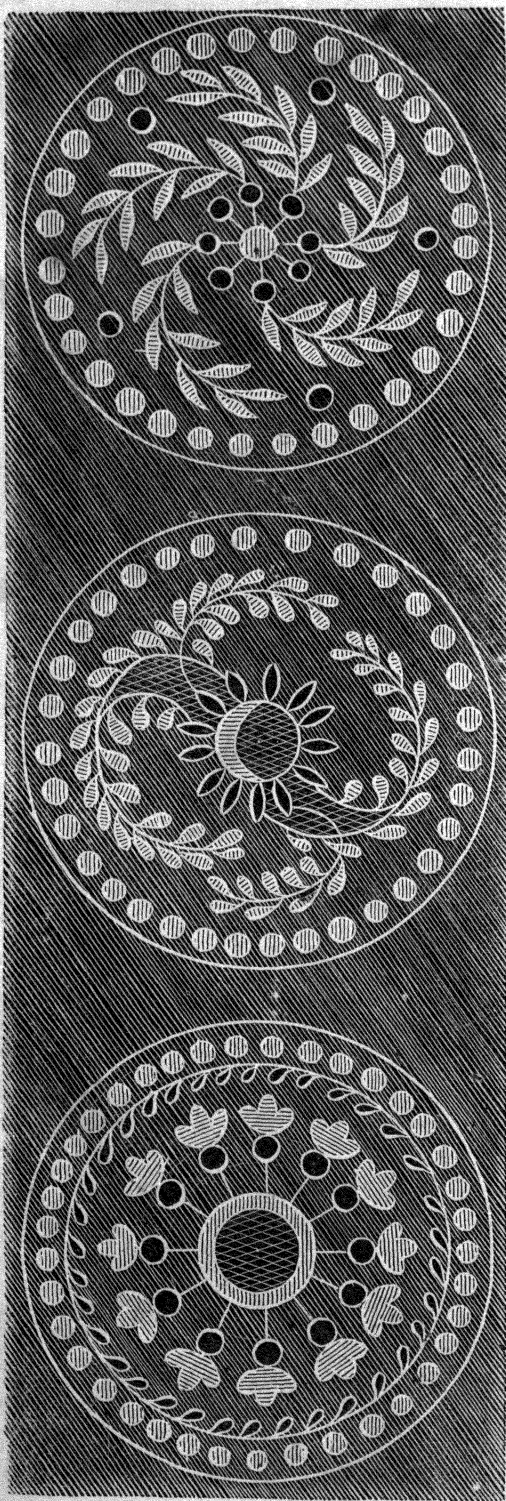
It would be injustice not to mention the peculiar and essential part of female value, modesty, without which, no woman is likely to command the esteem and affection of any man of sound understanding; therefore we consider the invaluable grace of a chaste and modest behaviour the best means of kindling at first, and not only of kindling, but of keeping alive and increasing, this inexpressible flame.

There is no reason to hesitate in saying that a good wife is one of the most valuable treasures a man can possess in this life. She causes his cares in this world to sit easy, adds sweetness to his pleasures, is his best companion in prosperity, and truest friend in adversity. She is the most careful preserver of his health, the kindest attendant during his sickness, a faithful adviser in distress, a comforter in affliction, a prudent manager of his domestic affairs, and, in short, one of the greatest blessings that heaven can bestow upon man.

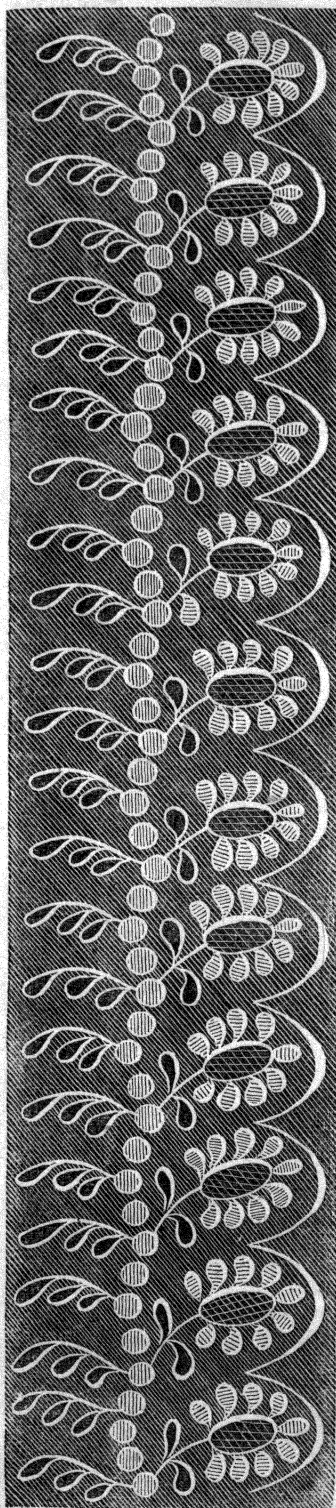
Should it, however, unfortunately prove otherwise, she will be her husband's greatest trouble, will give him the utmost anxiety, and be a clog to him the remainder of life. Therefore we would advise every young gentleman, before he tampers with this passion, to consider well the probability of his being able to obtain the object of his love. If he is not likely to succeed, he will do well to avoid the company of the beloved object, to apply his mind attentively to business or study, and endeavour, if possible, to fix his affections on another, which it may be in his power to obtain. The affections reciprocally gained, mutual love will endure them to each other, and make constancy a pleasure; and when their youthful days are over, esteem and genuine regard will remain in the mind, making pleasant, even in old age, the company of such a pair, in whose actions are manifested the most tender affections of husband, wife, lover, friend.

As you see the spark fly upward—sometimes not falling to the earth till it be dark and quenched—thus soars, whither it recks not, so that the direction be *above*, the luminous spirit of him who aspires to Truth; nor will it back to the vile and heavy clay from which it sprang, until the light which bore it upward be no more!

CROWN PATTERN.



SIDE PATTERN.



THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

LIKE the stars to the night,
Or the breeze to the sea,
My fair one—my fond one,
I'll be unto thee.
Though ocean divides us,
Where'er I may roam,
My heart shall be with thee,
And thy cottage home.

Where we twined the young jasmine,
Which still fondly wreathes;
Where we planted the rose-tree,
That still sweetly breathes;
Where we've oft roam'd together,
And plighted our truth;
In our first days of rapture,
The brightest of youth.

Oh, there is a spell
That still dwells with the heart,
And in moments of sorrow
Sweet peace will impart;
When away from the home,
And the lov'd ones we prize,
Those bright fairy forms
In memory rise.

And though I be far
On the billowy sea,
My heart, dearest Julia,
My heart is with thee:
I but go o'er the wave,
Brighter laurels to earn;
Soon enwreath'd with more glory,
In joy to return.

A WINTER SONG.

How the winter whirlwind roars,
With the snow-storm in its train!
Fast the fleecy deluge pours—
When will summer come again?
When will summer's golden bow
O'er the valley, and the plain,
All its gloriops lustre throw—
When will summer come again?

Frost hath seized the rapid rill,
Glittering like a silver vein;
Fixed it lies, its song is still—
When will summer come again?
When will balmy winds be ours,
Bees and birds resume their strain;
Branches burst, and grass, and flowers,
When will summer come again?

Earth is an ancient man:
White her locks with winter's stain,
And her lips are sad and wan—
When will summer come again?
Oh! for lovely glade and bower!
Oh! for pleasure's smiling train;
Bud and blossom, fruit and flower—
When will summer come again?

Now the woods are stripped and bare,
Bare the valley and the plain;
Bleached the hills that were so fair—
When will summer come again?
Oh! for wand'rings in the woods,
Oh! for sunshine on the main!
Limpid billows—sparkling floods,
When will summer come again?

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

A CHEERFUL evening party were assembled, some years ago, in Copenhagen, to celebrate the birth-day of a common friend. They were young and gay, but their mirth, which otherwise might have overpast the bounds of moderation, was chastened and restrained by the accidental presence of a guest, whose passive rather than active participation in the scene, whose silent and grave deportment, and whose sparing, and almost whispered replies, when addressed, formed a strange contrast with the festivity and liveliness of the rest of the company.

Those who were acquainted with him, nevertheless, maintained, that among his intimate friends, the stranger was an interesting companion, possessed of a great fund of anecdote and observation, and a power of investing, when he chose, with an air of originality and novelty, the every-day occurrences and experiences of life. This vein, however, he rarely indulged, and, in mixed society, could with difficulty be prevailed on to open his lips. When he did, however, he was listened to with attention and reverence; and often the noisy mirth of the party became gradually hushed as he poured out, in his calm solemn tone, his rich stores of anecdote and narrative.

It seemed as if, on this occasion, the presence

of some friends whom he had not seen for some time past, had gradually disposed him to be more communicative as the evening advanced, and dissipated that reserve which the loud gaiety of the party about him had at first inspired. The sparkling glass had circulated freely and frequently; song after song had, according to the custom of the country, enlivened the night, when some young wight, probably over head and ears in love, and anxious to let the world know it, commenced an air of Baggesen's, in which each guest, in his turn, sings a stanza, and drinks to the health of his mistress by her baptismal name, the company repeating the pledge in chorus.

Ere the silent guest was aware, his turn had come. The host was filling his empty glass, and pressing him to begin. He roused himself, as if waking from a dream, and turning suddenly round, said gravely, "Let the dead rest in peace."—"By all means," said the host, "Sit ille levis terra. And so we'll drink to their memory; but come—you know the custom—a name we must have."

"Well, then," said the stranger, quickly, "I will give you one that will find an echo in every breast—AMANDA."—"Amanda!" repeated the party, as they emptied their glasses. "Amanda!" said the younger brother of the landlord, who,

being a great favourite with the stranger, ventured to take greater liberties with him than any other person. "I have a strong notion, friend L——, that you are palming off some imaginary divinity upon us, and that you really never knew what it was to be in love after all. Who ever heard of such a name, except in a sonnet! I'll lay my life too, that no Amanda ever equalled the flesh-and-blood charms of our own Elizas, Annas, and Margarets. Come, come—sweep away these airy fancies from your brain;—you have still time enough left—and I yet hope to dance at your marriage."

These words, apparently so harmless, seemed to produce a strange impression upon the stranger. He made a sudden movement, as if to interrupt the young man. "Dance!" he exclaimed, while his cheek grew pale, and a deep air of melancholy settled on his brow as he proceeded. "The charms of which ye speak are, indeed, nothing to me; and yet I do bear within my breast an image, which neither your realities nor your imaginations are likely soon to equal." He looked around him, for a moment, with a glance in which pride seemed to mingle with compassion; then the look of triumph passed away, and his countenance resumed its usual mild and tranquil expression.

"Convince us then of the fact," said the persevering young man—"draw out that black riband from your breast which has so often awakened my curiosity, and let us see the fair one who is attached to it."

L—— glanced his eye with an enquiring gaze upon the company, and perceiving curiosity and attention depicted in every countenance, he said—"Be it so!" He pulled out a plain gold case from his bosom, which he loosened from the ribband, and opened it with a slight pressure.

A miniature of a female presented itself to view, in which, though the delicate features were not regularly beautiful, every one who beheld them felt at once that there lay some deep and irresistible attraction. A halo of grace and dignity seemed to surround the figure. The freshness and truth of colour in the cheek, the speaking lustre of the eye, the sweet and natural smile that played upon the lip, the clustering chesnut hair which fell in long ringlets around a countenance mild as angels wear, the simplicity of the white robe in which the figure was arrayed—all seemed to show that the picture must be a portrait; and yet there was about it a certain strange visionary and almost supernatural expression, which made the spectator doubt if such an image could represent reality. The miniature was handed round the table. Every one gazed on it with delight.

"And her name is, or was, Amanda?" resumed the young man who had first addressed the stranger; "so far well—her Christian name at least is no secret."

"No," replied L——; "and yet I could perchance call her by seven others, each as appropriately hers as the last, for she bore them—"

"All!" said the young man, interrupting him with a smile.

"Yes, all!" repeated L——, gazing steadily on the picture, which had now come back into his hand—"all!—and yet my intended bride, whom this portrait represents, bore but one!"

"This, then," said the landlord, "is the portrait of your intended bride. I begin now to remember something faintly of the story."

"It is—and it is not," said L——, sighing. "I can answer only," said he, as he perceived the growing astonishment of the company, "in words which must appear enigmas to you all, though, alas, they are none to me.—But let us change the subject. Dark sayings, without explanation, disturb good fellowship, and we have not met to-night to entertain each other with melancholy stories."

"For my part," said the landlord, "I should desire nothing better. I am sure, my dear L——, you will not now refuse to give us some explanation as to some events in your life, of which I have a dim recollection of having heard. I remember faintly, that a report of your intended marriage was suddenly succeeded by the intelligence of your having set out on a journey to the south to visit a sick friend. When you did at last return, you mixed no longer with general society; and even in the smaller circle of your friends, you have been silent on many subjects, on which they have refrained from questions, only lest the sympathy which would have prompted their enquiries should be mistaken for mere curiosity."

"My silence," said L——, with another enquiring glance at the company, "has arisen, not from want of confidence, but from the dislike I felt at the idea of attracting observation, as one who has been the sport of events so extraordinary, that he who has experienced them is sure to be looked upon by his fellow men either as a miraculous being, a visionary, or—a liar. None of the three hypotheses are agreeable to me, nor do I pretend to be altogether indifferent to the good opinion of the world while I live in it. The event to which you allude has, in fact, nothing in it of a supernatural character; viewed in its prosaic aspect, it is one unfortunately not very uncommon, and I therefore make no further demand on your forbearance but this, that I shall not be made the subject of impertinent curiosity; with the exception of my name, you are welcome to communicate it to any one whose understanding and power of judgment are not absolutely limited to what falls within the scope of his five senses; for though these events, incredible as they may appear to some, are perfectly capable of a natural explanation, the tone which I feel I must adopt in their narration must be not only a melancholy one, but tedious, perhaps, and repulsive, to those whose hearts acknowledge no sympathy with any higher world than that of sense. All, therefore, who expect a lively entertainment, had better go at once. I have given them warning."

None rose, however; and L——, closing the

miniature, and placing it before him, proceeded as follows:—

"During that gay period of youth when we are so apt to prefer the illusive promises of fancy to the realities of life, it was my fortune to form an acquaintance, which, notwithstanding the naturally dreamy tendency of my mind, soon concentrated all its attention on the dreary scenes which are actually presented in this our confined existence.—Some time before the period of which I speak, during the English attack on Copenhagen in 1801, the students had formed a military corps of their own; but its spirit and discipline had been rapidly on the decline during the years of peace which followed, till the patriotic enthusiasm of its founders was again roused by the arrival of that remarkable year which witnessed the approach of the British army to the shores of Denmark. The students, old and young, flocked back with redoubled zeal to their neglected colours; the rapid succession of events which followed—the blockade of the capital, animating every breast with zeal—the sympathetic influence of enthusiasm, had cemented the ties of acquaintance and friendship among young men formerly but little acquainted with each other, and united them after the fatigues of the day in little joyous clubs and societies, where animating war-songs and patriotic sentiments soon banished those gloomy feelings which the existing state of matters would occasionally inspire.

"On these occasions, I had frequently met with a young man, to whom at first I was conscious of entertaining a feeling of dislike, though I felt unable to ascribe it to any other cause than the difference of our habits and personal appearance. He was not tall, but slenderly made, and with features of great delicacy. His clear and piercing eye often wandered over the scene about him with a restless but penetrating glance. There was something noisy and extravagant in his mirth, which revolted me, because it appeared not to come from the heart; the loud laughter with which he generally accompanied his somewhat far-fetched witticisms, seemed to be less the offspring of gaiety, than of a mind that mocked itself. Selfish even in his convivial moments, it seemed to be his study to maintain his superiority over his companions even in his mirth; and the recklessness with which he occasionally assailed his friends, produced a painful impression on myself, and on all.

"At other times his deep and overpowering melancholy kept every friend at a distance. The study which he professed to pursue was medicine, but his friends said, with little success; for while engaged most earnestly in his studies, a strange fit of anxiety and restlessness would come over him; he would throw his books aside, desert his classes, and either wander about in a state of listless idleness, though without plunging into any dissipation, (for the care he took of his health seemed almost ludicrous,) or devote himself with assiduity to drawing and painting, for which he had a decided turn. He had considerable skill

in miniature-painting on ivory, and his efforts in this department were always at the service of his friends. When he devoted his pencil to other subjects, his drawings had invariably something of a gloomy character. Snakes were seen lurking under his flowers; funeral processions issuing from some lovely vine-covered habitation; corpses floating on the waves of a sunny sea; his fancy revelled in the strangest, the most varied funeral devices; while, in all his sketches there was something which left upon the mind a feeling of a disagreeable kind.

"You who are acquainted with me as I then was, will see at once, that there could be but few points of contact between myself and Emanuel, for such was his Christian name. Meantime the bombardment had commenced; the destructive bombs scattered ruin in all directions, no place of security was to be found. The day was even more terrible than the night, for there was something peculiarly appalling in the hissing of the balls, and the bursting of the Congreve rockets, which deafened us on every side, while they were invisible to the eye.

"A small division of the corps to which I belonged, had one day received orders to occupy a bastion. I had been a little too late, but was hastening after my comrades, and had already come in sight of them, when a bomb falling in the midst of four or five of them who were standing together, burst at that instant, killing almost all of them, and scattering their mangled limbs into the air. The others, who were not far off, fled, as might be expected, and were still engaged in attending to their own safety, when I, perceiving that the danger was over, and eager to afford such assistance as was in my power, hurried up to the scene of the catastrophe.

"A young man was standing among the mangled corpses, pale and motionless, but apparently unhurt. It was Emanuel. 'Who is killed?' was my first question. He looked up, turned his clear piercing eyes upon me, and was silent. Suddenly he smote his hands together; the tears rushed into his eyes, and with a voice interrupted by loud sobs, he pronounced the name of an amiable youth, the promising heir of a respectable civil officer, and, strange enough, our common friend. I repeated the name with a shuddering tone. 'Alas! alas!' said he, 'it is even so, and I am unhurt; not two minutes before he had accidentally changed places with me. He is taken, and I am left; O would I were in his place now? Do not mistake me,' continued he, as I gazed on him with astonishment, 'this is no burst of friendship; I love existence far more dearly than I did him; but better this death, than a slow, a terrible one!'

"'What gloomy ideas are these!' said I; 'let us go and'—

"'Enjoy ourselves!—is it not so?' interrupted he; 'to laugh, and to forget!'

"'No, friend,' replied I; 'I have little inclination at present for enjoyment—but to fulfil our duty.'

"In the meantime our comrades had returned

to the spot, followed by those on whom devolved the mournful task of removing the wounded and the dead. We marched as if nothing had happened, to perform the task appointed for us, that of placing our supplies of powder under cover in a distant magazine. Chance had made Emanuel my companion. We worked hard and spoke but little. I felt, however, that the dislike I had at first so decidedly felt to the young man, was fast giving place to a warm sympathy for his sufferings. I had obtained a partial glance into a dark but wounded spirit, and had seen enough to incline me to ascribe the startling circumstances of his character, to a mind anxiously labouring to deceive itself as to its true situation. I know not whether the visible sympathy which I manifested, contrasted with my former coldness, had affected him also with a similar emotion; but so it was, that when the night summoned us to rest, we parted like old and trusty friends, with a warm pressure of the hand.

"I had occasion the next day to be the bearer of various orders, and, among others, one addressed to Emanuel. I entered unperceived—(he had not heard my gentle tap at the door)—into a comfortable apartment, but in a state of even more than student-like confusion;—a circumstance the more striking, that at that time both old and young generally kept their whole effects as carefully packed as possible, that they might the more easily be transported, in the event of their habitations being set on fire by the bombardment.

"He was seated at a large table, covered with books and painting materials; his head rested on both his hands, and he was gazing attentively on a small miniature painting. It is the same which lies near me, and which has so deeply attracted your attention, only it was then unframed, the ivory being merely pasted upon the paper. I had time to look at it, for he did not observe me till I laid my hand upon his shoulder; the gay and animated grace which seemed shed over the figure, struck me perhaps the more, from the contrast it presented to the living, but drooping and desponding young man, who had but yesterday lost a friend, and whose deep desolation of heart had so plainly revealed itself on that occasion.

He started up as he felt the pressure of my hand, and almost involuntarily drew the paper over the miniature. 'How now?' said I; 'is it with so sad an aspect that you regard this lovely portrait, whose charming features are sufficient to inspire any one with cheerfulness; particularly since this successful effort seems to be the work of your own hands? My poor friend! have I guessed the cause of your melancholy—Is it love—unfortunate, hopeless love?'

"'Most unfortunate,' said he, interrupting me, 'for—but,' continued he, 'you have already had a glance of it, so look at it as you will: I do in truth consider it as one of my most successful attempts, and the more so, that no one sat for it. It was the mind that guided the pencil.' So saying, he again uncovered the miniature.

"With increasing astonishment and delight did I gaze upon those lovely features; I was fascinated; I could not turn my eyes from them; the longer they rested on the picture, the deeper I felt its magic sink into my heart. I could not divest myself of the idea, that this portrait must represent the object of my friend's attachment. And the very idea of seeing, knowing, loving so angelic a being as it presented itself to my mind, seemed more than a counterpoise for all the difficulties, all the miseries of life.

"'I have heard it said,' said I at last, 'that all married people, and all lovers, have a certain resemblance to each other; I cannot say that I have in general found it so, but for once it strikes me the saying is right. I think,' said I, comparing him with the portrait, 'I think I can here and there recognise some traits of your features.'

"'Very possibly,' he replied, 'very likely—for the picture is that of my sister.'

"I knew not why at that moment, but I felt that this explanation filled my bosom with indescribable joy. 'Your sister?' replied I, hastily—'happy brother who can boast of such a sister! What is her name?'

"He was silent; I raised my eyes from the picture to fix them upon him. He was pale, and seemed not to have heard my question. I repeated it. He looked at me with a fixed stare, and answered as hesitatingly as I myself did even now. 'Her name is—I cannot tell!'

"'You cannot tell?' said I, with astonishment.

"'O persecute me not,' cried he, springing up with impatience—'ask me not—you have touched a wound that still festers in my heart.'

"I laid down the picture in confusion; a strange suspicion, which struck me dumb, sprang up at that moment in my mind. I began to fear that by some strange mental aberration, his love for this angelic sister might be more than fraternal; and resolved at once never more to touch upon a subject so dangerous.

"I left him; but chance threw us together again in the course of the evening; for a fire, occasioned by the bursting of a bomb, took place in his lodging. On the first intelligence of this disaster, I hurried along with some friends who were not known to him, to his house. He was standing quietly in his room, giving himself no concern about his effects, and apparently doubtful whether he would take the trouble of saving himself or not. I succeeded in drawing him away almost by force; but the greater part of his small possessions was consumed. From that moment he seemed to attach himself exclusively to me;—every day during our military companionship his society in turn became dearer to me, so that at last the very defects in his character which had at first sight appeared to me so repulsive, now that I had begun to look upon his conduct from a different point of view, presented themselves in an interesting light, as the efforts of a mind struggling against despair; and the melancholy Emanuel (not perhaps without some reference to his lovely sister) became to me an object of the warmest sympathy and friendship.

"My suspicions, which still continued, prevented me from putting any questions to himself as to his family, willingly as I would have done so; and all which I was able to gather from other sources was, that his father was clergyman of a country town, in one of the small islands belonging to Denmark, in the Baltic; that he was a widower, and, besides this son, had four daughters in life.

"Meantime the siege held on its brief but terrific course. I trembled for my friend, whose desperate plans, the offspring of an over-excited mind, were condemned even by the most foolhardy of our companions; though, had all the defenders been inspired with the same contempt of death, the result of the siege might probably have been different. The actual result is sufficiently known; with the opening of our gates to the British troops, who entered not as enemies but as friends, our warlike functions ceased. Impatient, irritated at the daily necessity of meeting on a footing of courtesy with those whom we hated from the very bottom of our hearts, I seized the first opportunity to leave the capital, and knowing that every where in the neighbourhood I should meet with English troops, or encounter general irritation and annoyance, I determined to take a wider circuit, and to visit Germany.

"I need hardly say that Emanuel's society had by this time become indispensable to me; his wit, which I had at one time thought far-fetched and wanton, now afforded me delight. I laboured in silence to mitigate the inequality of his humours, though every day unfolded to me some new and strange peculiarity in his character. Among these was his aversion to every sort of dancing; he assured me that neither he nor his sisters had ever learned, or would learn, to dance. Nay, on one occasion, during a visit to a common friend in the country, where we happened to meet a party of young people who were anxious for that amusement, and who, knowing that he was the only person present who played the violin, had requested him to act the part of musician on the occasion, he at first resisted vehemently, and only yielded at last to my repeated entreaties. He played one or two dances with visible reluctance; but just as he was about to commence a third, and a young and beautiful girl, in some measure resembling the subject of the picture, whom he had long been following with his eyes with visible interest, advanced into the circle, he cast his violin away with violence, and by no entreaties could he be prevailed upon to resume it. The dancing must have ceased entirely, but for the fortunate arrival of a guest who was able and willing to replace the reluctant performer. The dance now proceeded gaily and without interruption; but insensible even to the solicitations of beauty, Emanuel stood in a corner of the room, and eyed the gay whirl of the dance with an aspect of the deepest gloom.

"My sympathies being once awakened in his favour I only pitied him the more for these singularities, and urged him, with the view of di-

verting his mind, to resume with energy and perseverance his neglected studies. He promised to do so, but medicine seemed only to increase the discomfort and despondency of his mind. Often would he throw his books away, exclaiming, 'Oh! admirable training for the future! In eternity what need have I to know how men are to be made away with by rule and method?—There men die not—or if they do, not by pill or potion. Why waste in such enquiries the hours which might be much better devoted to the education of the soul?'

"'Is such then your employment when you throw your books away?' I asked after one of these tirades.

"'Alas!' said he, with deep earnestness, 'that which occupies my mind is enough in the eyes of God to excuse a being of flesh and blood.' I understood him not; but thinking that a foreign tour might produce a salutary effect upon his mental malady, I pressed him to accompany me in my intended journey. He received the invitation with visible pleasure, yet he hesitated long, as if some conflict were going on within, before he accepted it; at last he yielded to my entreaties.

"He commenced his journey with a feeling of uneasiness, which, however, was shortly removed by a fortunate occurrence. He had informed his father of our project, but had received no answer, and had begun to apprehend that their long silence must be occasioned by some unfortunate event, chiefly, as he admitted, from the feeling that he had long been accustomed to hear of nothing but misfortune from home. We sailed by a small vessel for Lubeck. The violence of the wind, rather than apprehension from the English vessels, had induced the captain to take the course between the islands. But autumn was already advanced; the gloom of evening was fast closing upon the sea; he was but imperfectly acquainted with the soundings, and so he resolved, after sailing a league or two, to come to anchor, and resume his course on the following day.

"Emanuel now found himself, I may say, almost in sight of his paternal home. It was long, as he told me with emotion, since he had visited it, and unfortunate as might be the nature of his connexion with it, it was evident that the recollections of the past, and the apprehension of some present evil, had filled his mind with an indescribable longing to land, and once more to visit the home of his youth. He promised to be on board again by sunrise. My heart beat as I listened to this resolution, for I foresaw that he could not in courtesy avoid inviting me to accompany him; though it was not less evident, from the constraint with which the invitation was shortly afterwards given, that he would have been happier had I remained. For deeper reasons, however, than that on which I rested my acceptance of his offer—which was, that in the event of any thing unpleasant having happened, my assistance might have been of use to him—I determined to accompany him, and having made

the necessary arrangements with the captain, we landed.

"We had still a full league to go; some time elapsed before we could procure any conveyance, and when we commenced our route, the night had set in dark and misty. The man who drove the vehicle mistook the path, and led us astray, so that it was bedtime ere we reached the town. In the restlessness of his anxiety, my friend would not wait to alight at his father's house; we entered the inn, and there learned, that the old clergyman was at that moment suffering severely from the return of a painful complaint, to which he was occasionally subject.

"Emanuel knew that any agitation of mind at the present moment might be attended with the most dangerous consequences to his father; so taking our little bundles in our hand, we set out on foot towards the parsonage, which stood near the church, and into which, after knocking gently for a long time at the door, an old servant gave us admittance.

"She confirmed the intelligence we had received at the inn, with the consoling addition, that there was no immediate danger; that the invalid was asleep, and that she would call up the daughter who was watching beside him; while my friend, learning that his eldest sister had gone to rest, that she might relieve the other in the morning, gave her express injunctions not to disturb her, nor the two children, as he called them, by the news of our arrival. We entered, in the meantime, a large and somewhat gloomy parlour, dimly illuminated by the single light which was carried by the servant.

"It was with a strange emotion that I looked around upon the dreary dwelling, which contained the being who had been so long the object of my daily and nightly dreams, and whom I now hoped at last to see face to face; a happiness the more agitating and intense, that it was so unexpected and so unlikely. My glance wandered rapidly over the lonesome chamber; its furniture was of that modest kind which I had seen a hundred times before in the dwellings of respectable citizens; but my eyes involuntarily dwelt on several little work-tables, which stood in the windows or against the walls, without knowing to which in particular I ought to direct my attention and my homage. Emanuel had thrown himself on an old-fashioned sofa, in visible and painful expectation.

"At last the door opened gently. A young lady in a simple house dress, bearing in her hand a light, which threw its clear ray on her countenance, entered the room, with a timid but friendly air. The joyful beating of my heart seemed to announce to me that this was the charming original of the miniature; I drew in my breath that I might not disturb her, as, without observing me in the recess of the window, she flew towards her brother, with the faltering exclamation, 'Emanuel, dearest Emanuel!' He started up, stared on her with a fixed look, and extended his arms to receive her, but without uttering a word.

"'You would scarcely know me again,' said she, 'I have grown so tall since we parted; but I am still your own Jacoba.'

"'Jacoba!' he repeated, in a sorrowful tone; 'yes! yes! even such I had pictured you.—Come to my heart!' Then drawing her to him—'How is my father?' said he; 'how are Regina, Lucia, and the little one?'

"'All as usual,' answered the young lady—'only that my father has suffered more severely from his pains this time than before. We could not venture to leave him except when asleep: I watch beside him always till about daybreak, and then I waken Regina. Ah! she is no longer so strong and healthy as I am—and poor Lucia is still but a child!'

"'Enough,' said my friend, as if struggling with an oppression at the heart—and introduced me to his sister. She saluted me with an air of shyness and embarrassment, the natural result of her solitary education, and then hurried out to prepare some refreshments, and to give directions for our repose.

"'Now,' said I, with a triumphant glance at my friend, when we were left alone—'now I know the name of the charming picture, or rather of the still more lovely original. It is Jacoba.'

"'Jacoba!' he repeated with a deep sigh—'well, well, be it as you will;—but for heaven's sake, no more of this—earnestly I ask it of you—not a word of the picture. That is my secret.'

"The sister entered again occasionally, but only for a moment at a time. Her shyness seemed to prevent her from taking any part in our conversation; and every instant she hurried out to see that her father was still asleep. We agreed that the old man, to whom any mental agitation might be dangerous in his present irritable state, should know nothing of his son's presence, and that Jacoba should merely waken her elder sister an hour earlier than usual, that before commencing her duties by her father's bed-side, she might have time to bestow a parting embrace upon her brother.

"Jacoba went out and did not return. Shortly afterwards the servant came in, and whispered that the old man was awake. I grieved at this; I would gladly have gazed a little longer on those features, and compared them with the portrait which lay concealed as usual in the breast of my friend. Yet this was needless. The resemblance had already struck me; and though there seemed to me more fire, more lustre in her eye, some allowance was of course to be made for the failure of the painter, who drew but from memory.

"My friend accompanied me to my room, and then betook himself to the little apartment which bore his name, and which, it seemed, had always been kept in readiness for him. I felt my heart filled with a sensation of ineffable contentment and delight. I had seen the being whom my fancy had invested with a thousand perfections, and whose retiring shyness seemed only to add new charms to her beauty. Despite of the veil of

mystery which seemed to rest over the situation of the family, I felt an internal conviction how short a space of time would be sufficient to fan those feelings of admiration into a glowing passion; particularly now that my suspicions as to the nature of Emanuel's attachment had disappeared. True, he had received her with emotion, and embraced her; but his embrace was passionless, nay, almost cold and strange. There was no appearance of delight in his look, but on the contrary, I could not but feel, an air of horror. Absorbed in the contemplation of this dark enigma, I drew near to the window.

"The mist had dispersed: the moon had risen calm and cloudless. The window of my room looked directly out upon the churchyard, which lay bright beneath me in the moonshine, while the broad walls of the church and its pointed tower threw out a long dark shadow that seemed to lose itself in the distance. Between the window at which I stood and the (not far distant) church, was a large burial-place, surrounded by a low iron railing; my eyes accidentally rested upon it, and I drew back with involuntary terror on perceiving some object move near it, half hid in the shadow projected from a monument beyond. Mastering my first sensation, however, I thought, upon a second glance, that I recognised the figure of Emanuel in that of the being thus leaning against the monument, and dwelling, as it were, among the tombs. I opened my door; I perceived that the little passage which separated our rooms had a door at the further end, which stood half open, and led into the churchyard. I could no longer doubt; and knowing how destructively these gloomy meditations, to which my friend was but too prone, must operate upon his already excited fancy, I stepped out, and hastily advanced towards him.

"My friend," said I, "it is late and cold. Remember that with day-break we must be gone. Come in with me, and go to rest."

"What would you with me?" he replied. "It is long since I have seen my home. Let me remain a while with mine own."

"That," said I, "you will do better within," pointing to the house. "Enjoy the society of the living—let the dead rest."

"The living!" repeated he, in a tone of bitterness. "Here is my home, the home of my fathers—here moulder the ashes of my mother, soon to be mingled with those of one and all of us. Not without a deep meaning has my father placed this last resting-place so near to our mansion, but to remind us that it is but a step from our home to the grave; and with the affection of a father he wishes that he may be able, even when we are gone, to have all his children in his view. An irresistible feeling impelled me hither; a longing as it were, to prepare another grave. To-morrow you will see!"

"Dear friend," I replied, "away with evil dreams! It was not for this that I brought you to your home: you are creating anxiety and vexation, not only to yourself and to me, but to all whom your presence ought to cheer."

"You are right. It must have been a dream," said he briefly, and with an effort at calmness. "Come, we will to bed." We re-entered the house.

"I slept not, however; partly because my thoughts were busied with my friend, whose conduct appeared to me more and more extraordinary, and partly, perhaps, from the very fear of over-sleeping myself. A half slumber only at times sunk upon my eyes; with the first dawn of morning I sprang up; I saw by the weathercock that the wind was fair, and I knew that if we detained the vessel under such circumstances, we should be made to pay dearly enough for our passage. I stepped into my friend's room, who was fast asleep, but roused himself the moment I awakened him. Soon after, we heard the servant bustling about with the breakfast things in the parlour, and walked in. Her master, she told us, had passed a very restless night. Mamselle Jacoba had never stirred a moment from his side. But she had gently wakened her sisters, had told Regina of her brother's visit and his arrangements, and they would be with us immediately.

"She had scarcely in fact finished her information, when the three young ladies entered with a joyful, but noiseless step, lest the unwonted sound of conversation at that early hour might reach the ears of their father. The first look showed me that my yesterday's conjecture must be right; the picture could represent no one but Jacoba. Regina, the eldest, was much about the same height, but almost as different from her blooming sister, as the pallid and fading autumn from the vigorous maturity of summer; the same family features appeared in both faces, but in the pale, if not sallow complexion, hollow eyes, and wasted form of Regina, scarcely could you have recognised the sister of Jacoba. Lucia, though pretty well grown, was at that period of life when she was not likely to attract much attention; and of both, indeed, I had but a hasty glance. The third sister, a child of twelve years old, pale, delicate, and little of her age, seemed still overcome with sleep, while joy, regret, and surprise seemed mingled in the sweet expression of her childish face. All three were immediately hushed into silence at the sight of a stranger.

"Sweet blossom of my heart," cried my friend, who had extended his hands to the two elder sisters almost without looking at them, but gazed with the deepest affection upon the youngest, embraced her with the greatest tenderness, and occupied himself exclusively with her, leaving me to entertain the others as I best could. Meantime I could not but perceive that, while he was caressing the youngest, and rapidly swallowing his coffee, he frequently stole a glance at the two elder, with an expression of grief—nay, almost of aversion, which must have deeply wounded their feelings, had not the brevity of our interview, and the numerous enquiries relative to his father with which it was filled up, prevented the singularity of his demeanour from being observed by them. Though the eyes of all of them, especially

of the elder, still dwelt upon him with the fondest emotion, I was obliged to press our immediate departure; and, after Emanuel had once more shaken hands with the two elder sisters, and kissed the younger, we hastened away, followed by the gaze of the three sisters, who lingered at the door.

"We spoke but little of the scene which had passed. I had enough to do hurrying the coachman, lest we should arrive too late for our passage. My friend sat silent, wrapped in his own thoughts; and when at last we had got safely again on board, and once more spread our sails to the wind, he manifested so decided a disinclination to allude to the subject, that I found it necessary to adjourn to a future opportunity any conversation as to the fair Jacoba, of whom I had unfortunately obtained only a fleeting glance by daylight, as she greeted us at our departure from the window of her father's apartment; but that glance was enough to render her the unceasing object of my meditations.

"We soon arrived in Lubeck. The distant sight of its stately towers restored to my friend some portion of his cheerfulness; he drew near with emotion to that city, in which, as I then learnt, his mother was either born, or had spent some years of her youth. This cheerfulness of temper, united with a more than ordinary mildness, gave me the best hopes as to the salutary effects of our prolonged tour. I was far enough from foreseeing by what chance our projected ramble was to be cut short in a single day.

"We resolved to employ the first hours of our short stay in seeing the curiosities of the town. We soon, however, turned from the traces of civil decay into the magic province of art; and with this view we entered the church of St. Mary.

"The love for German art was then but imperfectly developed; men seemed to have no suspicion of the existence of those treasures, which, covered with dirt and dust, and, at best, the object of passing curiosity, were here left to moulder in the vaulted aisles of this vast edifice. The remarkable clock, with the effigies of the seven electors, who, notwithstanding this deficiency of number, were pertinaciously set down as the twelve apostles, then constituted the chief glory of the building. I accompanied my friend into the open church, waiting for the striking of the hour which sets the figures in motion, and casting at the same time a hurried glance on the numerous objects which on every side presented themselves to the eye. Several young people, who perceived that we were strangers, exerted themselves as our ciceroni. One of them opened a small grated door at one side of the chapel, and invited us to enter. We walked into the chapel; and here, in better preservation than the other pictures, the walls were covered with multiplied representations of Death, who, in dancing attitudes, was leading off as his prey persons of every age, sex, and costume. 'That,' said the young man, 'is the celebrated Dance of Death.'

"How!" said my friend, hastily interrupting

him, while his eyes fixed with a look of horror on one compartment of the picture, in which Death, tall and slender, was represented winding his bony arm round a young maiden, who, in a rosy coloured dress, and with the bridal garland in her hair, was vainly struggling to emancipate herself from his embrace. Emanuel spoke not another word;—he stood with his finger pointing in the position in which it seemed to have been arrested, till, at last, pale and trembling, he clasped hold of my arm, which I had extended to him, and breathed a deep sigh, as if some oppressive weight had been suddenly removed from his bosom.

"What is the matter?" said I, anxiously.

"I feel," replied he, "as if I had awakened from a deep sleep, in which a dream had long held my reason prisoner; an evil, fateful dream, which fascinated, while it filled me with terror, but which seems, at this moment, to be about to receive a natural, though humiliating solution. Stay—one other look at the picture, and then away!"

"I looked at the picture again, as well as he, without being able to perceive in it any thing beyond what I have already stated. 'My God!' said I, as he drew me hastily out of the church, 'what can all this mean? Let me know the truth.'

"At another time, perhaps," he interrupted me, hastily—"at present, I have something else to say to you. I can travel with you no farther; I must return home, and that on the instant. By a visionary weakness, or superstitious abandonment of mind, we have perchance, brought upon ourselves irreparable misery, and reared up prodigies where every thing lay within the ordinary course of nature. I must return, to avert, if possible, still more fearful evils. Enough—enough is done already."

"What mean you," said I, "by a dream? do I not, then, possess your confidence?"

"You do indeed," he continued; "but this is not the time for the disclosure. The man who thinks he has seen a spectre of the night, takes care not to speak of it, till day, with its cheerful light, breaks in upon him again; when the patient lies in the crisis of his disorder, the careful physician prohibits all conversation. Besides, I cannot, if I would; I have promised silence. At present, then, I must hence. I will return when I can. Continue your journey alone."

"My efforts to obtain from him some farther explanation, or to retard his departure, were equally in vain. Unwillingly I saw him depart; his presence and his friendship had fanned within my bosom a gentle hope, the existence of which was first rendered clear to me by our separation. I was, in truth, as deeply in love as any one could be at a single glance; but this fleeting glance had been so brief, so incomplete, that I scarcely felt as if I could discriminate whether I was most fascinated by the portrait or the original. 'My friend,' said I, as we separated, 'I cannot bear to part with you, without some visible token of our hours of friendship. Leave me the picture

of your sister. It will be to me a gratifying memorial of that talent which you do not sufficiently prize, and perhaps the prophetic herald of a happy future.'

"What mean you?" said he, turning suddenly round to me with a serious and anxious air, though the moment before he had been gaily urging his preparations for departure. 'I will not deny,' said I, 'that your sister Jacoba has so enchanted me, that I cannot part with her portrait.'

"Her portrait!" repeated he.—'Well, so let it be. Take the picture—keep it—fall in love with it—but not with my sister. Believe me, it is not that I would not give her to you, for I love the picture as I do her—nay, perhaps more.—There—with that picture you remove a load from my heart.' He pressed it into my hand, and disappeared.

"Let me pass hastily over the two following years. They have no connexion with my friend, or with his concerns. He returned not at the time we had contemplated; the letter which I received in his stead, seemed to breathe a spirit of returning melancholy;—of his family, he said nothing. His letters became shorter and less frequent, and at last entirely ceased. The picture, however, continued as dear to me as ever; often did I gaze upon it, though I tried to consider it only as a lovely painting. The parting words of my friend had awakened in my bosom a feeling of distrust; and, often as I looked at it, the idea occurred to me that I was involved in some ominous and mysterious tissue of events, which, in spite of all my efforts, maintained an unceasing ascendancy over my senses and my soul.

"My journey was interrupted by the increasing debility and declining health of my uncle, who possessed an estate in Jutland; he had named me his heir, and wished to see me once more before his death. Accordingly, I hurried back.

"I found my uncle better than I had expected, but in great uneasiness relative to part of his fortune, then in the hands of a firm in Copenhagen, which had lately encountered some serious losses, and of whose doubtful credit he had within the last few weeks received more than one warning epistle from his friends. The presence of a person of decision on the spot was evidently required, and I undertook the task, to which my uncle agreed, on condition, that as soon as the business was over, I should hasten back to him, that he might enjoy as much of my company as he could, ere we were separated by that death which he foresaw could not be distant.

"I travelled as fast as possible, and found myself, on my arrival in Copenhagen, so pressed on all sides by the numerous concerns I had to attend to, that I had not a moment to spare for myself or my friends. I had not visited one of them; and, in order not to shake the credit of the house by any open proceedings, which would inevitably have led to suspicion, had shown myself as little as possible to my acquaintances;

when, on the second post day after my arrival, I received a letter from my uncle, announcing that he had had a relapse, and pressing my immediate return. I had already put matters so far in train, that a friend, in whom I had confidence, might wind up the business; and as I pondered the matter in my mind, it occurred to me that it could not be placed in better hands, from his connexions in the capitol, than in those of my friend Emanuel.

"As yet I had only had time to enquire hastily after him; nor had I received any intelligence of him; for he had left the house from which his last letter had been addressed to me, a long time before, and no one was acquainted with his present abode. By accident, I recollected an agent with whom he used occasionally to be connected in business. I applied to him.

"Your friend," he answered, 'is in the town; where he lives, I know not; but that you will easily learn from his family.'

"His family!" said I, with astonishment.

"Yes," continued he, 'the father, with his two eldest daughters, is at present in Frederick's Hospital; he has undergone a dangerous operation, but is now recovering.'

"I felt my heart beat quicker. Jacoba, whose image I had been labouring so long to erase from my fancy—Jacoba was in my neighbourhood. I should see her once more; she was not forgotten, as I had sometimes supposed; she lived there as indelibly impressed as the traits of the dear picture, whose graceful but silent charms I had never yet met with mortal maid to equal.

"I had little time to spare, so I hurried towards the hospital, and entered the wing devoted to patients who paid for their reception. I sent in my name to the pastor; it was well known to him, and I was kindly received. The old man, for such he was, though I knew him at once, from his resemblance to his son, was still confined to bed; a tea-table stood before it; and beside it sat—I could not doubt for a moment—Jacoba, more lovely and blooming than ever; Regina, still more sickly and fading than before. Our greeting was a silent one; but I saw at once that I was recognised by both.

"The talkative old man, when he had given me the information I required, and assured me that in half an hour I would find his son at his house, continued to support the conversation almost alone. I should probably have listened with a more attentive ear to his really entertaining discourse, had not my thoughts been so much divided between his daughters, the picture, and my own recollections. I confess, at the same time, it was on the fairest of these daughters that my glance rested the longest. She seemed obviously, as I had formerly thought, the original of the miniature. Yet, methought, I could now perceive many little differences which had formerly escaped my observation; nay, even differences between her features as they appeared to me now and before. I had some difficulty in resisting the old man's invitation to remain with him till the arrival of his son, whom he expected

at his usual hour; but my hours were numbered. After promising, at the old man's request, that I would pay him a second visit at home, along with his son—for he had heard afterwards of our short nocturnal visit—and addressing to the charming girl some expressions of interest and affection, which flowed involuntarily from my heart, and tinged her cheek with blushes, I hastened to the residence of my friend, whom I was fortunate enough to find at home.

"His lively joy at seeing me soon dispelled the depression, which, like a dark veil, overshadowed his features, and dissipated at the same time all my reproaches. I found no difficulty in opening to him the nature of the commission with which I had to intrust him, and which he at once undertook; he displayed all his former wild gaiety as he congratulated me on the fortunate influence of my journey; but he relapsed at once into his habitual seriousness the moment he learned I had seen his father, and renewed my acquaintance with his sisters, especially, as I added, with the charming Jacoba.

"The charming Jacoba," he repeated with a bitter sarcastic smile. "What—still charming, beside her fairer sister, whose beauties almost eclipse those of your portrait!"

"How so?" said I, confused—"I cannot have mistaken the name. I heard the name of Jacoba pronounced—no other found an echo in my heart! Have I not, as before, seen Regina and Jacoba?"

"Regina, my friend," replied he, "has long been at rest. To-day you have seen Jacoba and Lucia."

"What!" said I, with increasing confusion, "can that pale and slender creature whom I then saw, have since come to resemble poor Regina so closely?"

"Again, continued he, 'you mistake. It is Lucia with whom you are captivated. Poor Jacoba is fast sinking into her grave.'

"This last reply utterly confounded me.—'How?' said I—'I would think you were in jest, were this a time for jesting. Is the portrait then that of Lucia?—Incredible!'

"Have I not already said to you," said he, with a sorrowful tone, "love the picture—be enamoured of it as you will—but have nothing to do with the living!"

"I came to you," I resumed, still more bewildered, "with love in my heart—"

"For Lucia—" he interrupted me hastily—"Beware! She is betrothed already."

"Betrothed! To whom?" cried I, with impetuosity."

"To Death!" repeated he, slowly. "You yourself was present at the betrothal. Remember the Dance of Death at Lubeck. Fool that I was, to think that I could tear her from him!"

"Explain this enigma to me, I beseech you!" cried I, while my cheek grew pale, and an indescribable feeling of terror shot through my heart.

"Can I?" said he—"and if I could—this is not the time. No more of my family! You cannot doubt that I would give her to you willingly—and perhaps—it may be possible"—continued he,

musingly—"Keep the picture—love it still—but ask me no questions. You have seen enough to perceive I am no visionary!"

"He ceased—and, notwithstanding all my questions, continued obstinately silent. I knew him of old, and was aware that any farther importunity on my part would only serve to annoy and embitter him; and, besides, I must confess I felt myself oppressed with an undefinable, but irresistible sensation of terror. As soon as I returned home, I laid the picture, which I had been accustomed to wear, in the most secret recess of my writing-desk, and determined never to look upon it again.

"Before leaving my friend, I had enquired how his studies were proceeding. He burst into a loud and sneering laugh. 'All studies,' said he, 'and particularly medicine, have become loathsome to me. I will learn nothing, since I cannot learn that which I vainly long for! What have I to do with knowledge, who have lost all relish for life itself? To me the earth is but a yawning grave—its inhabitants but living carcases.—Even in the midst of gaiety, I am in death!'

"I saw at once that the sinking energies of my friend could only be restored by active employment; and, in truth, nothing but the activity which I myself was called on to exert, prevented me from giving way to the influence of that feeling of terror which seemed to oppress me when in his presence, or when I thought of his family. I felt that travel was necessary, and I set out; my thoughts, however, often reverted back to him, and I pondered long how I might withdraw him from a situation which seemed to be preying more and more upon his mind. I saw plainly that some singular, and to me inconceivable destiny, exercised a melancholy power over this family, to which ignorance, timidity, or superstition, had lent a degree of strength, which it never could have possessed over persons of a more sober and decided mind; and as soon as I had reached the place of my destination, I wrote to him, fully laid before him all my ideas, and begged of him to answer me with the same candour and openness. For nearly a year I received no answer. When it arrived, I saw immediately from its contents that some internal change had taken place in his mind, though what its nature might be, I could but imperfectly gather. The letter was a calm and business-like answer to mine; it exhibited no traces either of depression of spirit, or of that factitious gaiety by which he had laboured to cloak his despair. He confessed that it was his belief that a full disclosure to me might tend to ease his mind; but he added, that when that disclosure should be made, I would see at once why it had not been made sooner. Such matters, however, he continued, could not be discussed in writing. He spoke of the picture, (to which I had not alluded,) and added—

"Is it still dear to you? I know well that our connexion and my confusion of mind may have inspired you with a feeling of terror connected with it; but, believe me, you *may* love it without fear. Yes, love it. I have built a fabric of hope

upon the idea, which still deserts me not. Know, then—you have never yet seen the real original of the miniature. It represents neither Jacoba nor Lucia, however much it may resemble them. Yes, I begin to hope that I myself have never till now become acquainted with the original, or rather, perhaps, that a still fairer copy of this mysterious and enigmatical picture is even now unfolding itself beneath my eye. A new riddle, you will say—and I admit it, but this riddle I can solve; only it must be verbally.'

"This letter made a singular impression on me. His words seemed to have dissipated for ever that feeling of terror with which, for some time back, the picture had inspired me. I took it out anew from its case, and, as it beamed before me again in the innocent glow of youth, I wondered how these lovely and loving features could ever have worn in my eyes an aspect of evil, or that a distant resemblance to those two girls—for that there was a resemblance I could not deny—should have made me insensible to its far higher expression, its fulness of health and heavenly grace, in which those two living beings, notwithstanding their beauty, were so visibly inferior.

"From this moment I gazed on it frequently, and with delight. My correspondence with Emanuel became more regular; still, however, he evaded my invitation to visit me, by saying the time was not yet come; and all I could learn of his studies or employments was, that he had devoted himself entirely to painting, and principally to landscape painting.

"I myself began to perceive that country pursuits did not exactly suit my taste, and that I was in a great measure wasting my time in a residence which was situated in a neighbourhood neither remarkable for its natural beauties, nor interesting from the society it afforded, and cut off, as it were, from literary and political news. Shortly afterwards the death of my aunt followed, and I made up my mind to leave the estate.

"I hastened without delay towards Copenhagen. The portrait seemed to beckon me thither. Two years had now nearly elapsed since I had seen my friend; and during the journey, my longing to see him again, my eagerness for the solution of this dark enigma, daily increased. I found my expectation, however, disappointed; when I reached his lodging I found him not; only a letter of the following import was delivered to me.

"Just as I was awaiting your arrival with impatience, and, I must add, with anxiety and uneasiness, I received a message from home. My old and worthy father has been suddenly seized with an apoplectic stroke. He is still alive; but I have seen too many of such attacks to indulge much hope of his recovery at his advanced period of life. As soon as all is over I shall hasten back. Wait for me patiently; or if I remain too long absent, and you are not afraid of the house of death—then—do as you will.'

"These lines contained, as you perceive, an indirect invitation. My friend had been already, as I learned, eight days absent, nor had any in-

telligence been received from him during that time. In the latest newspapers which I called for, I found no announcement of death; I calculated, therefore, that the invalid was still alive, and I felt convinced that my sympathy and friendly offices might be useful to my friend in the hour of sorrow. An internal voice seemed to whisper to me, that his heart would, in such a state of mind, be more readily and confidentially opened to me. I required only to get my comfortable and well-covered travelling carriage ready, which bade defiance to the cold blasts of autumn, which had already set in—and in four-and-twenty hours I knew I should be at his side.

"No sooner was the resolution formed than it was executed. Next morning, though somewhat later than I had wished, I was travelling southward from the capital. A sharp north-east wind whistled around the carriage, which lulled a little towards evening, as I reached, in the twilight, a solitary posting station, where we changed horses; but it was succeeded by a thick mass of clouds, which, gradually overspreading the heavens with their dark veil, threatened every instant to descend in torrents of rain.

"An uncovered but respectable looking country vehicle, which appeared to have arrived before me, had just been drawn into the shed; and in the travellers' room, where I sat down till the horses should be ready, I found a young female, closely wrapped in a hood and mantle, walking up and down, evidently in great agitation.

"I had thrown myself, somewhat ill-humouredly at having probably to wait here for some time, upon a seat near the window, paying little attention to what was passing in the apartment, till I was suddenly aroused by an active dispute, at first carried on in a low voice, but gradually becoming louder.

"I must proceed,' said a clear, sweet, silvery-toned voice. 'If I can bear the wind and rain, so may your horses and yourself. You know not the anxiety which urges me on.'

"The peasant, with whom the trembling and mantled female spoke, seemed immovable. 'We are Christians,' replied he, doggedly, 'and should spare our beasts and ourselves. We shall have nothing but rain and storm all night. Here we have rest and shelter—without, who knows what may happen in such a tempest—and your friends, Miss, have given me the strictest charge to take care of you. These tender limbs of yours are not fitted to bear what I might look upon as a trifle: your health might suffer for ever.—Upon my conscience, I cannot do it.'

"Nay, nay,' replied the young lady, 'I am strong and healthy. It is not the tempest without, but the anguish I feel within, that may prove fatal to me.'

"The faint and touching notes of her voice awakened my deepest sympathy. I stepped forward, put a question to her, and learned that the young lady was most anxious to reach her birth-place to-night, and had with that view availed herself of a conveyance returning from the capital:—filial duty, she said, was the motive of her

journey; and it happened most fortunately that her place of destination and mine were the same. I instantly offered her a seat in my carriage. Almost without looking at me, or perceiving my youth, which, at another time, would probably have occasioned some difficulty, she instantly accepted my offer with such visible joy, that I perceived at once that her mind was occupied by a nobler and more engrossing feeling than any cold calculation of propriety. The horses arrived rather sooner than I expected, and ere it was wholly dark we were seated in the carriage.

"The increased rapidity and comfort of the mode of travelling, the certainty that before midnight she would reach the goal of her wishes, had disposed her to be communicative; and ere we had proceeded a league, I learned, to my great astonishment, that my travelling companion was the youngest sister of my friend, who had for years been brought up in the capital, whom I had seen for an instant when a child, and whom, under that appellation, my friend had locked so tenderly in his parting-embrace. She told me that the sudden illness of her father had shocked and agitated her extremely; that her brother had written to her that he was still in life, but that there were no hopes of his recovery; and finding an unexpected opportunity by means of the vehicle which was returning to her native place, she had felt unable to withstand the temptation, or rather the irresistible longing which impelled her, without her brother's knowledge, and contrary, as she feared, to her relations' wishes, to see her beloved father before he died.

"I told her my name, which she recognised at once as that of a friend whom her brother had often mentioned to her, and thus a confidential footing was established between us, which I took care not to impair by impertinent enquiries. I could not even, while she was under my protection, obtain a single glance of her face. Calmer consideration probably suggested to her, how easily our travelling together might afford room for scandal; so when we crossed the ferry towards the little island, she did not leave the carriage; and when we reached the town at a pretty late hour, she laid hold of my hand, as I was directing the postilion to go on, and said hastily, 'Let me alight here. This street, near the bridge, leads across the churchyard to our house. I fear to see or to speak to any one.'

" 'I will accompany you,' said I. 'I will surprise my friend.' I made the postilion stop, directed him to the inn, and we alighted. The maiden leant upon my arm; I felt that she trembled violently, and had need of support.

"We walked across the churchyard towards the parsonage. Through the darkness of the blustering and rainy autumnal night, several windows, dimly lighted, and shaded by curtains, were visible. The gate, leading to the other side of the house was merely laid to. The court was empty; every one seemed busy within. The windows on this side were all dark. I saw by the inequality of my companion's step how much her anxiety was increasing.

"We hurried across the court, and entered the little narrow passage of the house, which was also unlighted. We stood for a moment drawing our breath, and listening. From the farthest chamber on the left we heard a rustling noise, and the sound of whispering voices. A broad streak of light, which streamed from the half-opened door into the passage, was darkened occasionally by the shadows of persons moving within. 'It is my sister's room,' whispered my conductress, and darted towards it. I followed her hastily. But what a sight awaited us!

"The corpse of a young maiden had just been lifted out of bed, and placed on a bier adjoining. A white covering concealed the body even to the chin. Several elderly females were employed in tying up the long dark tresses of the deceased; while others were standing by inactive, or occupied in removing the phials and medicines from the table.

"My companion had thrown back her veil at entering, and stood as if rooted to the spot. Even the unexpected shock she had encountered, could not banish from her cheek the glow with which anxiety and exercise had tinged it; nay, the fire of her eye seemed to have acquired a deeper and more piercing lustre. So stood she, the blooming representative of the very fullness of life, beside the pallid victim of inexorable Death. The startling contrast agitated me the more, that in those well-known features I traced, in renovated beauty, those of the enchanting portrait; scarcely master of my senses, I almost believed that I saw again the same maiden who, two hours before, had fascinated me in the Frederick's Hospital, when, all at once, half turning to me, she exclaimed, 'O, my poor sister Lucia!'

" 'Lucia!'—the name fell upon me like a stroke of lightning. So, then, she whom I had last seen in the glow of life and beauty, lay before me cold in death! What assurance could I have, that the fair vision which still flitted before me, blooming with health, and life, and grace, was not the mere mask under which some spectre had shrouded itself, or round which the King of Terrors had already wound his invisible but unrelaxing arm! The figures in the Dance of Death involuntarily flashed upon my mind. My very existence seemed to dissolve in a cold shudder. I saw, scarcely conscious of what was going on, and as if in a dream, the living beauty draw near to the corpse; momentarily I expected to see the dead maiden throw her arms around her, and to see her fade away into a spectre in that ghastly embrace, when my friend, who had apparently been summoned by the women, pale, and almost distracted, rushed in, and tore her from the corpse, exclaiming, 'Hence, thoughtless creature! Wilt thou murder us both?—Away from this pestiferous neighbourhood! If you *will* look upon the dead, come to the couch of our honoured father, whose gentle features seem to invoke a blessing upon us, even in death.'

She followed him unresistingly, weeping in silence. An old servant led the way, with a

light in her hand; another, in whom I thought I recognised the features of our old attendant, beckoned me, with tears in her eyes, into the well-remembered parlour, where every thing remained unaltered, with the exception of the little work-tables, all of which had been removed but one. She placed before me some cold meat and wine, begged I would excuse them if things were not in order, and left the room, which my friend at the same moment entered.

"He embraced me with an agitation, a melting tenderness, he had seldom before manifested. 'You come,' said he, 'unexpected, but not unwelcome. I have been thinking of you for some days past, and was wishing for your presence even while you were on your way.'

"Then," said I, still with a feeling of disorder in my mind, 'the right time is come? Speak on, then; tell me all!'

"The time," replied he, 'is come, but scarcely yet the moment. I see by your paleness, your shuddering, that the dark fate which sits upon our house has agitated you too deeply at present to admit of a calm and unprejudiced consideration of the subject. Summon your mind, eat, drink, return to your inn. I will not ask you to tarry longer in the house of death; although—I hope—Death has now knocked at our door for the last time for a long period to come. Go and compose yourself. That God should visit the sins of the fathers on the children, seems a harsh, a Jewish sentence;—that nature transmits to posterity the consequences of the weaknesses or guilt of the parent, sounds milder, and looks more true:—but, alas! the consequences are the same. No more of this.'

"I drank but a single glass of wine, which, in truth, I needed, and betook myself to my inn. I took the picture, which I still wore, from my neck, but I did not open it. I was over wearied, and, in spite of the over excitement of my mind, I soon dropt asleep.

"The smiling beams of the morning sun, as I awoke, poured new life and composure into my soul. I thought of our confidential conversation in the carriage, in which, unknown to herself, my fair companion had displayed the beauty of her mind, and I could not forbear smiling at the feelings of terror and distrust which my heated fancy had infused into my mind in regard to her and to the picture. It lay before me on the table, innocent as herself, with its bright loving eyes turned upon me, and seemed to whisper, 'I am neither Jacoba nor Lucia.' I took out my friend's letter, which conveyed the same assurance; calm understanding seemed to resume its ascendancy in my heart; and yet, at times, the impression of the preceding evening recurred for a moment to my mind.

"I hurried, not without painful impatience, as soon as I was dressed, towards the desolate mansion of my friend. He had been waiting me for some time, advanced to meet me with a cheerful look, when I found his sister composed, but in deep mourning, and with an expression of profound grief, seated at the breakfast-table.

"She extended her hand to me with a melancholy, but kindly smile; and yet I drew back with an oppressive sensation at my heart, for the picture stood before me more perfect in resemblance than it had appeared to my excited fancy the evening before; but here there was more than the picture. I saw, too, at the first glance, a nobler bearing, a higher expression, than in the features of her sisters. In looking at them, I was reminded of the picture; in gazing on her, I forgot its existence. Our confidential and touching conversation, which still involuntarily reverted to the deceased, sank deep into my heart. Gradually every uneasy feeling faded from my mind; and when she left us at last at her brother's request, to visit some of her young acquaintances whom she had not seen for a long time before, I gazed after her with a look, the expression of which was no secret to her brother.

"His first words showed that this was the case. 'At last,' said he, 'you have the original, or the true copy of the picture, which is an enigma even to myself, even though it be the work of my own hands. I knew well that her aspect of spotless purity would at once banish every feeling of distrust from your mind, as it has done from mine. If the picture be still dear to you—if you can love her and gain her affection, she is yours; but first listen to that which I have so long withheld from you. You must judge, after hearing it, whether you are still inclined as freely to accept the offer. We shall be uninterrupted from without; and do not you interrupt me,' said he, as he drew the bolt of the door, and seated himself by my side.

"Mysterious as every thing is apt to appear, which ordinary experience does not enable us to explain, do not expect to hear any thing more wonderful in this case than admits of a simple explanation, when tried by the test of cold and sober reasoning. My father, without being disposed to talk much on the subject was a believer in dreams—that is to say, he frequently dreamt of events which were afterwards actually fulfilled; and in fact, in such cases, his presentiments were rarely erroneous. While a candidate, for instance, for a church, he used to be able in this way to foresee, from a vague and undefinable, but yet distinct feeling, when he should be called upon to preach for any of the clergymen in the neighbourhood. He had seen himself, on such occasions, in the pulpit, and often, at waking, could recollect long passages from those ideal sermons he had delivered. In other matters, he was a person of a lively and cheerful turn of mind. By his first marriage he had no children. He contracted a second with my mother, a stranger, who had only shortly before come into the country—very pretty, very poor—and whose gay, but innocent manner, had been my father's chief attraction. She was passionately fond of dancing, an amusement for which the annual birdshooting, the vintage feasts, and the balls given by the surrounding nobility on their estates in the neighbourhood, afforded frequent opportunities, and in which she participated rather

more frequently than was altogether agreeable to her husband, though he only ventured to rest his objections on his apprehension for her health. Some vague reports spoke of her having, early in life, encountered some deep grief, the impression of which she thus endeavoured, by gaiety and company to dissipate.

"One day my father was invited to a party given in honour of the arrival of a nobleman long resident in the capital, and accepted the invitation only on condition that my mother would agree to dance very little. This prohibition led to a slight matrimonial scene, which terminated on her part in tears, on his in displeasure. The evening before, they received a visit from the nobleman himself, who being an old college friend of my father's, had called to talk over old stories, and enjoy an evening of confidential conversation.

"My father's gift of dreams happened to be mentioned; the Count related an anecdote which had taken place shortly before in Paris, and which he had learnt from Madame de Genlis; and a long argument ensued upon the subject of dreams and their fulfilment.

"The conversation was prolonged for some time, my mother appearing to take no particular share in it. But the following day she seemed abstracted, and at the party declined dancing, even though her husband himself pressed her to take a share in the amusement. Nay, on being asked, as she stood by my father's side, to dance, by the son of the nobleman above alluded to, and who was believed to have been an old acquaintance of hers, she burst at once into tears. My father even pressed her to mingle in the circle; she continued to refuse; at last she was overheard to say—"Well, if you insist upon it on my account, be it so."

"Never before had she danced with such spirit; from that moment she was never off the floor. She returned home exhausted and unwell, and out of humour. She was now in the fifth month of her pregnancy, and it seemed as if she regretted the apparent levity which her conduct had betrayed.

"Her husband kindly enquired what was the cause of her singular behaviour. "You would not listen to me," she replied, "and now you will laugh at my anxiety; nay, perhaps you will tell me that people ought never to mention before women any thing out of the ordinary course, because they never hear more than half, and always give it a wrong meaning. The truth then is, your conversation some evenings ago made a deep impression on me. The peculiar state of my health had probably increased the anxiety with which for some time past I have been accustomed to think of the future. I fell asleep with the wish that something of my own future fate might be unfolded to me in my dreams. The past, with all the memorable events of my life, nay, even our late dispute as to dancing, were all confusedly mingled in my brain; and, after many vague and unintelligible visions, which I have now forgotten, they gra-

dually arranged themselves into the following dream:—

"I thought I was standing in a dancing-room, and was accosted by a young man of prepossessing appearance, who asked me to dance. Methinks, although probably the idea only struck me afterwards, that he resembled the Count, the son of our late host. I accepted his invitation; but having once begun to dance, he would on no account be prevailed on to cease. At last I grew uneasy. I fixed my eyes upon him with anxiety; it seemed to me as if his eyes grew dimmer and dimmer, his cheeks paler and more wasted, his lips shrivelled and skinny, his teeth grinned out, white and ghastly, and at last he stared upon me with bony and eyeless sockets. His white and festal garments had fallen away. I felt as if encircled by a chain of iron. A skeleton clasped me in its fleshless arms. Round and round he whirled me, though all the other guests had long before disappeared. I implored him to let me go; for I felt I could not extricate myself from his embrace. The figure answered with a hollow tone, 'Give me first thy flowers.' Involuntarily my glance rested on my bosom, in which I had placed a newly-blown rose with several buds, how many I know not. I made a movement to grasp it, but a strange irresistible feeling seemed to flash through my heart, and to draw back my hand. My life seemed at stake; and yet I could not part with the lovely blooming flower, that seemed as it were a portion of my own heart. One by one, though with a feeling of the deepest anguish, I plucked off the buds, and gave them to him with an imploring look, but in vain. He shook his bony head; he would have them all. One little bud only, and the rose itself, remained behind; I was about to give him this last bud, but it clung firmly to the stalk of the rose, and I pulled them both together from my bosom. I shuddered; I could not part with them; he grasped at the flowers, when suddenly I either threw them forcibly behind me, or an invisible hand wrenched them out of mine, I know not which; I sank into his skeleton arms, and awoke at the same instant to the consciousness of life."

"So saying, she burst into tears. My father, though affected by the recital, laboured vainly to allay her anxiety. From that moment, and especially after my birth, her health declined; occasionally only, during her subsequent pregnancies, her strength would partially revive, though her dry cough never entirely left her. After giving birth to six daughters, she died in bringing the seventh into the world. I was then about twelve years old. To her last hour she was a lovely woman, with a brilliant complexion, and sparkling eyes. Shortly afterwards I was sent to school, only visiting my father's house and my sister's during the holidays. All of them, as they grew up, more or less resembled their mother; till they attained their thirteenth or fourteenth year they were pale, thin, and more than usually tall; from that moment they seemed suddenly to expand into loveliness; though

scarcely had they attained their sixteenth year, when the unnatural brilliancy of their cheeks, and the almost supernatural lustre of their eyes, began to betray the internal hectic fire which was secretly wasting the strength of youth.

“Seldom at home, I had little idea of the evil which hung over our home. I had seen my eldest sister in her beauty, and her wane; and then I heard of her death. I was at the university when the second died. Shortly afterwards I visited my home. I found my third sister in the full bloom of youthful loveliness. I had been dabbling a little in painting, and felt anxious to attempt her portrait, but I had made no great progress when the time for my departure arrived. I was long absent; when I next returned, it was on the occasion of her death. I was now no longer a heedless boy. I saw the melancholy of my father, and ascribed it to the shock of so many successive deaths. He was silent; he left me in my happy ignorance, though even then the death-stillness and loneliness of the house weighed with an undefinable oppression on my heart. My sister Regina seemed to grow up even more lovely than her deceased sisters. I now found the sketch which I had begun so like *her*, that I resolved to make her sit to me in secret, that I might finish the picture, and surprise my father with it before my departure. It was but half finished, however, when the period of my return to the capital arrived. I thought I would endeavour to finish it from memory, but, strangely enough, I always confused myself with the recollection of my dead sisters, whose features seemed to float before my eyes. In spite of all my efforts, the portrait *would not* become that of Regina. I recollected having heard my father say, that she, of all the rest, bore the greatest resemblance to her mother; so I took out a little picture of her, which she had left to me, and endeavoured with this assistance, and what my fancy could supply, to finish the picture. At last it was finished, and appeared to possess a strange resemblance to all my sisters, without being an exact portrait of any.

“As I had intended it, however, for the portrait of Regina in particular, I determined to take it with me on my next visit, and endeavour to correct its defects by a comparison with the original. I came, but the summer of her beauty was already past. When I drew out the picture to compare it with her features, I was shocked at the change which had taken place in her, though it had not yet manifested itself in symptoms of disease. As I was packing up my drawing materials again, under some pretext or other, my father unexpectedly entered. He gave a glance at the picture, seemed deeply agitated, and then exclaimed—“Let it alone.”

“That evening, however, as, according to our old custom, we were sitting together in his study, after my sisters had gone to rest, our hearts reciprocally opened to each other.

“I now for the first time obtained a glimpse into my father's wounded heart. He related to me that dream as you have now heard it; and

his firm conviction that almost all his children, one by one, would be taken from him; a conviction against which he had struggled, till fatal experience had begun too clearly to realize it. I now learned that he had brought up his daughters in this strict and almost monastic seclusion, that no taste for the world or its pleasures might be awakened in the minds of those who were doomed to quit it so soon. They mingled in no gay assemblies, scarcely in a social party; and even I, my friend, have since that time never thought of dancing without a shudder. Conceive what an impression this conversation, and that fearful prophetic dream, made upon my mind! That I and my youngest sister *seemed* excepted from the doom of the rest, I could not pay much attention to; for was not my mother, at my birth, suffering under that disease which she had bequeathed to her children; and how, then, was it likely that I should be an exception? My imagination was active enough to extend the sentence of death to us all. The interpretation which my father attempted to give to the dream, so as to preserve us to himself, might be but a delusive suggestion of paternal affection; perhaps, self-deluded, he had forgotten, or given another turn to the conclusion of the dream. A deep and wild despair seized upon me, for *life* to me was all in all! In vain my father endeavoured to compose me; and, finding his efforts unsuccessful, he contented himself with exacting from me the promise that this fatal secret of our house should be communicated to none.

“It was at this time I became acquainted with you. The conflict which raged within my bosom between reason and superstition, between the struggles of courage and the suggestions of despair, could not be concealed from you, though you could form no idea of its source. I accompanied you to Lubeck. The sight of the Dance of Death produced a remarkable effect upon my mind. I saw a representation of my mother's dream, and in that too, I thought I perceived also its origin. A film seemed to fall from my eyes; it was the momentary triumph of sober reason. It struck me at once that the idea of this picture, which my mother had undoubtedly at one time seen, had been floating through her excited imagination, and had given rise to that dark vision, before whose fatal influence my father and I had prostrated ourselves so long, instead of ascribing the successive deaths of our family to their true source, in the infectious nature of that disease which my mother's insane love of dancing had infused into her own veins, and which had been the ominous inheritance of her offspring. The advances I had already made in the study of medicine, confirmed these views. The confined and solitary life my sisters had led, the total want of any precaution in separating those who were still in health from those who had been already attacked by this malady, was in itself sufficient to account for all which had happened. Animated by this idea, I hurried home in spite of all your entreaties. I laboured to make my father participate in my views, to induce him to

separate my other sisters from the already fast declining Regina; but the obstinacy of age, and his deep conviction of the vanity of all such efforts, rendered my efforts and pleadings unavailing.

"It was only after great difficulty that I was prevailed upon to part with my youngest sister, then a mere child, who, from the close connexion in which her life seemed to stand with myself in that singular dream, had become my favourite, and on whom I felt impelled to lavish all that love, which a certain involuntary shuddering sensation that I felt in the presence of my other sisters, as beings on whom Death had already set his seal, prevented me from bestowing fully upon them. It was only on my assuring my father that my peace, nay, my life, depended on his granting me this request, that he consented that she should be brought up in the capital, under my eye. I accompanied her thither myself. I watched over her with an anxiety proportioned to my love. She was not so tall as her sisters had been at the same age. She seemed to unfold herself more slowly, and in all things, as well as her education, she was the reverse of them. Her gaiety, her liveliness, her enjoyment of life, which often inspired me with a deep melancholy, gave additional bloom to her personal appearance; I could trace in her no appearance of weakness of the breast; but she was still a tender, delicate nature, the blossom, as I might say, of a higher clime.

"It was long before I returned to my father's house; but his sickness, which rendered a dangerous operation necessary, brought him to the capital with my two remaining sisters. What I had foreseen was now fulfilled. Jacoba had become Regina, Lucia Jacoba. I knew it would be so, and yet it struck me with horror; the more so when I observed, as I already hinted, that during the bloom of their ephemeral existence, all my sisters successively acquired a strong resemblance to their mother, and consequently to the portrait; though not so close as may have appeared to your excited imagination, who saw them but for a moment and after a long interval. I cannot tell how the daily sight of these devoted maidens, who inspired at once pity and terror, wrought upon my heart. It brought back my old despair, my old fears, which at such moments reasoning could not subdue, that I and all of us, my darling with the rest, would become the victims of this hereditary plague. My situation was the more trying, that I was obliged to invent a thousand stratagems and little falsehoods to keep the sisters, then living in the same city, apart. I could not altogether succeed, and the misery I felt at such moments how shall I describe! Your coming, your mistake, filled up the measure of my despair. When you wrote, I found it for a long time impossible to answer your affectionate letter.

"It was only long after the return of my family to their home that I regained my composure. The theory of medicine had long been hateful to me; though in the course of my re-

searches into that fatal disorder, to which our family seemed destined, I had more than once met with instances in which the disease, after a certain period seemed to concentrate itself on its victim, so as not to be transmitted to her subsequent offspring. My father too, who, during his residence in the capital, had perceived my distracted state of mind, took the opportunity of giving me, as he thought, a word of comfort, though it only wrung from me a bitter smile. He told me of a dream which he had had after my mother's death, and which he had hitherto concealed, because its import seemed to be of a threatening nature for me; although at the same time it seemed to give him the assurance, that at least I should not perish by the same fate which had overwhelmed my sisters. He thought he saw me, whether young or old he could not say, for my face was covered, lying asleep or dead in some foreign country. My baggage was heaped about me, and on fire; but the thick smoke which arose from the pile prevented him from perceiving whether I was burnt or not.

"Though at first much shocked at this dream, yet, viewed in the light already mentioned, it had on the whole a consoling tendency; and for this reason he had communicated it to me, though still with some shrinking sensations at its recollection. It was now my turn to afford him consolation, by pointing out to him that this dream, vague and indistinct in its meaning, like most others, had probably been already fulfilled, since my effects had in fact been all burnt about me during the bombardment of Copenhagen, and I myself, in a diseased and scarcely conscious state of mind, only extricated from danger by the exertions of my friends. He seemed struck with this observation, and was silent; but I saw that his confidence in the certainty of dreams was in no shape abated. But my chief source of consolation lay in the slow and natural growth of my Amanda, who did not, like her sisters, resemble a mere hot-house plant, but a sweet natural flower, though her light and ethereal being would render her equally unable to encounter the rude breath of earthly sorrow, or the influence of a rugged clime;—and you, whether accidentally or not—(and this gives me, I confess, new hope and courage)—you have a second time been the preserver of her life, by sheltering her from the blight of a stormy and freezing autumnal night, which would have been enough to blast at once this delicate production of a more genial clime. You, like a protecting angel, conducted her to her paternal home; that home where the angel of death has now, I trust, marked the threshold with blood for the last time, since the scythe that swept away my venerable father, with the same stroke mowed down the last declining life of his daughters.

"In truth, I begin to cherish the best hopes of the future. In her mild eye that beams with no unearthly light, her cheek that glows with no concealed fever, there are no traces of the consuming worm within; only, as I have already said, the delicacy of her frame requires the ten-

derest care. A rude wind might blast this fragile flower; and therefore I give her to you, as the oldest, the most tried and trusted of my friends, with my whole heart; but upon this condition, that you never yield to her often repeated wish to learn to dance; for that too violent and exciting exercise, which proved fatal to her mother, which devoted her sisters, even while yet unborn, to death, and which is my terror and aversion; her tender frame and easily agitated disposition, I am sure, are unable to bear. Will you promise me this?"

"The picture—her picture, had, during his relation, lain before me on the table: its heavenly smile, and, still more, the tranquil and clear narrative of my friend, had banished from my bosom the last remains of uncomfortable feeling, and awakened with a still livelier emotion sympathy with this being so lovely, so worthy to be loved. What could be more fascinating than thus to become the protecting angel of such a creature! The very conviction that I had already involuntarily been so, gave a higher impulse to my love and my confidence. I promised him every thing.

"Let me be brief—brief as the solitary year of my happiness! Business still detained my friend at home, and regard for appearances would not allow me to reconduct to the capital my Amanda, to whom I had not declared my sentiments, and to whom, indeed, it would have been indecent to have done so, while her dearest relations were hardly consigned to the tomb. One plan, however, suggested itself, which appeared the more advisable from the advantages which the pure air and tranquil amusements of a country life seemed to promise to her, who was the object of our solicitude.

"The Count, with whom her mother had danced that fatal Dance of Death, now an old man, had long been in possession of the situation formerly held by his father, and was at this time an inhabitant of an estate upon the island. Always attached to the family of the pastor, he offered Amanda a residence in his family, and, on the pretext that her health might suffer from a longer residence in this house of death, we had her immediately removed from its gloomy images to the more cheerful mansion of the Count.

"Being myself acquainted with her intended protector, I accompanied her thither, and while I strove by every endeavour, to gain her affection, some expressions which escaped her, made me aware that I was already possessed of it. The close of the year of mourning was fixed for our marriage. I had already cast my eye upon an estate in the neighbourhood, which I had resolved to purchase, instead of that which had fallen to me. Partly with the view of restoring the activity of my friend, partly to escape the pain of being separated from my love, and partly because such matters are generally most advantageously managed by the intervention of a third party, I begged him immediately to set about the negotiation for the purchase. He undertook the commission readily, but his own affairs soon

afterwards summoned him to the capital, and he set out.

"The bargain was found to be attended with difficulty. The matter was studiously protracted, in hopes of obtaining a higher price, and at last, as the close of the year approached, I resolved not to wait for the purchase, but to celebrate our nuptials at once. Amanda had all along enjoyed the best health. My friend engaged for us a simple but comfortable residence in the city, but the Count would not hear of the marriage being performed any where except in his own house. The day was at last fixed; we only waited for Emanuel, who, for some time past, had from time to time put off his arrival. At last he wrote that he would certainly appear on the day of the marriage.

"The day arrived and yet he came not. The Count's chamberlain entered, and delivered to me a letter, which had been put into his hands the day before, under a cover, in which he was requested to deliver it to me shortly before the ceremony took place.

"It was from Emanuel, and ran as follows:—
'Do not be anxious should I not appear at the marriage, and on no account put off the ceremony. The cause of my detention is for the good of all of us. You yourself will thank me for it.'

"This new enigma disconcerted me; but a bridegroom must endeavour to conceal his uneasiness, and a singular chance made me at last regard the unexpected absence of Emanuel, which, in fact, I attributed to caprice, as not altogether to be regretted. The Count had, notwithstanding my entreaties, made preparations for a ball, at which, after the ceremony had been quietly performed in the chapel, our union was to be publicly announced to the company. I knew how much the mind of my friend, so prone to repose faith in omens of every kind, would be agitated by the very idea of dancing.

"I succeeded in calming Amanda's mind as to the prolonged absence of her brother; but I felt that I began to regard with a feeling of oppression the idea of his arrival, which might momentarily take place.

"The guests assembled. The young people were eagerly listening to the music, which began to echo from the great hall. I was intent only on my own happiness; when, to my dismay, the old Count, stepping up, introduced his son to my Amanda, with a request that she would open the ball, while the young Countess, his daughter, offered her hand to me. I scarcely noticed her, in the confusion with which I ran up to the Count, to inform him that Amanda never danced, and had never learnt to do so. Father and son were equally astonished; the possibility of such an event had never occurred to them.

"'But,' exclaimed the son, 'can such a pattern of grace and dignity require to learn what nature herself must have taught her?'

"Amanda, who perhaps attributed my confusion to a feeling of shame at her ignorance, looked at me entreatingly, and whispered to me,

'I have never tried; but my eye has taught me something.'

"What could I say? and, in truth, I confess I could not see why, merely for fear of my absent friend, I should make myself ridiculous; nay, I could not but feel a sensation of pride in the triumph which I anticipated for my bride. The Countess and I were the second couple; some of the more honoured guests made up the third and fourth, and the dance began.

"After a few turns, however, the music, at the suggestion of the young Count, changed to a lively waltz; and the dancers began to revolve in giddier circles. I felt as if lightning-struck; my feet seemed glued to the ground; the young Countess vainly endeavoured to draw me along with her; my eyes alone retained life and motion, and followed the footsteps of Amanda, who, light as a sylph, but blooming beyond aught that I had ever seen, was flitting round in the arms of the Count.

"At once the door opened, and I saw Emanuel enter in full dress, but he was arrested on the threshold; his eyes were rooted on Amanda. Suddenly he smote his hands together above his head, and sank at the same moment to the ground with a cry that rang through the hall.

"This accident seemed to disenchant me. My feet were loosened. I and others flew towards him like lightning, raised him, and carried him through the hall, into an adjoining room, which served as a passage to the hall. All this was the work of a moment. Amanda, however, had observed the confusion, had heard the name of her brother; that loud and piercing cry had echoed through her heart. As if transported out of herself, she tore herself out of the supporting arms of the Count, flew across the court into the chamber beyond, and sunk, weeping, imploring, in the most lively agitation, at the feet of her brother.

"The strange appearance of Emanuel, his cry, his fainting, had created a confusion which, for a moment, I confess withdrew my attention from her. It was when her brother began to recover his senses, that I first observed her deadly paleness. Methought I saw again the dying Lucia in my gaily dressed bride, whose white robes and myrtle wreath reminded me of the ghastly bridegroom of her sisters, who thus seemed to step in between me and my happiness. She hung, cold, inanimate, tottering, upon my arm.

"She was immediately carried to bed. She never rose from it again. Her sickness took even a more sudden and terrible character than usual, which, indeed, under the circumstances, might have been expected. Never, I may say, had my poor Amanda been in so great a state of excitement as during this, her first and last dance. The sudden shock she received, the coldness of the open room, and the still more open court, swept by a rude autumnal wind, at a moment when the general confusion prevented any measures of precaution from being taken, had wrought terrible ravages in her tender frame,

and would have been enough, even without a hereditary predisposition to the malady, to have produced the same fatal consequences. The disease seized on her with that fatal and rapid grasp from which it derives its name; in a fortnight she was numbered with the dead.

"Her decline seemed for a moment to restore the physical strength of her unhappy brother. He burst out into the loudest reproaches against me, and every one who sought to withdraw him from the bedside of the invalid. It was wonderful how his weak frame bore up against it, but he scarcely ever left her side. She died in his arms; he covered the dead body with kisses; force alone could detach him from it.

"But almost instantly after, a strange dull inaction seemed to come over his mind. He reproached me no longer, as I had expected, but asked to know how all had happened, and in turn told me, with a bitter and heart-piercing smile, that he had been prevented from coming by a serious indisposition. 'I had caught, as the physicians thought, a cough arising from cold, but with the natural nervousness of my disposition, I thought I discerned in it the seeds of the long-dreaded malady, and as the physician assured me that a few days would remove it, I resolved to stay away from the marriage, in order to give his prescriptions (which were chiefly rest and quietness) every fair chance; and if the truth were as I suspected, not to disturb your happiness by any uneasiness on my account. But the day before the marriage I was seized with an inexpressible feeling of anxiety. I recollected that your marriage would be celebrated in the same mansion, perhaps in the same chamber, where my mother, with her yet unborn offspring had been devoted to death. I could not rest; some unknown power seemed to impel me forward, as if to prevent some great, some inexplicable evil. I was instantly on my way; at the last station on the road, while waiting for my horses, I dressed, that I might lose no time. I came—not to prevent—but every thing was now too clearly explained. I had come to fulfil my destiny.'

"My friend remained completely resigned to his fate. The death of his sister had convinced him of the certainty of his own. With her life, his own relish for life had utterly departed. Already it seemed to lie behind him like a shadow; he felt an impatient, irrepressible longing to be with those who had gone before.

"The physicians at first maintained that his malady—for he already felt its influence on his frame—was but imaginary. And as he submitted quietly to every thing, it cost me but little trouble to induce him to travel with me. I will not trouble you with my own feelings or sufferings: I urged him to go to the south of France, the climate of which was so generally reckoned beneficial. He smiled, but as if the dying flame of love of life had for a moment rekindled in his bosom, he expressed a wish rather to go to Italy. 'There,' he said, 'he might have an opportunity of seeing and studying the works of the great

masters of art.' We reached Italy, but here his illness soon took a decided turn; he died, after a decline of eleven months, in a residence in the Piazza Barberini: and, as if the prophetic dream of his father was to be fulfilled to the letter, his whole effects, according to the invariable custom in Rome, (for in Italy consumption is regarded as peculiarly infectious,) were, on the same day on which he died and was buried, committed to the flames, with the furniture of his apartment, and even his carpet; every thing, in short, except his papers. Nay, a friend who at that time resided with us in Rome, and subsequently returned, told me that two years afterwards the apartments inhabited by Emanuel still remained unoccupied as he left them.

"I cared little, as you may imagine, during these shifting scenes, about financial concerns, and when I revisited this country, it was to find that I had returned to it only not absolutely a beggar, and destined, I fear, to make all my friends melancholy around me.

"Thus has a numerous family been effaced from the earth, though not from my heart, leaving behind them nothing but this portrait, which seems daily to hold forth the lesson, how vain is beauty, how fleeting is life!"

L— ceased, and the silence continued, while the portrait circulated once more among the now deeply affected and sympathizing assembly. The evening which had begun with loud revelry, had gradually glided into the deep stillness of night. The friends rose, and even the younger of them, who had proposed the health of their mistresses with such proud confidence and frolic vanity, separated in silence, after pressing the hand of the narrator, as if in token that he had become to all of them an object of esteem, of sympathy, and affection.

FOOTMARKS.

VOLTAIRE, in *Zadig*, has attributed to his hero a sagacity in tracing footsteps, which, no doubt, has often been considered an idle invention. Such a power, however, appears to be possessed by the Arabs to a degree which deprives even *Zadig* of the marvellous. "The Arab," says Burckhardt, "Who has applied himself diligently to the study of footsteps, can generally ascertain, from inspecting the impression, to what individual of his own, or of some neighbouring tribe, the footstep belongs, and therefore is able to judge whether it was a stranger who passed or a friend. He likewise knows, from the slowness or depth of the impression, whether the man who made it carried a load or not. From a certain regularity of intervals between the steps, a Bedouin can judge whether that man, whose feet left the impression was fatigued or not, as the pace becomes more irregular and the intervals unequal; hence he can calculate the chance of overtaking the man. Besides all this, every Arab knows the printed footsteps of his own

camels, and of those belonging to his immediate neighbours. He knows by the depth or slightness of the impression whether a camel was pasturing, and therefore not carrying any load, or mounted by one person only, or heavily loaded. If the marks of the two fore feet appear to be deeper in the sand, he concludes that the camel had a weak breast, and this serves him as a clue to ascertain the owner. In fact, a Bedouin, from the impression of a camel's or of his driver's footsteps, draws so many conclusions, that he always learns something concerning the beast or its owner; and in some cases this mode of acquiring knowledge appears almost supernatural. The Bedouin sagacity in this respect is wonderful, and becomes particularly useful in the pursuit of fugitives, or in searching after cattle. I have seen a man discover and trace the footsteps of his camel in a sandy valley, where a thousand of other footsteps crossed the road in every direction; and this person could tell the name of every one who had passed there in the course of that morning. I myself found it often useful to know the impressions made by the feet of my own companions and camels; as from circumstances which inevitably occur in the desert, travellers sometimes are separated from their friends. In passing through dangerous districts, the Bedouin guides will seldom permit a townsman or stranger to walk by the side of his camel. If he wears shoes, every Bedouin who passes will know by the impression that some townsman has travelled that way; and, if he walk barefooted, the mark of his step, less full than that of a Bedouin, immediately betrays the foot of a townsman, little accustomed to walk. It is therefore to be apprehended that the Bedouins, who regard every townsman as a rich man, might suppose him loaded with valuable property, and accordingly set out in pursuit of him. A keen Bedouin guide is constantly and exclusively occupied during his march in examining footsteps, and frequently alights from his camel to acquire certainty respecting their nature. I have known instances of camels being traced by their masters during a distance of six days' journey, to the dwelling of the man who had stolen them. Many secret transactions are brought to light by this knowledge of the athr, or footsteps; and a Bedouin can scarcely hope to escape detection in any clandestine proceeding, as his passage is recorded upon the road in characters that every one of his Arabian neighbours can read."—*Notes on the Bedouins and Wakhshys, by Burckhardt.*

GENIUS is invoked in vain; it obeys no summons, heeds no invitation, lies not in the path of the persevering, follows not the traces of the industrious: disdaining the hand of culture, it throws forth its blossoms in all the sportive luxuriance of nature. Upon genius, every other mental plant may be engrafted; but it must itself be of spontaneous growth—an ever welcome, but always an unbidden guest.

THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK.

A SCENE.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

SCENE.—*A Room in an Italian Cottage. The Lattice opening upon a Landscape at sunset.*

FRANCESCO—TERESA.

TERESA.

The fever's hue hath left thy cheek, beloved!
Thine eyes, that make the day-spring in my heart,
Are clear and still once more. Wilt thou look forth?
Now, while the sunset with low-streaming light—
The light thou lov'st—hath made the chestnut-stems
All burning bronze, the lake one sea of gold!
Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch, to meet
The rich air fill'd with wandering scents and sounds?
Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once more
On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest
With vesper hymns?

FRANCESCO.

No, gentlest love! not now:

My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,
Not on the sun, but thee! Doth the light sleep
So gently on the lake? and are the stems
Of our own chestnuts by that alchymy
So richly changed?—and is the orange scent
Floating around?—But I have said farewell,
Farewell to earth, Teresa! not to thee,
Nor yet to our deep love, nor yet awhile
Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows
Back on my soul in mastery!—one last work!
And I will shrine my wealth of glowing thoughts,
Clinging affection and undying hope,
All that is in me for eternity,
All, all, in that memorial.

TERESA.

Oh! what dream

Is this, mine own Francesco? Waste thou not
Thy scarce returning strength; keep thy rich thoughts
For happier days! they will not melt away
Like passing music from the lute;—dear friend!
Dearest of friends! thou canst win back at will
The glorious visions.

FRANCESCO.

Yes! the unseen land

Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice
To call me hence. Oh! be thou not deceived!
Bind to thy heart no earthly hope, Teresa!
I must, *must* leave thee! Yet be strong, my love,
As thou hast still been gentle!

TERESA.

Oh, Francesco!

What will this dim world be to me, Francesco,
When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all—
My only sunshine!—How can I bear on?
How can we part? We, that have loved so well,
With clasping spirits link'd so long by grief—
By tears—by prayer?

FRANCESCO.

Ev'n therefore we can part,

With an immortal trust, that such high love
Is not of things to perish.

* Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Blake; as beautifully related by Allan Cunningham.

Let me leave

One record still, to prove it strong as death,
Ev'n in Death's hour of triumph. Once again,
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy breast,
And eyes half-veil'd, in thine own soul absorb'd,
As in thy watchings, ere I sink to sleep;
And I will give the bending flower-like grace
Of that soft form, and the still sweetness throned
On that pale brow, and in that quivering smile
Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast
Their delicate earthly being. There—thy head
Bow'd down with beauty, and with tenderness,
And lowly thought—even thus—my own Teresa!
Oh! the quick glancing radiance, and bright bloom
That once around thee hung, have melted now
Into more solemn light—but holier far,
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,
Than all that summer flush! For by my couch,
In patient and serene devotedness,
Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny smiles,
Thine offering unto me. Oh! I may give
Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna brow,
And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye,
Unto the canvas—I may catch the flow
Of all those drooping locks, and glorify
With a soft halo what is imaged thus—
But how much rests unbathed! My faithful one!
What thou hast been to me! This bitter world,
This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice
To greet the heavenly spirit—that drives back
All Birds of Eden, which would sojourn here
A little while—how have I turn'd away
From its keen soulless air, and in thy heart,
Found ever the sweet fountain of response,
To quench my thirst for home!

The dear work grows

Beneath my hand—the last! Each faintest line
With treasured memories fraught. Oh! weep thou not
Too long, too bitterly, when I depart!
Surely a bright home waits us both—for I,
In all my dreams, have turn'd me not from God;
And Thou—oh! best and purest! stand thou there—
There, in thy hallow'd beauty, shadowing forth
The loveliness of love!

FIRST LOVE.

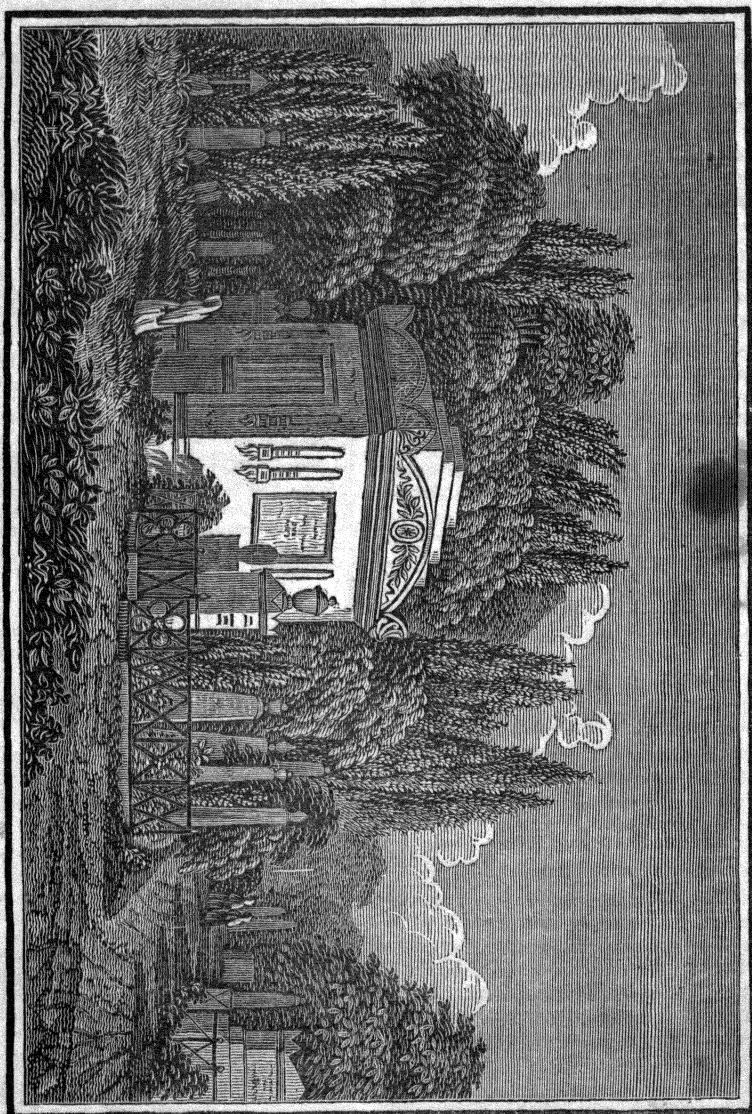
LOVE!—I will tell thee what it is to love!

It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beautiful dove;
Where time seems young, and life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above—the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
Around—the streams their flowery margin kiss;
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this!

Yes, this is Love—the steadfast and the true—

The immortal glory which hath never set—
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew—
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!
Oh! who but can recall the eve they met
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,
While summer flows with moonlight dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow—
And all was *rapture* then—which is but *memory* now!

Honour may wreath the victor's brow with bays,
And Glory pour her treasures at his feet—
The Statesman win his country's honest praise—
Fortune and Commerce in our cities meet:
But when—ah! when were earth's possessions sweet—
Unblest with one fond friend those gifts to share?
The lowliest peasant, in his calm retreat,
Finds more of happiness, and less of care,
Than hearts unwarmed by *Love* 'mid palace halls must
bear!



PERA LA CHAISE, THE CELEBRATED FRENCH BURYING GROUND.

PERE LA CHAISE.

TOWARDS the extremity of that side which is opposite to Vincennes there is a grove, the plantation of which beautifully shades the monuments. All is romantic about this grove: the very tombstones, seen from the plain, appear like so many spirits or supernatural beings, warning the present generation to prepare soon to take their places among the dead. Every thing in this sacred spot furnishes useful and awful lessons. When we look to the distant prospect, and see the labourer sowing his seed, which will soon, in course, spring up, we have an emblem of the fate that awaits us after we have been consigned to the tomb. On the appearance of spring, when we see the surrounding fields covered with a fine verdure, how strikingly it conveys to us the idea, that the Almighty has power to give life to the cold clay that surrounds us! On the evening of a fine day, when the setting sun is quitting this hemisphere, leaving in its track a long ray of light, the reflections of which are for some time afterwards enjoyed upon earth, we are reminded of the last moments of the good man, resplendent in the lustre of the most exalted virtues, launching into his eternal home, happy in the remembrance of every good action, and brilliant in his example to succeeding generations. After a stormy and dreary day, during which the sun has been constantly obscured by clouds, and is concealed before evening, by those black masses which at length usher in the darkest night, succeeding to a gloomy and uncertain day, what a lively image does this pourtray of the fate that awaits the wicked!

Occupied with these thoughts, we naturally begin to reflect when we also shall cease to live. A cloud appears, a gust of wind violently drives it along, and its passing shadow warns us of the rapid course of our lives. Can we still doubt the proximity of our last hour? Do we still hope, that lengthened old age, will infallibly crown a long life? Let us approach the tombstones, and there read a lesson from the epitaphs. Shall the fate of man be different from what the fate of man has been? What is the inscription we see engraved on that stone which stands on the rising ground to the right of the entrance of the grove? Does it record the death of some venerable man who has long been warned of its approach by his whitened locks and decaying frame? Ah, no! here rest the remains of a young mother who was torn from her family in the early spring of life, and at a time when the age of her only child most required the mother's care, when she herself constituted the sole happiness of her husband. Her last sighs were—

"Oh, my God! If it is thy pleasure that I should die, have pity on my husband and child."

"Jeanne Catherine Thiebault, beloved wife of Jean Julien Vie, died at the age of 23 years, on the 25th of April, 1820, in pronouncing the above words, which are engraven on the hearts of her inconsolable husband and relatives."

Unthinking mortals! death treads close upon our paths, and we know not the instant that he may arrest our course: yet we live tranquilly.

A short distance from this is the tomb of a young warrior, mowed down by the iron hand of war, in a far distant country. His mother, in losing him, saw her only hope and consolation in this life extinguished. Overwhelmed with grief, and not being able to pay the last duties to his obsequies, she erected here a funeral cenotaph, that there might be some spot on earth where she could publicly and solemnly pay respect to his memory, and alleviate in some measure the heavy affliction which had fallen upon her. In the principal part of the stone a bust of the young warrior is placed, encircled with a crown well furnished with oak and laurel. Underneath is this dedication, a little too ostentatious, perhaps; but it is difficult to suit every class of warriors, if bravery alone constitute the hero—

"Sta viator, heroem vides."

A carbine and sword reversed accompany this epitaph:—

"The homage of the most tender mother to the memory of the best and most unfortunate of sons. Antoine C. M. Guillaume de Grange, an only son, aged 25 years, subaltern in the 16th regiment of dragoons, died heroically on the field of battle, on the 4th of February, 1807, in the deserts of Poland."

Below this is a figure of a female shedding tears over an urn which she is holding; this is Madame le Grange. Underneath is this inscription:—

"Oh, my dearly beloved son! death alone can put an end to my grief."

A small cresset, in which spices are burned, fills up the rest of the space on this side of the stone. On the opposite side is the following elegy:—

"MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE BEST OF SONS AND KINDEST OF FRIENDS.

"Antoine C. M. de la Grange, an only son, subaltern in the 16th regiment of dragoons, died heroically on the field of battle, at the age of 25 years, a victim to his courage and bravery, regretted by his commanders, his friends, his comrades, and generally by all who knew him. He was the offspring of the most ancient nobles of Limoges. His ancestors have served with distinction, and have filled honourable stations. After having signalized himself by his bravery at Austerlitz, Jena, Erfurth, Spandau, &c. he met his death in the frightful deserts of Poland, in the battle of the 4th Feb. 1807. It was in a dangerous pass, at the entrance of a village. A call was made for him who dared to attempt to pass first. He immediately replied, 'I am the man,' and advanced. At that moment a ball pierced his heart. His last words on the field of battle were, 'My mother! my poor mother!' Oh, my dearly and well-beloved son, my best friend, my only good in this world! 'twas thy valour, thy devotedness to thy country which deprived me of again seeing thee, and which was the only blessing I prayed for. Oh! thou so good, so kind, so sensible, never can I weep enough, nor equal my grief to thy deserts. Thou who possessed all the qualities of the mind and heart, receive the homage of thy unfortunate and inconsolable mother, whose grief can only cease with life. Beings kind and good, pity my fate. He well deserved to live, to be re-united to his

tender mother. He prayed only, as a recompense for all his hardships and dangers, to see her once more, to press her again to his heart, before either should quit this life."

Adjoining to the tomb of two princesses, and surrounded by persons of high rank, lies a shoemaker, with his wife by his side. Seeing that equality reigns among the dead, we are not surprised at this contiguity. But, if there is a place where humility ought to be practised with rigour, and above all, by one whose occupation was not the most dignified, surely it is where dust comes to dust. Agreeably to the usual custom, M. Sebastien Schacherer caused an epitaph to be engraved upon the tombstone of his wife, and, according to the common practise also, she is there eulogised. Nobody has a right to complain of this. But the smile forces itself upon us on reading how pompously he has detailed his title as shoemaker by brevet to her Royal Highness, Mademoiselle D'Orleans, conceiving, no doubt, that he should command the respect of posterity by so doing:—

"Here reposes Marie Anne Lauvaux, wife of Sebastien Schacherer, shoemaker by brevet to her Royal Highness Mademoiselle D'Orleans; died 21st Feb. 1818, aged 39 years. She was a dutiful daughter, a tender mother, a sincere friend, and a model of virtue and piety. Her loss is deeply felt by her husband, her children, and her friends, whose happiness she alone constituted. Revered wife, object of my most tender affection, accept upon this tomb, now bedewed

with our tears, the afflicting adieus of your inconsolable husband and children, until death shall re-unite us in the presence of our Creator."

But the most singular part of this story is, that this good husband was so sure of being shortly seized by the grim tyrant, after he had lost his better half, that he looked upon himself as dead; and, therefore, he deemed it prudent to compose his own epitaph, and have it engraved upon the stone, so that for some time before his death, we read the following inscription, in which he had not omitted any of the good qualities or estimable virtues of which he thought himself the legitimate possessor:—

"To the memory of Sebastien Schacherer, shoemaker by brevet to her Royal Highness Mademoiselle D'Orleans. An obedient and affectionate son, a good husband, a kind father, a sincere and constant friend, he devoted his life to the good of his family and friends, by whom he is sincerely regretted. By his talents and his social virtues he gained the esteem of many persons of high distinction. Every day of his life was marked by some good action. He erected this humble monument to the memory of his lamented and respected wife, in the hope of being united to her in eternity."

The hopes of this good husband were not disappointed, as he did not long survive his wife, leaving his children and relatives to add, that he was consigned to the grave on the 18th of February, 1820.

THEY BADE ME WOO HER.

"What are a thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?"
BYRON.

THEY bade me woo her—to broad lands
They say that she is heir;
And many a gem of priceless worth
Gleams in her raven hair.
They thought I loved her—as I looked
Upon her radiant face—
But surely, in that saddened glance,
No passion they could trace.

Yet to me she is beautiful:
Each smile—each thrilling tone—
Brings back a smile of other days—
A voice like music's own.
I gaze upon her eyes, till mine
Are filled with memory's tears,
She is so like the gentle girl
I loved in earlier years.

She stood within a lordly hall,
And to the proud ones near:
She sung the lay, I once so loved
From other lips to hear.
It seemed, as meant, to mock my heart
I could not bear to stay,
And listen to that hallowed strain,
Breathed in a scene so gay.

And there were dark and star-like eyes,
And forms of beauty rare—
But my lone spirit sadly turn'd
From mirth I could not share.
To dwell beside a lowly grave,
Ah! far more dear I prize
The memory of my buried one
Than any living love.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

THE humming-bird!—the humming-bird!
So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the east,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand, thousand humming-birds
Are glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the dusk palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.

And in the wild and verdant woods,
Where stately moras tower—
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The scarlet passion-flower—

Where on the mighty river-banks,
La Platte or Amazon,
The cayman, like a forest-tree,
Lies basking in the sun—

There builds her nest the humming-bird
Within the ancient wood,
Her nest of silky cotton down,
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free;
As the campanero trolls his song,
And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose;
Her wing is the changeful green and blue
That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy humming-bird,
No winter round thee lowers—
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers!

BERTHA;

OR THE COURT OF CHARLEMAGNE.

THE palace of Aix-la-Chapelle was in sight. Its stupendous buildings, broken here and there to the eye by intervening groves and eminences, filled so considerable a space on the horizon as to give the idea of a city of domes and towers, the loftiest of which was surmounted by an immense apple of pure gold, as if the gorgeous pile had been meant to be enlightened by a sun of its own. A confused murmur of exclamations arose from the procession when the end of this long journey at length appeared to draw so near; and the eyes of all were eagerly bent upon what might as yet have seemed but a palace of cloud-land. The eunuch, unwilling to compromise the dignity of his mistress by a show of vulgar wonder, commanded a halt, when they had reached the brow of a beautiful hill, from which a view of the whole surrounding country could be obtained; and after allowing his followers sufficient time to gaze, proceeded to arrange the ranks, and to remove, as far as possible, the appearance of carelessness and disorder, which is usually produced by a long journey. He then instructed them to move calmly and loftily on, mindful at once of the dignity of her from whom they came, and of the respect with which it was necessary to enter the presence of one of the mightiest potentates of the earth.

When the order was about to be given for a renewal of the march, a line of black figures on horseback was observed approaching from the quarter of the palace at full speed. The embassy continued their halt, and watched with admiration the seemingly interminable succession of the file; for when the commanding officer had already reached the foot of the hill, his followers extended in an uninterrupted line to the very gates of the buildings. The black appearance of this formidable body was caused by the armour with which every individual was clothed from head to foot, and which had all the effect of the uniform of later times;* they looked, indeed, as they sat grimly on their saddles, like statues of solid iron; and even the horses were defended by plates of the same metal, over which robes of rich cloth hung almost to the ground. Their offensive arms consisted, besides a sword, of a thick lance, which was not thrown like the darts, or angons of their fathers, but retained in the grasp after striking: and, wielded by these iron hands, it seemed a more formidable weapon even than the battle-axe which it had displaced.† When the challenge was given to the strangers in the customary form of the time, and the eunuch had replied, as was expected, that his errand was to carry a salutation from the mighty

Princess Irene, Empress of the East, to the renowned King of the French, the visitors were invited to approach the palace of the great Charles,‡ and the black horsemen marshaled the way as a guard of honour.

"I pray thee, sir," said a private cavalier, attached to the Greek embassy, riding up to the commanding officer of the escort, when the march was begun, "tell me, I pray thee, whether the Princess Bertha,§ whom thou knowest we are come to demand in marriage, be as beautiful as she is described by report." The soldier stared haughtily at the querist for a moment, and then replying coldly, "thou wilt see anon," spurred his steed, and rode forward. The Greek, with an angry, or perhaps contemptuous capriole, leaped to one side, and, riding up an eminence, appeared to contemplate for some time the procession, so rich in variety of manner and costume, and partaking, in such brilliant contrast, of the pageantry of war and peace. Then, perceiving the road bend round the corner of a forest, to avoid the unequal ground within, and seeming to have been rendered reckless by the relaxation of discipline permitted on a long journey, or else protected by his insignificance from the interference of the chiefs of the cavalcade, he forsook entirely the line of march, and dived into the thicket. The shade of the trees and the trickling of water rendered the air pleasant after a hasty march, although it was now near the beginning of winter; and the stranger, whose blood was quickened not only by the warm pulses of youth, but by the curiosity natural in a traveller arriving in a new and interesting quarter, gave his horse the rein, and galloped on at the will of the proud animal, so far as this was unchecked by the intervention of barriers too high to be overleaped. He had not proceeded far when he heard the voice of some one singing cheerily in the wood, and he pulled in his bridle to listen. The song seemed to be one of the war hymns of the Celts, popularly known in France, since their collection, a few years before, by the king, and the manly and well tuned voice in which it was pitched, accorded well with the appearance of the singer, who soon after emerged from a jungle and crossed the path of the Greek stranger.

He was a remarkably tall man, in the prime of life, and portly and well-formed in his figure; although, critically examined, his neck would have appeared too short and thick, and his waist

‡ This prince did not receive the title of Magnus, or Charlemagne, till after his death.

§ The title "princess," is not given to her in her capacity of King's daughter. The King and his high nobles were indiscriminately styled Princes; and women of lofty rank, whether royal or not, were princesses. The terms, nevertheless, for the sake of distinction, are used in this work more frequently than otherwise in their modern sense.

* Soldiers did not begin to wear uniform generally till under Louis XIV. in 1672.

† The French abandoned, in a great measure, the use of bows and arrows, when they established themselves in Gaul.

a little more prominent than is necessary to the line of beauty. His dress, which did not bespeak him to be raised many steps above the common rank of the people, consisted of the ordinary frock or tunic, descending to the knees, made of blue cloth and ornamented with a silk border; above this, on account of the season, was a tight vest of otter skin, with the fur on; and over all a plain cloak, not of the sweeping length worn by the nobility, but short and homely. His legs were covered with a sort of long hose, or pantaloons, fastened crosswise with parti-coloured garters. His pace was grave and firm, with nothing either of meanness or pretence; and when he turned his head at the noise made by the horseman, there seemed to be so much good-nature, approaching to joviality, in his countenance, that the stranger, checking his steed, and resting his lance upon the ground, hailed him in the manner of one who would willingly expend a little while in conversation.

"I pray thee, fair sir," said he, "if thou be not hindered for time, tell me whether the Lady Bertha be as beautiful as report speaks her."

"What is that to thee?" counter-questioned the forer, sturdily, turning a pair of large bright eyes and a long aquiline nose towards the querist.

"I belong to the embassy of the Empress Irene,* explained the stranger, "who seeks the French princess in marriage for her son Constantine; and I would fain know whether this Bertha of thine is likely to prove a jewel worthy of being set in the crown of the East."

The cavalier of the short cloak turned a look, half of surprise, half of ridicule, upon the Greek. He appeared to be about to make some severe reply; but, checking the sarcasm which rose to his lips, he turned away with a slight, but courteous obeisance.

"Patience, patience," said he, "thou wilt see anon," and he walked leisurely away, without turning his head. The young cavalier, with flashing eyes and rising colour, debated for a moment whether he should not follow him; but looking for a longer space of time, not unadmirably, at the lofty figure and slow and stately step of the stranger, he pursued his journey.

He had not ridden far before he fell in with a second pedestrian, a young man about his own age. His dress and accoutrements, which proclaimed him to be a sportsman, consisted of a doublet trimmed with grey fur, a short green coat fastened with a leathern girdle, tight buskins, couteau de chasse, bow and arrows, and ivory horn, suspended from his neck by a chain of polished steel. He was tall and well-formed, and showed the bearing of a cavalier of birth and distinction.

"Ho! fair sir," cried the Greek stranger, "tell me, I pray thee, if thou be not hindered for time, whether the Lady Bertha be as fair as men say she is."

"Saint Maurice!" exclaimed the sportsman, jumping suddenly round, "what is that to thee?" and, with a look of menace, mingled with curiosity, he strode up to the inquirer.

"Nay, said the latter, "I did but ask the question as one attached to the mission of the Empress Irene, who sends to demand the Princess for her son Constantine; and I am right curious to know whether this Bertha of France is likely to prove a jewel worthy to be set in the crown of the East."

"Know then, stranger," said the sportsman, with imperious heat, "that the Princess Bertha set in the crown of the East, would show like a rich diamond mounted in worthless lead!"

"It may be so," replied the Greek, good humouredly: the comparison is difficult, I own, between lifeless metals and lovely ladies."

"And know farther," continued the other, that the she-wolf of Greece must match her cubs lower than in the house of lordly France!"

"Say'st thou?" cried the stranger: "on that quarrel I am for thee. The house of France is only too much honoured by the condescension of the Empress. Sir Frenchman, thou liest!" and leaping from his horse, he threw away his lance, and drew his sword. The sportsman, on his part, was not less nimble in disencumbering himself of his bow and arrows; and having substituted a more warlike blade for the couteau de chasse, the two cavaliers went to it with equal dexterity and good will. Their swords, however, had not clanked many times together, when both the weapons were beaten down at one stroke by a third party.

"What! tilting within the purlieus of the palace?" said the gigantic cavalier of the short cloak, whirling round the combatants a branch of a tree weighty enough to crush the best helmeted head that ever appeared in field. "Here is goodly discipline! By the holy Saint Maurice! if the King comes to know of this contempt of the royal authority, I would not give a grain of sand a-piece for your lives!—What, Angilbert, art thou mad? This stranger may have some slight excuse in his ignorance of our localities and customs; but thou, thou knowest well whom thou bearest!" Angilbert put up his sword, promptly yet sulkily.

"As for the customs and localities thou talkest of," said the Greek, in a towering passion, "I neither know nor care; I did but say—"

"Say nothing," interrupted Angilbert, "if thou art wise: what is said is past, and for the love I bear to arms, I would not see thee come to mischief through other means than cold steel and fair fighting."

"As for this house of France," shouted the choleric Greek, "I say again—"

"Bah, bah! hold thy tongue, man," said Angilbert, "and return to thy post—if one is trusted to so empty a head."

"Hark thee, Sir Frenchman," demanded the stranger, in a calmer tone; "do the customs of France in all cases thus tie the tongues of its visitors? Why may I not speak? Answer me

* Who usurped the throne after the death of her husband Leo.

that. Wherefore must I not discourse with my lips?"

"Thou wilt know anon," said Angilbert, walking rapidly away and disappearing in the thicket.

The tall mediator was by this time at a considerable distance, striding swiftly along, while he used the branch with which he had extinguished the fray as a walking-staff. The Greek, leaping upon his horse, galloped after him, apparently with the purpose of repeating his interrogatories; but just as he was about to overtake him, he saw him enter by a gate that had appeared a part of the interlaced shrubbery, which in this part of the forest served for an inclosure. The tall cavalier did not answer a word to the shouts of the curious stranger, but, locking the gate deliberately after him, walked on without turning his head; and when his pursuer reached the enclosure, he found it at once too high to be overleaped and too strong to be broken, and was therefore fain to return to the road, by nearly the same route as he had come.

By dint of hard riding, he rejoined the cavalcade before it entered the palace, and, in contemplating the animated scene around, soon forgot the annoyance which the churlishness of the French cavaliers had given him. Immense galleries, surrounded by pillars, ran all round the building; and in particular, the portico, extending from the palace to the chapel, appeared to be finished with extraordinary art. Such was the extent of these galleries that they afforded shelter to the whole of the troops and inferior officers attending the court. They were divided, however, into regular compartments, each of which was appropriated for the assembling place of a particular company or class of men. To the left was seen the royal guard, constantly under arms; and in the same compartment numerous officers attached to the court amused themselves with pacing up and down between the marble columns, and retailing the news of the day, while waiting for orders from their superiors. There, and in the other galleries, stoves were placed at convenient distances, and were seen surrounded by crowds of retainers, clients, and strangers, whom official duty, business, or curiosity, had brought to the palace.

In the interior, stupendous halls for the administration of justice, the reception of ambassadors, and other purposes, conferred an air of princely grandeur upon the building; and beyond these was the private apartment of the king, into which access could only be obtained by entering through seven doors. This chamber, nevertheless, was so contrived that Charles could see every individual who entered or quitted the palace; and hence, in a great measure, the strict order and decorum which prevailed throughout, where the officers were every instant aware that they were under the eye of the king. Beyond this was the wardrobe of the palace, for the white habits of the newly baptized, and the robes of the domestic officers, a new suit of which, made of serge or cloth, was presented to them every Easter.

A staircase led downwards to the stables, the menagerie, the aviaries, and dog-kennels; and here the spacious baths, surrounded with flights of marble steps and magnificent couches, excited in their hot springs the temptation which had induced the king to pile around them these wonders of art and industry. The great gallery leading to the church, which gave its name to the palace, was supported by columns of marble, the materials of which had been brought from Rome and Ravenna. The doors and rails of the chapel were of gilt bronze; and it was ornamented with marble pillars, beautiful mosaics, and vases and candelabras of gold and silver in gorgeous profusion.*

It was only by means of hurried glances and questions that the inquisitive Greek saw and learned so much; for when the cavalcade had entered the palace, the pomp and bustle increased to a degree which seemed to have an almost stunning effect upon its boldest members.

The door of a magnificent hall was at length thrown open, and the embassy, floating slowly in, prepared to pay homage to the mighty chief of the French. A man of a portly and warlike presence was seated on a throne, at the farther end of the room, dressed in superb robes furred with ermine. He was surrounded by a thousand lords, clothed from head to foot in cloth of gold, and, in that regal state, and proud, bold bearing, looked "every inch a king." This personage, however, was only the Constable of the Palace; and the ambassador, agitated and confounded, passed on to another hall, of which this appeared to be but the ante-chamber.

Here a spectacle of the same kind, but more magnificent in its details, awaited the strangers; and if they had not been prevented, the ambassador and his whole train would have fallen on their knees before the Count of the Palace in his ordinary hall of justice. In the third hall the Grand Master of the table presided in still loftier state; and in the fourth, the Grand Chamberlain appeared to leave no higher step to the very summit of regal splendour.

When the fifth door opened, a kind of hushing whisper was heard, and the voices of the crowd, nay, their very breathing, sank into profound silence. The procession entered the hall with no other noise than that produced by the rustling of their robes, the beating of their hearts, and the soft, measured tread of their feet upon the mingled flowers and rushes which carpeted the floor. Bucklers, cuirasses, and other arms were suspended from the roof, and the walls were hidden with what might have seemed the riches of a world. On a seat, without arms or supporters, the throne of the ancient sovereigns of France,† sat the renowned Charlemagne, with twenty diademed kings standing around him, and the high nobles of his empire. Crown on head and scap-

* Eginhard, in *Vit. Carol. Magn.*; in præmat. Alcrin. de Carol. Magn. t. 2. Collect. Duchesnean, p. 188; Antoine Mielville, *Voy. dans l'Anc. France*.

† So constructed to signify that a king must be able to support himself without assistance.

tre in hand, robed in purple and ermine, and blazing with gold and gems, the conqueror, noble in aspect, and almost gigantic in stature, seemed to be something more than man; and the Greeks, confounded by every thing they had encountered, bewildered by a display of power and wealth they had never seen before, even in dreams, and dazzled by the glory which was attached throughout the world to the name of the hero, were unable to support a presence so majestic, and fell on their faces upon the floor.

The young cavalier alone, of all the embassy, remained erect, and this apparently more from surprise than philosophy. He stared at the king as if he had been a spectre; and at length, wiping the perspiration from his brow—

"'Tis he, 'tis he, indeed," he muttered. "I know him by the great eyes, the long nose, and the bull neck. The peasant lord, or the lordly peasant—he of the short cloak and the heavy arm! By the holy Virgin! this churl Angilbert is no ungenerous foe, to lug me, yea or nay, out of the lion's maw, into which—blisters on my tongue!—I would fain have thrust myself. As I live, there he is, bolt upright behind his master, and as fine as jewels and cloth of gold can make him!—Hark ye, fair sir, who is that handsome cavalier—he who stands next the king?"

"His nephew, Angilbert."

"Nephew! Oh ye saints! so much the better; for that is within the forbidden line of consanguinity, and Angilbert, no doubt, bristled up so fiercely for the honour rather of his cousin, than his love."

Before the young Greek had ended his meditations, the eunuch, who represented on this occasion the Empress of the East, had recovered his presence of mind, and delivered the greeting of Irene with a good grace. The reply of Charles to the powerful princess who demanded his daughter for the wife of the heir of her crown, was as favourable as might have been expected either from the courtesy or ambition of his character; and the embassy was at length dismissed from the presence, every individual overwhelmed at once with the condescension of the king and the splendour of his court.

The young Greek, ever unmindful of the form of etiquette, stood absorbed in the gratification of his curiosity, as the pageant dissolved before his eyes, and at length found, with a start, that he was the only stranger remaining in the room. When about to follow his companions hastily, a voice called to him, which he recognised, with a thrill, as that of the king—

"Ho! young sir, a word with thee;" and obeying what in that place was a command, he walked to the other end of the hall, where the monarch stood in conversation with his courtiers. Charles then opened a small door behind, and beckoning him to follow, disappeared: and the Greek, muttering an invocation to his patron saint, followed him in silence into the passage. They walked on for some time almost in darkness, till the king, suddenly throwing open a door, slapped his visitor familiarly upon the shoulder. "Thou art

impatient," said he, "to know whether the merits of the Princess Bertha equal her reputation; and I deem it a duty of hospitality to gratify so laudable a curiosity. Wait in this apartment, and thou wilt see anon." The Greek entered the room, and the door was shut behind him.

Ardent as Charles imagined the youth's curiosity to be with regard to his daughter, it was for some time entirely forgotten, so much was he absorbed in examining the magnificent chamber where he now found himself. The few articles of furniture with which the customs of the age and people had garnished their dwelling-houses, and which, indeed, consisted of nothing more than stools, benches, and tables, here made up for their want of variety by the extraordinary richness of each individual piece. The stools and benches* were covered with fine carpeting, and three of the tables were of silver, and the fourth of gold. The silver tables exhibited the most rare and beautiful workmanship, the surface of each presenting a picture in carved work. On one the city of Rome was displayed; on another that of Constantinople; and on the third the whole world.† The table of gold, of a plain and solid construction, appeared to be used in common by the king, for on it lay his implements of writing, books, and other articles. The books, which, indeed, formed nearly his whole library, consisted of some of the works of Saint Augustine, the Psalms of David, a history of Jerusalem, and certain chronicles of the ancient kings of the Franks. These, and more particularly the City of God of Saint Augustine, of which he was a great admirer, Charles was in the habit of having read to him every day after dinner, to prepare him for his customary nap of three or four hours.‡ Notwithstanding the display of writing materials, there lay a glove beside them stained with ink, which gave rise to a just impression on the part of the visitor, that this great prince had not yet succeeded in learning the mystery of the alphabetical signs, and adopted, therefore, the practice common in his age, of using for a signature a daub made with the end of his glove. A sword, with the hilt carved, for sealing letters, and a wine cup of gold, enriched with sapphires, completed the furniture of the table; although the latter was probably more for show than use, Charles, unlike his subjects, being said to be a decided enemy to drinking.§

While the stranger was engaged in examining curiously these tools of royalty, he was startled by hearing the breathing of some person near him; and looking up, he saw a lady gazing at him, with a mixture of surprise and bashfulness.

She was of the age when the greenness of

* Banets; these were used at table, whence the word banquet.

† Poesies de Fortunat.

‡ Eginhard in Vit. Carol. Magn.

§ His enactments against this sort of excess show what was its extent among the people. Challenges to drink are forbidden in his Capitulaires; as also "drinking healths to the dead saints." The latter practice was anathematized by a council of Nantes; and Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims, wrote against it.

youth is ripening in its last summer into womanhood. Her stature exhibited the golden mean between short and tall; and her complexion was so brilliantly fair, and her eyes so dazzlingly bright, that the young Greek was uncertain for a moment whether his imagination had not conjured up one of those aerial forms which exist only in the day-dreams of poetry. In another moment she moved—retreated; the sapphire cup fell from his hand, and he stepped forward, as if to catch the vision ere it faded. Gracefully bending, sweetly smiling, and brightly blushing, the maid of France gained the door; her eyes lightened for an instant upon his heart, and she melted from his view.

The Greek smote his brow with his two hands; he gasped for breath; his thoughts in vain demanded utterance—"Bertha! Bertha! Bertha!" was the only sound emitted by his trembling lips. "Bertha! Bertha! Bertha!" he repeated, in a succession of sighs, rather than of breathings, and sank upon his knees on the floor. At this moment the door opened, and an officer of the court entered.

"Sir," said he—"Oh Jesu!" starting back at the singular posture of the stranger.

"Oh Bertha!"

"The king desires thy company—"

"Bertha!"

"In the great bath."

"Bertha! Bertha! Bertha! Why—what—who art thou? what dost thou want?"

"I?—nothing. It is the king who wants thee, and I am commanded to wait upon thee to the great bath, where he is." The Greek followed his conductor like a man in a dream; and when at length he found himself in the midst of the thick vapours of an immense bath, where he could see a number of naked figures plunging in the smoking waters, he began to doubt whether he were really awake.

The bath, supplied by the celebrated hot mineral springs of the place,* was so large and so deep as to admit of many persons swimming in it at once. It was completely surrounded by a flight of marble steps, which conducted to the water's edge; and here and there luxurious couches were placed for the accommodation of the bathers. Our adventurer, however, had little time for examination; his conductor, finding him stand idly staring around, snatched off his cloak without ceremony, and then began to tug at his tunic. The stranger, accustomed to undress himself, and seeing that it was here absolutely necessary, then pulled off his clothes without resistance; and in another moment found himself swimming in hot water with the King of France, his sons Charles, Louis, and Pepin, and several officers and soldiers of the guard.†

* These baths, before the time of Charlemagne, had been fitted up by some Roman lord or governor, named Granus, and the place, therefore, was known by the Latin name of *Aquis-Granum*.

† In *præmat. Alcuin. de Carol. Magn. Collect. Duchesnian; Eginhard, in Vit. Carol.* Eginhard assures us, that not one of the company usually assembled in the bath, swam better than Charlemagne.

"And the Princess Bertha?" said Charles, laughing,—“what think'st thou of the little French maid? Is she a jewel worthy to be set in the crown of the East?”

"Ay, in the crown of heaven!" cried the Greek. "Angilbert was right; the proudest diadem of the world will show but as worthless lead beside that glorious gem!"

The fond father appeared to be as much delighted with the enthusiasm of the stranger as the latter was with the frankness of the king and the beauty of his daughter; and we shall now leave them for a space, to follow to her apartment the fair subject of their conversation.

Bertha retired to her chamber, wondering at the fancy her father had taken to send her so stealthily, without form or introduction, into the presence of a stranger; but, attributing his conduct, in this instance, to an ebullition of the playful and social feelings he so often manifested in his intercourse with his children, she resumed her work without bestowing farther consideration on the subject. This work was nothing more than spinning, which was an accomplishment, it should be said, not shared by every young lady of the time; but Charlemagne is allowed in history to have been particularly attentive to the education of his children. Bertha, also inheriting her father's love of music, knew how to wile away the hours of her task with singing; and on the present occasion, instead of the church hymns, which had been her usual amusement ever since the king had kindled a religious war by importing the Italian tunes, she sang one of the *lais d'amour* of the day, which probably resembled more nearly the song adopted as a motto to this historiette than any modern composition.

The natural melody of her voice, like the wind "breathing on a bank of violets," stole new softness from the subject, till at length it seemed to become languid with its own richness; and the concluding lines of the lay fell in broken and dying gusts of harmony from her lips—

"Est miens leigement,
Je le sai de fy—§
J'aim' bein loiaument,
Et s'aï|| bel amy."

The silence which followed the song was interrupted by a whispering sound at the door, and, supposing one of her maids was there, she desired her to come in. The door slowly opened, and a man entered the chamber.

"What, Angilbert! cousin! How now, sir?" said the maiden, blushing, half with modesty, half with anger;—"in my own apartment!"

"Thou may'st forgive it, Bertha," said Angilbert, taking both her hands gently and mournfully; "it is for the last time!"

"In the name of the Virgin, what means this? Thine eyes are wild, and yet thy cheeks pale; thy hands burn and tremble, and thy step is feeble and uncertain! Art thou unwell, my cousin, my dear Angilbert? Yet, haste, O haste thee

‡ He is my liege vassal—he is devoted to me for life.
§ D'assurance. || J'ai.

away from a spot so perilous; I will follow thee to some more public room; we are lost if thou art found here."

"We are lost, at any rate," replied Angilbert; "but worthless as life seems to me now, I would not endanger thine for an empire. The king is in the bath, and we are safe for at least an hour."

"Then tell me what has happened to pale thy cheek, my Angilbert? Art thou ordered for Rome? or is the blow dealt through me? Say in what worst alternative my lot is cast, and whether thy faithful Bertha must break her heart in a convent or on a throne."

"Thou hast said it. The Greek Empress has sent to demand thee for her son, Constantine."

"But my father will not consent; he loves me too well to part with me; no—never think it, Angilbert!"

"The king will sacrifice his affection to the interests of his country and his daughter. He *will* part with thee, Bertha!"

"But not to her—not to the house of Irene, that cruel and usurping queen—No, no—never! never! never!"

"Alas! I have just come from the audience—the affair is settled, and thou art lost to Angilbert!"

The blood forsook Bertha's cheek, her eyes closed, and she sank fainting into his arms. Distracted with terror, and ignorant what to do, he laid her down upon the bench, hung over her pale form, fanned her face, pressed her hands, and finally was on the point of calling aloud for aid. The warm stream of life, however, soon returned to flow through its paradise of beauty, and as his mistress opened again her bright eyes, Angilbert clasped her in his arms, and showered upon her brow, and cheeks, and lips, the kisses of his love and his despair.

The hour allowed by the lover for his visit passed quickly away; and, in mingling tears and vows, they had as yet neglected to consider seriously the situation in which they were placed, and to inquire whether any possibility of escape existed, however wild and desperate.

Another hour passed away more quickly and less sad; and the lovers, whose only lights were each others' eyes, at length perceived that the evening had come down in silence and darkness.

"So much the better," said Angilbert, in reply to the startled remark of Bertha. "Under cover of this friendly shade I can retire in safety when I will; let us then steal one other hour of mournful joy, and then—then, sweet, good-night!"

The third hour passed away

—more swift

Than meditation or the thoughts of love, and they again looked round. The thick clouds had rolled from the face of the sky, and the moon stood full and bright in the serene heavens. It was as clear as day and as silent as night; and as the horn of a sentinel on the ramparts echoed through the court, the lovers feeling that the moment of separation had indeed arrived, glided with noiseless step to the window to look together upon the beautiful moon.

An extensive open court was before them, across which lay the way of Angilbert, and the only egress from this part of the palace. The court was surrounded by piazzas, and the moon light, streaming upon the marble pillars, made them appear of dazzling whiteness. Below, however, was spread a carpet still more purely white; for during the hour of darkness a heavy fall of snow had descended,* and the whole pavement of the court was covered with what might have seemed a sheet of virgin silver. There was not a breath of air to ruffle this beautiful surface; and as the women of the royal family—all but Bertha—had long since retired to rest, with their whole household, its purity was unsullied, and its regularity unbroken by human foot.

"Thou tremblest, oh, my love!" whispered Angilbert; "the cold of this heavenly night has fallen upon thy heart. Farewell, farewell—retire to thy repose; and for me, before seeking my sleepless couch, I will offer up a prayer in the chapel to its holy protectress, the blessed Virgin, for thy health and life." Trembling, till the agitation seemed a nervous affection, but clinging to his embrace with the strength of despair, Bertha raised her eyes, which had been fixed with speechless terror upon the court, and her lover saw that her face was as white as the snow itself. She at length pointed with a shudder to the snow; and as a terrible thought struck like lightning through the heart of Angilbert, he smote his breast, and groaned aloud.

"A man's footsteps," cried he, "to be seen in the morning in the midnight snow—and from thy apartment! Wretch that I am, I have destroyed her whom I love more than life! Hark! that distant noise of doors and voices—the king is retiring to bed; the door of egress from the court will be locked; nay, thy father may come here himself, as is sometimes his wont, to ask if thou art asleep! What is to be done? There is not a moment to be lost; lend me thy shoes—alas they are too small! Quick, quick, set thy woman's wit to work—arouse thee, bestir thee—awake, awake, for by the holy Virgin, I am duller than an owl, and more helpless than a babe!"

The noise they had heard was indeed the breaking up of the court; for Charles, sleeping enough in the morning, after dinner, to satisfy nature, cared not about the time of retiring; and, even when in bed, was in the habit of receiving visitors, and transacting business during a great part of the night.* The Greek stranger had had the honour of seeing him sup, when he observed, with surprise, the temperate habits of so great a prince. The supper consisted of only four dishes, principally roast game, brought to table on the spit by the chief huntsman; and during the repast the king drank wine only three or four times, getting up without ceremony as soon as his appetite was satisfied.† The affair, however, was conducted in other respects with all befitting pomp and circumstance. Besides

* Eginhard, in Vit. Carol. Magn.

† Ibid.

the candelabras with which the room was furnished, attendants stood round the table with great wax candles in their hands; and the tassled table-cloth was laid double, and folded with the nicest regularity.* The drinking cups were of gold and silver, and some of them enriched with precious stones.

"And now," said the king, rising—"now that we have finished the more important business of the day, let us make the tour of our palace, as our brother, the Caliph Aaron of Persia,† does of his city, to ascertain that proper order is kept throughout. The Count of the Palace will have the goodness to remit to my hearing such cases as have stood over from intricacy or other causes, from the forenoon; and all visitors on pressing business may be informed that in half an hour I shall be in bed and ready to receive them." Charles then led the way from the banquet-hall, followed at a distance by some of his officers, and more closely by the Greek stranger, with whom he continued to converse familiarly on subjects connected with the affairs of the East, and the adventures of his journey.

They thus visited every station of importance in the building, challenged the sentinels, and looked out into the appearance of the night; and the stranger, at every step, had fresh cause to wonder, not only at the extent and appointments of the place, but at the admirable discipline established throughout. The king was at length about to retire into his own apartment, and had already bid good-night to his companion, when suddenly recollecting something—

"A word with thee," said he; "let us walk this way alone, and make the tour of the inner court, where the moon seems to shine so bravely on these marble piazzas, that will look, I'll warrant thee, like columns of ice rising from their pavement of snow. What! thou hast not all the curiosity to thyself; I, too, am impatient to ask questions, and I will pray thee to give me some tidings of this Constantine of Greece, who sends so far for my daughter."

When they had reached the inner court, they stood still for a moment to admire the regularity of the buildings and the extreme whiteness and smoothness of the snow which covered the pavement.

"And now of this Constantine," resumed the king; "what manner of man is he?"

"Why," replied the stranger, "he is a man—'faith he is the son of an Empress, and that is saying much as the world goes."

"Thou art in the right," returned the king; "but is he brave in action, agreeable in person, and honourable in purpose?"

"He is as brave as his sword, which cares not a jot about the quarrel, so there be but fighting; his person offends not, when his holiday suit is on; and some say he is more honest than wise."

"Truly, a flattering portrait! My daughter will be but too happy in such a husband. That

is Bertha's apartment across the court—that with the open window—a dangerous neglect, by the way, in weather like this; do thou stand here while I go and shut it; and if she be awake, thou wilt be able to tell Constantine how sweetly the voice of his mistress sounds at night."

"Stay, sir!" said the Greek, seizing hold of the king's mantle. "Hold! hush!"

"How! What! Ha! It was a voice—it was, in faith! Think'st thou? 'Tis she herself. She is awake and waits for me; that is my custom—stand aside."

"Hush! Look!"

"That is a shadow on the wall, indeed! She is up; she has not gone to bed. Thou art right—it is a shadow."

"Two—two!"

"Ay! Say'st thou? Right again; stand aside—it must be her woman."

"A man's, by this light!"

"St. Maurice!" muttered the king, grinding his teeth; and as his hand sought the hilt of his sword, the trappings rattled with his agitation.

The two shadows disappeared from the inner wall; and as the next instant the door opened, the Greek drew back the king, per force, into the shade of the piazzas.

All was silent for some moments, that appeared ages to the witnesses; till at length a singular spectacle presented itself. The Princess Bertha appeared emerging from the doorway, faltering under the weight of her cousin Angilbert, whom she carried in her arms! Panting—tottering—swaying to and fro under the unusual burthen, she advanced slowly and painfully across the court, till at length she succeeded in setting down her lover under the piazzas beside the astonished witnesses, where no tell-tale snow could receive the print of his feet. The king's sword flew like lightning from its scabbard, and without uttering a word he would have cleft the skull of Angilbert in twain, had not the Greek suddenly caught him in his arms.

"Fly for thy life!" cried he, during the fierce but short struggle that ensued. "Away, if thou be'st a man! Hie thee—haste—vanish, in the name of the foul fiend! What, art not gone? Wilt not stir? wilt not budge? Oh, dolt-headed animal!—Most clement king; most just and merciful lord! hear before thou strikest! One moment—a space that might serve to wink in! Jesu—I can no more! There, go an thou wilt! go, with a fury to thee! I'd as lief hold a hungry lion!" And Charles, with a mighty effort, dashing his athletic opponent upon the pavement, sprang to his victim.

"Strike here!" cried Bertha, throwing herself suddenly between—and her father's sword, which he was unable wholly to check in its furious descent, would have drunk the blood of her shoulder but for a thick gold chain which intervened.

"Harlot!" exclaimed the king, in a voice hoarse with passion; "speak, ere thou diest! Tell me of my shame, that I may curse thee, ere I kill thee!"

"I am no such name," said the Princess,

* "Candida preponant niveis mantilia villis."

Nigellus de rebus gestis Ludovici Pii.

† Haroun Alraschid.

proudly; "and the tale is easily told. Angilbert came to my chamber this evening to bid farewell to hope and me. It was I who detained him; I who kept him a prisoner with my woman's weakness and my childish tears! Must I say more? I have loved him from my childhood; I love him now; and I *will* love him ever! I too am of the blood of France!" And she raised her haughty head, like a swan in the waters, and looked with his own proud bright eyes in her father's face.

"Noble lady!" exclaimed the Greek, with a burst of enthusiasm, "there spoke the soul of—"

"An empress?" said the king, sheathing his sword.

"Ay, of a greater—of a high-minded and a true-hearted woman! For me, my task is accomplished; my mission is ended. I have seen the gem too precious for an imperial crown; and although he who sent me may never hope to wear it, it will yet be to him, from my description, as the star of his thoughts, to light his steps to fame

and honour.—Farewell, renowned king! Farewell, brave Angilbert! Farewell—Bertha!" The stranger's voice sank suddenly as he pronounced the last farewell, and bending on one knee, he kissed the hand of the Princess and withdrew.

Charles, after musing some time, the expression of his face lost in the shade of the piazzas, strode abruptly to his daughter and Angilbert, and joined their hands; then, kissing them both on the forehead, he turned around as abruptly, and left the court without uttering a word. The next morning it was discovered that the Greek stranger, attended by two cavaliers of the embassy, had quitted the palace before any body was stirring; having left for Angilbert a magnificent sword, with the following superscription, which astonished, it was said, every body but the king:—

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS THE PRINCE
ANGILBERT,
FROM HIS FRIEND, CONSTANTINE OF GREECE.

THE VICTIM.

"Oh! not a villain on the guilty earth
With him can vie in damned hypocrisy,
Who plays deception with a woman's heart,
And blights the bosom that was wholly his!"

When late I saw thy wasted form,
Thy pallid cheek and altered mien,
I sighed to think the restless storm
Had blighted all thou once had'st been.

For thou wert lovely as the star
That heralds in the opening morn;
Till passion's withering blight did mar
The beauties of that matchless form.

In vain I seek to find one trace
Of all that thou so late hast been;
I gaze with sorrow on thy face,
Till memory whispers "'tis a dream!"

Thou shedd'st a tear—Ah! joyful sign
Of penitence most dear to heaven;
Oh! may it wash away thy crime,
And angels tell thee thou'rt forgiven!

Not e'en in all the bloom of youth,
When beauty sat upon thy brow;
When innocence and spotless truth
Adorned thee—wert thou fair as now.

For when on woman's pallid cheek
The tear of sorrow trembling strays,
In penitence so calm and meek,
As promise hope of better days;

Then *man's contempt* and *woman's scorn*,
Shall cease to point th' envenom'd dart;
And virtue, like the dawn of morn,
Shed peace and joy around the heart.

Oh! may each hour that peace improve,
May every tear that's shed by thee,
Plead for thy pardon from above,
And from all error set thee free.

Then as thy soul shall take her flight
To realms above with joyful strain,
Angels shall hail the welcome sight,
The pardoned sinner to proclaim.

TEMPUS FUGIT, ET NON FUGIT.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

The school-boy counts each weary chime,
And chides the lagging wings of Time,
Nor thinks that hour will ever come,
He bends his willing footsteps home.

TEMPUS NON FUGIT.

It comes at last—ah, happy day!
He hails the long-expected morn;
Satchel and books are flung away,
And rod and rule are laugh'd to scorn.
His brow, unfurrowed yet by care,
By sorrow yet unscathed his cheek,
His sports his young companions share—
No moody solitude they seek.

If winter rears his hoary head,
And trees abroad their branches spread
Yclad in livery pale;
If cutting winds, frost-laden, sweep,
Around the blazing hearth they creep
To hear the cheerful tale;
Or gambol round the spacious hall,
Or deftly ply the snowy ball.

If genial Summer warms the plain,
They ramble forth, a blithesome train:
With them he panting climbs the hill,
With them he wanders by the rill:
They gather from the streamlet's bank
The chaste blue-bell, the osier dank;
They bask upon the sunny mead,
Or revel in the cooler shade;
O'er the brown heath their footsteps bound,
They shout, and answering all around
The merry echo rings.

He deems such happiness before
Was never felt, nor will be more.
While day and night in pleasure pass,
He heeds not Time, his scythe, nor glass;
Yet when the withered old returns,
His heart in bitter anguish burns,
And joy within him dies;
He weeps to think that Time has wings,
So rapidly he flies.

From "Memoirs of a Bashful Gentleman."

AN AUCTION-ROOM EPISODE.

"I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face,
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace."

GOWPER.

* * * * I POSTED to London with an intention of procuring some papers of consequence from my solicitor, and having engaged apartments for a fortnight at Mivart's, I proceeded to dip a little into the gaieties of the metropolis.

In the course of some days after my arrival, I received a letter from Westmoreland; it was from my uncle, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR BOY—The most fortunate circumstance in the world has occurred. You will perceive by the Post, of Saturday, that the celebrated collection of the late Earl — is about to be brought to the hammer; and I find that the *Raffaelle*, a picture of the most exquisite beauty, and pure as the day it was painted, is included in the sale. It is the very gem which his lordship succeeded in carrying off from me in Italy; it formed the principal ornament of the *Palavacini Gallery*, at Rome, and I offered, as a first bidding, two thousand guineas for its possession; but, while in deliberation, his lordship, a wonderful connoisseur, stepped in, unknown to me, laid down two thousand five hundred, and became the happy owner of this unrivalled *morceau*. It was dirt-cheap, actually dirt-cheap, and when I heard of the purchase, I made overtures to the Earl upon the subject, but, as I might have anticipated, he flatly refused to part with his acquisition.

"I presume that his heir, a wild young fellow, has no taste for these wonders of art, and I rejoice in his wretched apathy, as I may now complete my cabinet by crowning it with this brilliant. Oblige me, therefore, my dear boy, by going immediately to C—'s, and reconnoitring the picture; you will know it at once, as it bears every trace of the master: the subject is a 'Holy Family;' it is marked '37' in the catalogue, and is duly deposited in a mahogany case, with plate-glass, and green silk curtains before it. As the sale does not come on until three days after you receive this, you will have plenty of time to indulge yourself with dwelling upon this inestimable *chef d'œuvre*, and I would recommend you to look in at C—'s two or three times a-day, as you pass to the clubs, that you may be able to fully appreciate it. You will have the goodness to attend on the day of sale, and bid for me; and as the first rate connoisseurs will be there, a sharp competition must take place; but remember I would not, upon any account, re-lose this specimen, which I consider of more value than my whole collection. Bid fearlessly; it may, and will most probably run to

two or three thousand guineas; but at all events secure it.

"I have some suspicion that the Duke of L—, who, as well as myself, was disappointed at Rome, of the purchase, will be at the sale, but I cannot precisely ascertain whether he is in England or not.

"Adieu, my dear Felix; if it were not for a malicious fit of the gout that prevents my moving an inch, I would save you this trouble, by posting to town. Lewis will arrive at Mivart's the day after the sale, with every thing necessary to preserve the painting from injury, and as he thoroughly understands my peculiar mode of packing, I will send him in a chaise, expressly to convey the picture to me.

"Your affectionate Uncle,

"RICHARD RIVERS."

"P. S.—I almost forgot to say that Maria sends her love to you."

As I deciphered this hurried, yet elaborate illustration of my uncle's reigning passion, I could not help denouncing the desire that imposed upon me so public and particular a duty, in an auction-room, where the circumstance of my entering into a headlong contest for the pearl of a priceless collection, would render me the object of universal surmise and scrutiny. Over and over again, I wished all the *Raffaelles* in the Vatican at the bottom of the sea; and had it not been for the sweet message, so unceremoniously thrust into a postscript, I could have torn the letter into fragments, with vexation. As it was, I enclosed it, tremblingly, in my note-case, and sallied forth to take a peep at this "gem," this "brilliant," this "unrivalled bijou." I went unfashionably early, in order to spare my weakness, and with an aspect of infinite sourness, greeted the unoffending idol of my uncle's adoration, with a momentary glance—then looking hastily round the room, hurried away.

The important day arrived, and under an overwhelming sense of the part I had to sustain, I directed my way to C—'s. Turning into King-street, I found a double line of splendid equipages extending from the auction-room to the square, and a throng of liveried lacquies at the door: the distinguished fame of the collection, added to the high rank of the deceased collector, had made it a point with the titled and fashionable world to attend. Almack's was rivalled in its very face. The staircase was sown thickly with dukes, and marquesses, and earls, old dowagers and young heiresses, dashing officers of

"the Tenth," venerable divines, and members of parliament. There was my Lord So-and-so, calling to his Grace of Such-and-such, and there was the gallant Colonel Somebody, shaking hands with the Hon. Major Nobody; while old Lady Asterisk, with a fat poodle under her arm, which she would not resign, made way after her fair daughter, who was leaning on a gay captain of the Guards. Through this glittering phalanx of the aristocracy, I slid myself, by degrees, and at length got snugly ensconced in a corner of the room, nearly opposite the point of my mission. The noble crowd broke into groups; there was a truce to the levelling of glasses, and the buzz and murmur—the "beautiful!" "superb!" "unique!" "unquestionable!" died away, as the auctioneer mounted his rostrum. He was a man of much polished amenity, with powdered hair, a blue coat, linen of unsullied purity, and a smile of unceasing urbanity. His commendations of the various lots were delivered with courteous intonations of voice, and measured cadences, and seemed to pay deference to the judgment of the company, while, in fact, they did much to direct it.

Lot after lot was put up, struggled for, and knocked down to the triumphant opponent; at length "*Lot 37*" was announced, and my heart bounded into my very throat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the orator, "the cabinet gem now submitted to competition is, perhaps, one of the finest specimens by the divine *Urbino*, ever consigned from Italy to this country. The eye of the connoisseur need but glance upon it, to create a conviction of its originality, its singular beauty, and its perfect preservation; and when I inform you that it is from the *Palavacini Gallery* at Rome, of which it was, for ages, the distinguished ornament; and, at the same time, refer to the known taste and consummate judgment of its late noble possessor, by whom it was purchased for a sum which I fear to mention, you cannot hesitate to mark your just appreciation of this invaluable work. What sum shall I have the honour of naming as a commencement? One thousand, seven hundred, five hundred, three hundred, one hundred guineas?" and he glanced round the brilliant assembly; his eye fell upon mine; I nodded, he bowed. "One hundred guineas, ladies and gentlemen, I am authorised"—he was interrupted by a second bidding, a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a dozen heads were nodding against each other, like Chinese mandarins on a mantel-shelf. The vertebæ of my neck was in perpetual motion, and it required the quickness of thought, and the vigilance of Argus, to keep pace with my rivals. The picture rose rapidly; eleven hundred guineas were bid for it, and a momentary pause took place. I breathed more freely; "the task is nearly over!" exclaimed I; but as I listened in expectation of the sound of the hammer, the doors were thrown open, and a little old man, wrapped in a roquelaure, with his hat on one side, and every mark of disorder in his appearance, rushed into the room.

"Is it gone? Is it gone?" he exclaimed, driving every one right and left, "the Raffaele! the Raffaele! Am I too late?" The auctioneer suspended his blow, and murmurs of "his Grace!"—"his Grace!" ran round the room, while clusters of peers and peeresses crowded towards him; but pushing them aside, he flew up to the easel, uttered a fervent thanksgiving, and actually seemed to devour the picture with his eyes. Then pulling a cambric handkerchief from his pocket, that scented the whole place with otto of roses, he flung his hat upon a chair, and wiped his face, literally scarlet with the haste of his *entre*. The auctioneer politely hesitated to proceed. "Go on, go on, my good Sir!" cried out the stranger. "I am quite ready to commence—eleven hundred and fifty guineas.—I heard of the sale only two days ago at Antwerp," he continued, turning to the marchioness of —, "and travelled day and night, lest the stupidity of an agent might cause the irreparable loss of this treasure—am but this instant arrived, having neither eaten nor drank upon my way—my cigar was every thing—but who is that young man, with black hair, bidding against me?" he inquired. "*A Mr. Montague*," replied the Peeress, pointing her glass at me; the Duke followed her example—two pair of aristocratic eyes of the first class, were bent upon my burning cheeks at the same instant. "*Montague—Montague, what Montague*?" said his Grace, without altering the position of his glass. "The nephew of Colonel Rivers, of the Lodge, Westmoreland." The Duke started. "Colonel Rivers, did your ladyship say? Is it possible? Why Rivers was as unlucky as myself about the picture at Rome."—"Twelve hundred guineas," insinuated the auctioneer; his Grace nodded. "Twelve hundred and fifty." I did the same, *all eyes* were upon me; the Duke drew himself up in an attitude of cool determination, and looked at me as though he could smile me into insignificance. A dead silence prevailed, dowagers, peeresses, earls, and officers, were gazing upon me, for I was comparatively, unknown; and the *presumption* of opposing his Grace, filled them with surprise. My situation was, to me, frightfully conspicuous, and I had scarcely presence of mind to maintain the contest, when a familiar voice exclaimed, "Egad! there's my friend Montague, throwing away hundreds against the Duke of L—;" at the same moment a fine military-looking fellow, full six feet high, in dashing regimentals, seized me by the hand: it was Sydney. "Why, my dear boy," he whispered, "it's madness to bid against his Grace—he'll never give in, or supposing he does, by Jove you'll get a dear bargain." At this instant he was called away by a brother officer; my embarrassment reached its climax; the "inestimable gem" already stood at thirteen hundred guineas; *what* it might run to, there was no imagining. I faltered, paused, lost time; the Duke perceived my irresolution, threw in another bidding, and at the same moment a hundred glasses were, pivot-like, turned round at me: this completed my confusion, and

before I had decided upon my conduct, the hammer of the auctioneer descended upon the pulpit, and terminated the question.

His Grace clasped his hands with delight, and flung a glance of exultation at me, while the sparkling circle around him became lavish in congratulation and panegyric. I shrank away from the scene of my defeat, forgetting that Sydney was unacquainted with my address, and would feel excessively surprised at my behaviour. In an unenviable state of mind, I reached my hotel, and was informed by one of the waiters, that a person inquiring for me, was below; I rushed up stairs, and desired the stranger to be sent to me; he entered—it was Lewis—my uncle's confidential servant.

"My master was so anxious to see the picture, Sir, as soon as possible," said he, bowing, "that he dispatched me in a post-chaise, yesterday morning, with instructions to travel all night, so that I might have time to take refreshment, and then set off with it as soon as it could be packed." His eye wandered round the room, as if in quest of "the gem."

"But I have not got it, Lewis." The fellow looked as if a thunderbolt had fallen before him; he gasped with astonishment and alarm, and so forcibly did his expression convey to me an idea of my uncle's rage and disappointment, that I could not help, in the bitterness of my feelings, ordering him, haughtily, into the kitchen, while I scrawled a few lines of vindictory explanation. I tore the paper fifty times before I finished a letter to my satisfaction; and, when it was achieved, I sealed it nervously, and ringing for Lewis, who reappeared, evidently frozen, with panic, I slipped a *douceur* into his hand, and desired him to make what speed he could to his master. In a few days, I was favoured with the following from my uncle:—

"SIR—Had I confided my late *important* mission to an enemy who sought to defeat me in my hopes, I could not have been surprised at an unfavourable result; but when I selected my nephew as the transactor of this *little affair*, I relied upon experiencing no disappointment. The issue has proved that I was mistaken in my idea that you would have felt a pleasure in doing me a favour; and with every necessary apology for the liberty which I took in intruding upon your time, no doubt seriously engaged,

"I beg to subscribe myself,

"Yours, &c. &c.

"RICHARD RIVERS."

Here was a comfortable communication for a man desperately in love with his daughter. I had some thoughts of a bullet, or a bottle of laudanum, and as these passed away, I determined to fling myself into the first chaise that could be got ready, and hurry down to Westmoreland, to make personal explanation. No, no, I would not do that—it might be rash—at all events it required more nerve than I could command. "I will wait a few months," I decided. "Lord — insists upon returning me member for —, and when my election is carried, the

interest that my uncle must naturally experience in my political conduct, will, no doubt, do away with every discordant impression."

[The picture-mania of the connoisseur is by no means caricatured in the preceding sketch; it equals the passion of the virtuoso in butterflies and tulip-roots, and the venerable loungers who are in the habit of attending the principal picture sales, have been frequent spectators of competitors for some "*unique*"—some Leonardo, Raffaele, Rembrandt, Parmigiano, or Waterloo, carried on with a heat, violence, and personality, highly amusing to all whose feelings were not enlisted in the cause. The finesse, vigilance, espionage, affected engerness, and ultimate recklessness of the bidder, whose heart is languishing upon the beauty of some disputed vestige of the olden time, shining through the mists and darkness of centuries, can scarcely be imagined—they must be witnessed to be estimated. The subject would afford something apposite to the genius of a Cruikshank.]

THE INDIAN SPARROW.

It seems that the pigeon is not the only letter-carrier of the feathered race, for it is said of the Indian sparrow, that "he may be taught with ease to fetch a piece of paper or any small matter that his master points out to him. It is an attested fact, that if a ring be dropped into a draw-well, and a signal be given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation; and it is confidently asserted, that if a house, or any other place, be shown to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately, upon a proper signal being made." What an invaluable treasure must be such a bird to any unfortunate Mrs. Knibbs, who is reduced to the necessity of a clandestine correspondence with her lover! Hard hearted guardians should have an eye upon him, for he would assuredly be preferred to any other messenger—not only for the romance of the thing, but for his sure secrecy; and for his wings, which seem swift as even the impatience of love could desire. It seems, likewise, that he is taught to steal the plates of gold which the young Hindoo women at Benares wear between their eyebrows. Upon a given signal, they pluck these golden ornaments from the foreheads of the ladies, and carry them in triumph to their lovers. This is the bird of which it has been said that it illuminates its nest at night with fire-flies, which it affixes to the walls with clay. That the fire-flies are so placed, and at night, there seems no doubt, but naturalists differ as to the intention, and probably will continue to differ until the bird himself shall declare it. Some say it is for their light; others, that they feed upon these insects. Sir W. Jones leans to the latter opinion; but a letter from a gentleman, long resident in India, quoted in the "*Architecture of Birds*," favours the former, which is certainly the more agreeable.

SONG.

THERE was a bright and sunny time
When every hope was gay;
But the vision's gone, and each fairy dream
Has floated far away!

There was a time when I believed
She whom I lov'd was true:
I twined her roses—flowers she gave,
But ah! her flowers were rue.

There was a time, when I was glad,
And joined the festive scene;
Now all is gone, and nought remains
To trace where joy has been.
I am forgotten—though her form
In Fashion's hall still dwells:
No one is there to name my name,
And none my anguish tells.

She may seem happy—may seem gay,
But who knows what she feels?
Can hearts be read?—There is a grief
No balsam ever heals.
What though I pass, as all things must,
And join the silent dead;
Her faithless heart no joy can know,
Its peace, for e'er is fled.

TO THE WINDS.

Give me a voice like yours, ye winds, to woo
The virgin flowers with Spring's unwritten song;
Or moan o'er buried loveliness, as through
The prison bars of night, ye sweep along;
Or where ye, in your vengeance, stoop to strew
Earth with your wrecks, to mingle with the throng
Of spirits who lift up their shout of joy,
And glory in your license to destroy!

I envy you your freedom. I would trip
Over the mountain swifter than the night.
I would go forth with every dawn, to sip
Dews from their morning refuge, ere their flight.
I would rest on the unconscious maiden's lip,
And who should spurn the arrogant right;
Or press the ringlets of the coyest fair,
Whose cheek would burn to know that I was there.

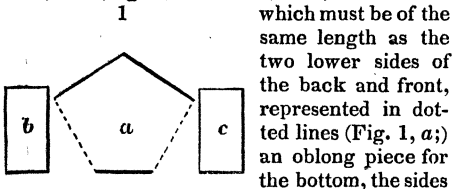
I envy you your fleetness. I would see
Once more the world at old Wachuset's feet,
As, in youth's first unwasted ecstasy,
I look'd in wonder, from your rocky seat,
On all my native hills, broad, green, and free,
And I would break to waves the silvery sheet,
Whose waters bore me, ere I learn'd the strife
Which troubles all the waters of my life.

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

GLASS BASKETS.

Baskets in a variety of elegant forms, adapted both for use and ornament, may be constructed of glass, riband, &c. on the same principles as boxes. To describe, or even enumerate all the shapes in which glass baskets are made, would be needless, and encroach upon our limits: they admit of almost every combination of figure, and afford a good opportunity for the display of taste and elegance in their construction. We shall offer a few select patterns only, which may be copied with advantage; and various improvements may be made upon each of them, before any decidedly new combinations of form are attempted.

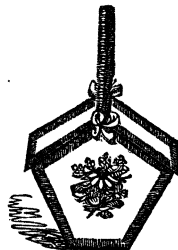
For the first shape which occurs to us, the following pieces of glass are to be procured:—A front and back, matching exactly with each other, as *a*, fig. 1; two ends, as *b*, the sides



of which must be equal to the lower edges of the front and back, and its ends equal to those of *b*; and two other oblong pieces for the covers, the sides of which must be of the same length as each of the upper edges of the front and back, *a*; and their ends equal to those of the side pieces, *b*. The front, back, sides, and bottom of the box are to be fastened together by means of narrow

riband, in the same manner as the different parts of glass boxes; a piece of stout wire, covered with silk, is then to be fixed by its ends from the upper point of the back to the upper part of the front; and to this wire the two covers, *c*, after being neatly bound with riband, are to be fastened by the upper corners of their binding, either with hinges of strong silk or fine tough wire. The handle may be made of pasteboard, strengthened with wire, covered with silk, and sewn by its ends to the upper points of the back and front.

2



The interior of the basket may be lined with puffed silk and wadding, or in any other manner that fancy may dictate; all the edges of the lower part of the basket, the covers, and the handle, should then be furnished with fringed riband, or fringed silk, tacked to the binding; and if the glass be plain, a fine medallion, encircled by a wreath of roses, &c. in wax, or rice paper, or a fine bouquet of flowers only, may be gummed to the centre of the front and back pieces (Fig. 2.) Transparent glass may also be used, and the interior parts decorated with paintings on velvet; or the various pieces which compose the basket may be formed of painted, instead of transparent or plain ground glass. The edges and handle may also be ornamented in a variety of modes, and with various neat and elegant trimmings.

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

"HAUGHTY lady, why shrunk you back, when your poor frail one drew near? Was the air infected by her errors? Was your purity soiled by her passing breath? Ah, lady! smooth that insulting brow; stifle the reproach just bursting from your scornful lip: wound not a soul that bleeds already! She has suffered——"

"Lady, to look with mercy upon the conduct of others, is a virtue no less than to look with severity on your own."

M. G. LEWIS.

In the course of a tour through England, business of importance compelled my friend, Charles Lawrence, and myself, much against our inclinations, to revisit, for a while, the smoke-impregnated air of the metropolis; and having given up our apartments in town, when we first set out on our expedition, we were under the necessity of seeking for others, during our temporary stay. In our peregrinations we were attracted by a bill in the parlour window of a respectable looking house in —— street, announcing "lodgings to let," and, on enquiry, found them to be exactly what we were in search of. The person of our destined landlady was far from deficient in bulk or rotundity, and her carbuncled visage seemed to argue her as one not in the least disinclined to the enjoyment of *creature comforts*.

Somewhat fatigued with the journey, I was sitting by the open window soon after our arrival, contrasting the view of sundry stacks of chimneys, which it afforded, with the expansive prospects we had so recently quitted, and drawing a comparison between the odour arising from the workshop of a neighbouring tallow-melter, and that of the keen and wholesome air which sweeps from the Northern hills, extracting, as it flies, the perfume of every flower that graces its course. I was also speculating on the—I am at a loss for a name—but our good hostess applied the epithet of "garden," to a piece of ground, about fifteen feet square, considering, probably, that as the gravel, which formed the principal part, was bordered by some sterile mould, through which a few odd-looking things, of the vegetable world, were with difficulty fighting their way about two months after the proper season for their appearance; and the middle of it was decorated by some half-dozen flower-pots, containing drooping unwatered geraniums, that it was well entitled to that honourable designation, and she, no doubt, flattered herself with the idea, that it imparted a highly rural air to her premises, and rendered them as completely *rus in urbe* as could be expected in London. Whilst enjoying my cogitations, I was interrupted by Lawrence, who had just opened a drawer with the intention of depositing something in it, and, uttering an exclamation of surprise, he advanced towards me, holding in his hand a small, but exquisitely finished coral necklace.

"See," said he, "what our good hostess has left."

I examined the necklace closely, and found engraved on the clasp, H. F. to M. C.

"A love-token, no doubt," said I.

"I think so too," replied my friend, "let us ring for the landlady, and restore it to her."

He accordingly did so, and on Mrs. Watkins attending the summons, I placed the trinket in her hands, telling her where we had found it.

"Alack! sir," said the old woman, "it belonged to my last lodger, poor thing."

"It was careless to leave it behind," I observed, "the more especially as it appears, from what is engraven on the clasp, to have been a gift."

"Ah! sir, the poor misfortunate unhappy creature couldn't help it," and a tear started into the old woman's eye as she spoke.

"Was she unfortunate then?" inquired Lawrence.

"Alas, sir, it would make you melancholy to hear her sad tale."

"Perhaps you will oblige us by narrating it," said I, "and as we have nothing at present to attend to, it will serve to guile away an hour."

There needed but little persuasion to induce our good hostess to comply with our request, and seating herself in an arm-chair opposite, she commenced her relation; prefacing it, however, with the observation, that it was lately that the facts had come to her knowledge—for "had she known the rights on it afore, she wouldn't have let the lodgings to 'em." From a vast proportion of circumlocution and redundancy, we succeeded in extracting the following matter:—

Maria C—— was the daughter of a deceased clergyman of the highest character. Like too many of his sacred profession, it was his lot to struggle with poverty; nevertheless, he had contrived to give his beloved and only daughter an excellent education. But his death occurring when she was little more than seventeen, left her alone, unprotected, and moneyless. By her indefatigable industry, however, aided by the exertions of one or two friends, she was enabled to form a connexion as a portrait painter; and the merits of her private character, together with the talent, assiduity, and perseverance she displayed in her profession, soon deservedly procured her employment. Her means, consequently, were rapidly increasing, when a circumstance transpired, which at once crushed her budding fortune.

She was unfortunate enough, one morning, whilst making some purchases at the Bazaar, to attract the notice of Henry Fitzgerald, who followed her, unperceived, through all the interstices of the stands, ogled her through the intervening array of caps, frills, &c., and finally watched her home, when, to his surprise, he discovered, by the plate upon the door, that it was no other than his own mamma's *protegee*.

"Capital," thought he, as he slowly retraced his steps; "an admirable opening for an introduction."

On the following morning, Maria was surprised by a visit from a tall and elegant, yet somewhat delicate-looking young man, who announced himself as the son of Mrs. Fitzgerald, and requested she would take his likeness for that lady, stipulating, at the same time, that the transaction should be kept a profound secret from his mother, as he said he wished to surprise her with a present on her birth-day, which was at hand.

Promising to call or send on the day appointed for the picture to be finished, Henry placed a morocco case in the hand of Miss C——, and desiring her to accept payment in advance, departed.

Henry Fitzgerald wanted a year of his majority, and his immense fortune depended on the will of his mother, should he marry without her consent before he reached that period. But Henry saw and loved Maria—Maria, the humble portionless Maria, was preferred by him to the rich and titled dames who were contending for his smiles. He loved her ardently, passionately—more than all, sincerely; and it was his decided resolution to make her his wife, so soon as he was legally master of his actions.

Maria, the fond, confiding Maria, believed him true, loved him, and accepted his proffered troth. He visited her secretly, and poured forth the vows of affection with all the impassioned ardour of his nature. A few months, and Henry would be empowered to espouse her without injury to his fortune. * * * *

Both were young, both were inexperienced, for Henry was no profligate, no selfish man of the world, or of dissipation, but the soul of sincerity and honour.

* * * *

In a moment of delirium they were lost!

* * * *

Henry was sitting one evening alone with his Maria, and endeavouring to calm her fears by renewed protestations of sincerity—one arm encircled her slender waist, and he was imprinting upon her tearful cheek the kiss of affection, when the door suddenly flew open, and a little, thin, hatchet-faced old woman entered, dressed in the extreme of juvenile fashion. Henry started up at her entrance, but her quick eye discovered the posture in which he had been sitting, and she exclaimed, "Eh!—What! Mr. Fitzgerald here! Bless me! I really beg pardon, Miss C——, I was not aware *you* were so pleasantly engaged, or I certainly should not have intruded. The street door I found open, *accidentally I suppose*, and I thought the liberty of your oldest customer allowed me to come up without being formally announced, to inquire if you had copied that little effigy of my dog. You may send in your demand, Miss, as soon as you please," added the old woman, pursing up her skinny lips into an expression which she intended to represent scorn and dignity, "and I will instantly discharge it, as I

cannot, of course, continue my patronage after this discovery. Gracious! who would have believed it.—Well, I declare! Good evening, Mr. Fitzgerald, I suppose I shall have the honour of meeting you at Lady D——'s to-night."

"It is not my intention to go there, Madam," said Henry, his indignation mastering his usual courtesy—"I suppose," continued he, "this circumstance will be known before this hour to-morrow over all the space intervening between Portland Place and Paddington?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the old woman, tossing her head, "my character both for philanthropy and secrecy is too well known."

"Pshaw!" said Henry, contemptuously, as the intruder left the room. "My love," said he, turning to Maria, who had covered her face with her handkerchief on the first entrance of the old woman, and now leaned back in her chair in an agony of tears, "do not let this untoward circumstance prey upon your spirits—I will supply you with money. You shall leave this place immediately and give up your business, by which you will avoid again coming in contact with those whose knowledge of this event (which, depend upon it, that painted hag of quality will most industriously spread,) might cause to treat you with contumely. Courage, my only love! let a few months elapse, and I call my Maker to witness you shall be my wife; and, as I before have often said, we will immediately retire to my seat in Dorsetshire, where we will take up our permanent abode, and seclude ourselves forever from those heartless fools, whom still greater fools are pleased to term "the world."

Henry was not mistaken, for the story of poor Maria's shame was soon generally known both in her own small circle of friends, and amongst the numerous and noble connexions of the high-born Henry.

The honourable Miss Sneyde, for such was the name of the lady, with praiseworthy perseverance ceased not driving about town the next day, to the manifest chagrin of her coachman, and the endangering the wind of the fat old family horses, until she had communicated the discovery to about fifty friends, and in the evening an extra quire of paper was put into requisition for the purpose of imparting the momentous intelligence to those whom time or other circumstances had not permitted her to favour with a morning call. * * * *

"Let a few months elapse, and I call my Maker to witness you shall be my wife."

Such were the emphatic words which Henry spoke, and *from his heart*, to his Maria, the last time he visited her.

But two days elapsed from thence, and Fitzgerald was stretched on a couch of sickness, a prey to an internal disorder which no medicine could cure, and his delicate constitution was fast sinking under its baneful influence. Still Maria was not forgotten—he supplied her, through the medium of his faithful groom, with money, and endeavoured to buoy his spirits with the hope of eventually recovering, and attaining the height

of his worldly ambition—the legal and undisputed possession of his chosen Maria.

* * * * *

The last agonies are upon him—a few moments longer, and the mortal career of Henry Fitzgerald will be closed for ever!

Sumptuous was the couch on which reclined his decayed form; soft was the pillow which supported his dying head: splendid the coverlid on which rested his white and wasted hand. But did the luxury which surrounded him retard one moment the gentle, but perceptible approaches of death—impart the glow of health to the hectic of his cheek, invigorate his languid frame, or stifle the reproaches of conscience, with which his last mortal hours were embittered? Each fleeting moment, as it flew towards eternity, warned him of his proximity to the tomb, and reminded him how impossible it was to render that justice to his Maria which her wrongs demanded. But it was too late—and, however just and honourable his intentions, however sincere his professions, Henry was now doomed to labour under that most distressing of all reflections to a sensitive mind, the consciousness of having wronged an innocent and confiding creature who loved him, and whose affections he returned with a tenfold warmth. But Henry felt his end approaching—the grave already yawned to receive its victim, and he was about to quit this world, leaving his orphan and friendless Maria alone and unshielded from the poisonous breath of calumny—exposed to the rude taunts of scorn, and undefended from the bitter revilings of a censorious world. Fitzgerald felt that he, and he alone, was the cause of her ruin, and the consciousness smote him in his dying hour, and strewed his pillow with thorns.

Henry had lingered for some months, and, understanding that dissolution was certain, at his earnest request the injured Maria was sent for—she stood by his bedside, and endeavoured, by

her attentions and uncomplaining gentleness, to soothe his mental torture. She never reproached him, and still nourished the hope of his recovery, and entertained full confidence in his honour. Yet her cheek was pale—her form attenuated, and the deep lines in her once blooming cheek showed the ravages of sorrow, remorse, and grief! Each look of kindness from her mild, yet tearful eye, struck a dagger to the heart of her adoring Henry—each soft and endearing word carried with it volumes of reproach to his faulty, yet repentant spirit.

She watched the looks of the sufferer with an intense agony—she saw a yellow hue overspread his fine features—she saw his eye change—she heard an awful rattling, to which no other sound can be compared, in the throat. “Maria—beloved Maria—I am dying—I leave you, my adored one.—My mother—it is my last request—take my Maria under your care—cherish her—protect her for my sake—be unto her as a parent—the fault—the fault—Oh, God, forgive me, was mine”—and Henry spoke no more.

Even the haughty mother of Fitzgerald was for a time affected, but, soon recovering her proud, unbending spirit, she pointed with stern and significant gesture towards the unfortunate Maria, who had fallen senseless on the corpse of her lover. The hint was understood—she was conveyed from the apartment, and restoratives applied. No sooner, however, did sense return, than, by order of the proud mother of her Henry, she was spurned from the door.

It was night—it was stormy—it was cheerless, as the unhappy girl wandered from the house of her departed lover! Her reason could not support the weight of her accumulated misfortunes, and, in a fit of despair and madness, she sought the shade of her Henry beneath the dark waves of the river. A striking example, that guilt, even when atonement is intended, will always meet its due punishment from a justly offended God.

CANZONETTE.

I'LL come to thee when the eve's pale star
Rises above the sea,
It shall light the way for my fairy barque
To thee—to thee!

And though thy sire may coldly frown
On the heart that beats for thee,
Fear not, a more than father now,
Thou shalt find in me!

Fear not, nor heed those frowns,
For I have smiles in store,
And truth, as no passion'd knight
For maiden ever bore.

When the chimes are heard again,
And the convent bell is rung;
When the moon is in the sky,
And the vesper hymn is sung—

I'll be with thee, my boat
Shall waft us down the tide;
And ere the morning dawns
Thou'lt be my bride!

G

SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR.

LIST, love, list,
The night bells chime;
Come, come with me,
To Agnes' shrine.

Long, long has the sun sunk behind the dark mountain,
The valley beneath us is silent and dim;
Naught is heard but the gush of the silvery fountain,
The sounds of the convent's last evening hymn

Starlight is on the water,
My light barque on the tide;
Fairest of Italy's daughters,
Away and be my bride:

My oars shall strike the sparkling wave,
Our boat fly swift along;
Each pearly tear I'll chase away,
And charm thee with my song.

Come, my love, come,
The night bells chime;
Come, my love, come,
To Agnes' shrine.

Original.

REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1.

It has occasionally happened, I presume to every professional man, to have observed a sort of poetical justice in the results of schemes of villany or oppression, and to have marked the punishment of crime, closely connected with, and consequent upon its apparently successful issue. I do not assert that punishment, immediate and specific, always follows the perpetration of injustice; but instances do sometimes occur, where wrong and retribution are as evidently associated as the flash of the lightning and the loud witness of the thunder. Where such cases do occur, the triumph of society in the apparent interposition of Heaven, to avenge the injury done to social order, is too just to allow sympathy for the offender.

"Tis sport to see the engineer
Hoist with his own petard."

I was once applied to by a respectable and industrious mechanic, for advice under circumstances of considerable hardship. Upon a lot in the suburbs of the city, he had, a year or two before, erected a brick house for his own residence with the earnings of his labour, and supposed, that having thus provided permanent shelter for his family, he could, without anxiety, apply himself to his business. Unfortunately, however, for him, the owner of the adjoining vacant lot, finding from the rise in value of real estate, that this unimproved ground would command a good price, bestirred himself to measure and lay out his lot, and in the course of his operations discovered, or supposed he discovered, that the house of Mr. Wharton, my client, encroached about a foot on his western boundary. Being what, in scriptural language, is called "a hard man," but what, in more modern parlance, is designated by a more emphatic term, this unrighteous neighbour resolved to profit by the necessities of Wharton, and knowing that to tear down that part of his house which stood over the supposed boundary would entirely ruin the building, demanded such a sum to release his claim as would have purchased ten times the quantity of ground occupied, even at the advanced price.

Indignant at such extortion, and totally unable to comply with so unreasonable a demand, Wharton had refused to acknowledge the title, or to comply with the terms of his unconscionable neighbour, declaring at the same time, his opinion of him in terms more intelligible than courteous. In consequence, his vindictive, coming in aid of his avaricious feelings, Mr. Turner immediately set in motion the enginery of the law, to avenge the insult offered by Wharton to his self love, and if, as is generally said, a

long purse were the best friend in a lawsuit, must have prevailed.

After having heard the details of the case, I directed my client to send me his title papers, and proceeded to investigate, in the proper office, the title of his opponent; his ground, I found to have belonged to Onesimus Wharton, "commencing," said the deed, "at a corner of Humphrey Collinson's ground, and extending thence westward, One Hundred and Ninety-three feet." This lot had been afterward conveyed by Onesimus Wharton to Ernest Obermeyer, for the consideration of "one dollar, and of other good causes and valuable considerations, the said Onesimus thereunto moving," and by Obermeyer to Cuthbert Turner, the present plaintiff.

On my return to my office, I found the papers of my client, and discovered that his eastern boundary commenced "at the distance of One Hundred Ninety-three feet west, from the west line of Humphrey Collinson's ground;" this west line, therefore, of Collinson, being the "punctum saliens" to both lots, would, when ascertained, settle the question as to the division line of the present litigants.

I will not tax the patience of my readers, to follow me through the musty parchments and ancient surveys with which I grappled, in my researches to discover the true location of "the west line of Humphrey Collinson's ground," but the issue of my investigations was conclusive, that the point assumed by the plaintiff as the starting point, was three feet and some inches, more westward, than the true corner, and of course my client's building was fully within his own eastern boundary. Gratified as I was to have ascertained this fact, my satisfaction was greatly enhanced by the delight of Wharton when I communicated the result of my researches and showed him the outline of the argument, by which I trusted to establish my view of the case. Cautioning him to preserve perfect silence as to our defence, lest the ingenuity of the opposing counsel, might so load our case with legal subtleties, as to perplex the jury, I exhorted him to entire composure of mind, and to avoid conversation with any one respecting the suit.

Those of my readers who are of the profession, will readily estimate the necessity of such cautions, particularly to clients whose feelings of any kind are much interested in the matter at issue; there is among all classes, a "cacœthes loquendi," a most insurmountable propensity to impart to others, those things which interest ourselves—a natural, and perhaps amiable egotism, from the effects of which I apprehended some embarrassment.

In the earlier years of my professional career, before experience had taught those severe, but salutary lessons, which she alone can teach, I had communicated to a client, in the fulness of my own exultation, and in the first bloom of my self complacency at the discovery, a neat and cherished plan to overthrow the whole case of the other party. He, as indiscreet as his counsel, in half an hour afterward, having accidentally encountered his adversary, let out as much of my new born scheme, as sent that adversary to his attorney, who instantly so changed the form of his attack, as wholly to render inoperative the mode of defence on which I so plumed myself. My present client, however, was more prudent; at least I am not aware that he suffered any thing to exude to the detriment of his cause, which in due time presented itself before a jury.

The opening of the case alleged, as usual, the right of the plaintiff to a front on — street of one hundred ninety-three feet, "commencing at a corner of Humphrey Collinson's ground," and that the defendant had encroached, &c. In evidence were adduced the deeds of which I had before examined copies, and sundry old men, who, to all appearance, had survived their memory and all their other faculties, testified to what had always been held the corner of Collinson's lot, in the days of their youth. While these relics of antiquity were detailing their early reminiscences, I glanced over the deed from Onesimus Wharton to Ernest Obermeyer, and almost sprang from my chair at what I found there. Recovering, however, from this involuntary expression of surprise, I kept myself down to the level of a decorous attention to the slow-coming facts of the aged witnesses, and bore without interruption their excursive flights from the matters in question—merely ceasing to write down their testimony, when they indulged themselves in irrelevant recollections of the olden time. As the evidence for the plaintiff closed, the faces of the jury bore that air of puzzled candour—if I may so express myself—which seems to indicate their entire comprehension of what has been laid before them, mingled with astonishment that facts, apparently so conclusive, should be controverted: joined, rather comically, with a noble resolution to hear the other side of the case. Feeling confident, however, that I knew more of the matter than they did, the jury's benevolent resignation of look only added to the amusement that I felt in anticipation of my certain triumph; so, putting on a sedate and modest cast of face, and addressing myself to what I knew were their secret thoughts, I began:—"After the testimony and documentary evidence of the plaintiff, you are doubtless surprised that I should attempt the apparently hopeless task of unsettling your present firm persuasions. Such of you, however, as have been frequent occupants of a jury-box, must recollect instances of entire revolution in your sentiments, when the seemingly irrefutable conclusions of one party have been met either by argument or fact that entirely reversed the whole character of the case, and left you to wonder at

your own precipitancy in so promptly and prematurely judging the merits of the controversy. Such a case will this prove—we are prepared to show that the point or line which the old people examined have declared to be the corner or line of Collinson was not "the western line," alluded to in the deeds of the plaintiff, but became his western line by a purchase of a strip of ground three feet eight inches in front, running parallel with his old line, and afterward conveyed to Onesimus Wharton, and forming part of the lot conveyed by him to Obermeyer for a pasture ground. We will farther show you that the defendant, if he had encroached on his eastern neighbour, is not liable therefor to the suit of Cuthbert Turner, the present plaintiff, who does not own a foot of ground in the lot he claims as his." Breaking off thus abruptly, I had nearly smiled to see the look of wonder with which this assertion was received by the jury, who bent eagerly forward, their curiosity fully excited to hear the proof which I had promised them. A few old deeds and plots endorsed on them, with trees for corners, quite proved the first position which we had assumed, and demonstrated incontrovertibly, the true corner of the original lot of Collinson. For the second, I laid hold of Wharton's deed to Obermeyer, a link in the plaintiff's chain of title, and read to the astonishment of all, and of none more emphatically than of my own client, the words of conveyance "to the said Ernest Obermeyer."—"To have and to hold the said lot or piece of ground, with the appurtenances, to him, the said Ernest Obermeyer," and there stopt the important document in its description of what lawyers call "the quantity of estate granted." To render this part of the case intelligible to the general reader, it must be explained, that to grant the fee simple, or any estate greater than for life, the word "heirs" in a deed is indispensable. Of course, the estate reverted to Onesimus Wharton or his heirs, immediately upon the decease of Obermeyer, who could not convey to Turner more than he himself had.

In reading over the record of this deed in the office, I had glanced carelessly over that portion of it which was now found so important, my attention being directed exclusively to the starting point, so often alluded to. The remainder of my narrative is soon told. The charge of the court and the verdict of the jury followed as matters of course, but I did not know until after the conclusion of the suit that my client was sole heir to Onesimus Wharton, and of course the owner of the lot on which he was said to have trespassed, and which, from the spread of the city, soon became of very considerable value. S.

The present is an age of excitement—of theory and of professed improvement. The great danger is, that the solid acquirements of our ancestors—the results of their hard labour and patient investigation will be exchanged for the wide and endless projects of experiment.

THE MIRROR OF THE GRACES.

"Costly your habit as your purse can buy
But not expressed in fauncy; rich, not gaudy.
For the apparel oft proclaims the woman."

SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY person of just observation, who looks back on the fashions of our immediate ancestors, and compares their style of dress with that of the present times, will not hesitate to acknowledge the evident improvement in ease and gracefulness. A judicious dresser will select from each mode that which is most distinguishable for utility and grace, and, combining, adopt them to advantage. This is the art which every woman, who casts a thought on these subjects, ought to endeavour to attain.

Elegant dressing is not found in expense; money, without judgment, may load, but never can adorn. You may show profusion without grace: you may cover a neck with pearls, a head with jewels, hands and arms with rings, bracelets, and trinkets, and yet produce no effect, but having emptied some merchant's counter upon your person. The best chosen dress is that which so harmonizes with the figure as to make the raiment pass unobserved. The result of the finest toilet should be an *elegant woman*, not an elegantly dressed woman. Where a perfect whole is intended, it is a sign of defect in the execution, when the details first present themselves to observation.

In short, the secret of dressing lies in simplicity, and a certain adaptation to your figure, your rank, your circumstances. To dress well on these principles—and they are the only just ones—does not require that extravagant attention to so trivial an object, as is usually exhibited by persons who make the toilet a study.

"Show me a lady's dressing-room," says a certain writer, "and I will tell you what manner of woman she is." Chesterfield, also, is of opinion, that a sympathy goes through every action of our lives: he declares, that he could not help conceiving some idea of people's sense and character from the dress in which they appeared when introduced to him. He was so great an advocate for pleasing externals, that he often said, he would rather see a young person too much than too little dressed, excess, on the foppish side wearing off with time and reflection; but, if a youth be negligent at twenty, it is probable he will be a sloven at forty, and disgustingly dirty at fifty. However this may be with the other sex, I beg leave to observe that I never met with a woman whose general style of dress was chaste, elegant, and appropriate, that I did not find, on further acquaintance, to be in disposition and mind, an object to admire and love.

A passion for dress is so common with the sex, that it ought not to be very surprising, when opulence, vanity, and bad taste meet, that we

should find extravagance and tawdry profusion the fruits of the union. And it would be well if a humour for expensive dress were always confined to the fortunate daughters of Plutus; but we too often find this ruinous spirit in women of slender means, and then, what ought to be one of the embellishments of life, is turned into a splendid mischief.

A woman of principle and prudence must be consistent in the style and quality of her attire; she must be careful that her expenditure does not exceed the limits of her allowance; she must be aware, that it is not the girl who lavishes the most money on her apparel that is the best arrayed. Frequent instances have I known, where young women, with a little good taste, ingenuity, and economy, have maintained a much better appearance than ladies of three times their fortune. No treasury is large enough to supply indiscriminate profusion; and scarcely any purse is too scanty for the uses of life, when managed by a careful hand. Few are the situations in which a woman can be placed, whether she be married or single, where some attention to thrift is not expected. Hence we see, that hardly any woman, however related, can have a right to independent, uncontrolled expenditure; and that, to do her duty in every sense of the word, she must learn to understand and exercise the graces of economy. This quality will be a gem in her husband's eyes; for, though most of the money-getting sex like to see their wives well dressed, yet, trust me, my fair friends, they would rather owe that pleasure to your taste than to their pockets.

Costliness being, then, no essential principle in real elegance, I shall proceed to give you a few hints on what are the distinguishing circumstances of a well-ordered toilet.

As the beauty of form and complexion is different in different women, and is still more varied, according to the ages of the fair subjects of investigation, so the styles in dress, while simplicity is the soul of all, must assume a character corresponding with the wearer.

The seasons of life should be arrayed like those of the year. In the spring of youth, when all is lovely and gay, then, as the soft green, sparkling in freshness, bedecks the earth, so light and transparent robes of tender colours should adorn the limbs of the young beauty. If she be of the Hebe form, warm weather should find her veiled in fine muslin, lawn, gauzes, and other lucid materials. To suit the character of her figure, and to accord with the prevailing mode and just taste together, her morning robes should be of a

length sufficiently circumscribed as not to impede her walking; but on no account must they be too short: for, when any design is betrayed of showing the foot or ankle, the idea of beauty is lost in that of the wearer's odious indehency. On the reverse, when no show of vanity is apparent in the dress—when the lightly-flowing drapery, by unsought accident, discovers the pretty buskined foot or taper ankle, a sense of virgin timidity, and of exquisite loveliness together, strikes upon the senses; and admiration, with a tender sigh, softly whispers, “the most resistless charm is modesty!”

In Thomson's exquisite portrait of Lavinia, the prominent feature is modesty. “She was beauty's self,” indeed, but then she was “thoughtless of beauty;” and though her eyes were sparkling, “bashful modesty” directed them

“Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers.”

The morning robe should cover the arms and the bosom, nay, even the neck. And if it be made tight to the shape, every symmetrical line is discovered, with a grace so decent, that vestals, without a blush, might adopt the chaste apparel. This simple garb leaves to beauty all her empire; no furbelows, no heavy ornaments, load the figure, warp the outlines, and distract the attention. All is light, easy, and elegant; and the lovely wearer, “with her glossy ringlets loosely bound,” moves with the zephyrs on the airy wing of youth and innocence.

Her summer evening dress may be of a still more gossamer texture; but it must still preserve the same simplicity, though its gracefully-diverging folds may fall, like the mantle of Juno, in clustering drapery about her steps. There they should meet the white slipper

“—of the fairy foot,
Which shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute.”

Female youth, of airy forms and fair complexions, ought to reject, as too heavy for their style of figure, the use of gems. Their ornaments should hardly ever exceed the natural or imitated flowers of the most delicate tribes. The snow-drop, lily of the valley, violet, primrose, myrtle, Provence rose—these and their resemblances, are embellishments which harmonize with their gaiety and blooming years. The colours of their garments, when not white, should be the most tender shades of green, yellow, pink, blue, and lilac. These, when judiciously selected, or mingled, array the graceful wearer, like another Iris, breathing youth and loveliness.

While fine taste, as well as fashion, decrees that the beautiful outline of a well-proportioned form shall be seen in the contour of a nicely adapted dress, the divisions of that dress must be few and simple. But, though the hoop and quilted petticoat are no longer suffered to shroud in hideous obscurity one of the loveliest works in nature, yet all intermediate covering is not to be banished. Modesty, on one hand, and health on the other, still maintain the law of “fold on fold.”

During the chilling airs of spring and autumn,

the cotton petticoat should give place to fine flannel; and in the rigid season of winter, another addition must be made, by rendering the outer garments warmer in their original texture: for instance, substituting satins, velvets, and rich stuffs, for the lighter materials of summer. And besides these, the use of fur is not only a salutary, but a magnificent and graceful appendage to dress.

Having laid it down as a general principle, that the fashion of the raiment must correspond with that of the figure, and that every sort of woman will not look equally well in the same style of apparel, it will not be difficult to make you understand, that a handsome person may make a freer use of fancy in her ornaments than an ordinary one. Beauty gives effect to all things; it is the universal embellisher, the setting which makes common crystal shine as diamonds. In short, fashion does not adorn beauty, but beauty fashion. Hence, I must warn Delia, that if she be not cast in so perfect a mould as Celia, she must not flatter herself that she can supply the deficiency by gayer or more sumptuous attire.

A FEW FRIENDS.

“And what is friendship but a name?”

EVERY thing that Cicero has said in his Treatise *De Amicitia* is very fine, and very good, and very true; but he does not seem to have been altogether aware of the fulness of meaning contained in the word *friends*.

A man invites a few *friends* to dine with him.—They come, they eat, they drink, they talk, they criticise, they depart. They have praise and blame for the cook, and they speak learnedly of the wine; and, in nine cases out of ten, somewhat censoriously of the host. For either he has been too ostentatious in his liberality, or too niggardly in hospitality; and he seems almost required to ask pardon of those whom he has fed for the manner in which he has fed them. Then the entertainer becomes, in his turn, the entertained, and takes his turn also in the delights of culinary criticism and friendly censoriousness. These are *friends* by the table, cemented by the various combinations of fish, flesh, and fowl, closely adhering so long as that lasts which holds them together; but that failing, they fail, and depart, and separate.

A man writes a book, prose or poetry, as the case may be. He, of course, thinks it very fine, but he is not quite satisfied that all the world must of necessity be of the same opinion; therefore, he shows it to his *friends*, and asks their candid opinion—and they read it, and give him (excuse the pun, gentle reader) their *candid* opinion. They advise him, by all means, to publish it—they are sure it must succeed. It is published, and it does not succeed; and then these *friends* wonder that any man could be so simple as to imagine that such a thing ever could succeed; and they wonder that he did not see that what they had said was not their real opinion;

but, being his *friends*, how could they do otherwise than praise the book?

A man grows rich, and rises in the world. Thereupon all his neighbours and acquaintance congratulate him upon his fortune, and are ready, in the plentitude of their wisdom, to teach him how to spend his newly-acquired wealth. And he, who before his prosperity, scarcely knew that he had a friend in the world, is now informed how delighted his countless *friends* are to hear of his success.

A man grows poor, and sinks in the world. Forthwith he hears, or he may hear, if he have patience to listen to them, sage lectures upon prudence, and many edifying dissertations upon discretion. He receives many a humiliating lesson, and observes many an altered look; he has a great deal of pity, and very little help; and he is recommended, in the most delicate manner imaginable, not to spoil the pleasures of his prosperous acquaintance, by his unprosperous presence; and, while he fancies that he has not a friend in the world, he is given to understand that his *friends* are very sorry for him, and his *friends*, as all his *friends* say, ought to do something for him; but, unfortunately, he has tired his *friends* all out.

A man, just beginning life, marries a woman whose family is not so good as his own. Thereupon father and mother, and uncles and aunts, and brothers and sisters, and cousins, first, second, third, and fourth, put themselves into a unanimous passion; co-operate in a system of unanimous sulkiness; insult the young woman, and eschew the young man, more especially if the newly-married couple are in need of any assistance or countenance. And then, when the persecuted couple are suffering under the pangs of poverty, and the mortifications of desertion and solitude, the world saith, with a most edifying gravity, "The young gentleman's *friends* did not approve of the match."

A young man comes to his fortune as soon as he becomes of age. He buys horses and dogs, and runs races, and lays bets, and plays at cards, and sometimes wins and sometimes loses; he gets into scrapes, and fights duels; he finds himself none the richer for his winnings, and much the poorer for his losings; and if he cannot spend or lose his money fast enough himself, he has myriads of *friends* who will borrow it of him, and do their best to assist him in dispersing it. Then at last he smashes, or is done up; and then all the world, with its long, moral phiz, says—"What a pity it is that his *friends* led him into such extravagance!"

At midnight there is a noise in the streets—women are shrieking, and men are hallooing, and some are calling for help; and there is a well-dressed man swearing at a constable who attempts to hold him, which well-dressed man has obviously been rolled in the dirt; his hat is as flat as a pancake, his eyes are as red as herrings, his tongue is like a weathercock in a whirlwind, and he must be trussed like a boiled rabbit before he can be managed; and all the account he can

give of himself the next morning is, that he had been dining with a few *friends*.

Warwick, in his "Spare Minutes," thus describes common friendship:—"When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whiles the cap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarme in abundance; but, in the winter of my neede, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friends."

PURITY OF WATER.

THE purity of water is indicated by its specific gravity. By a late act of parliament it is defined that a cubic inch of water purified by distillation weighs, at the temperature of 62 degrees, barometer 30 inches, exactly 252,458 grains. An imperial pint of perfectly pure water weighs precisely 20 avoirdupoise ounces at 62 deg. Any water heavier than this must be less pure. That the lightest water is the best, is an old and true principle. Pliny says that some judge of the wholesomeness of waters by contrasting their weights. Celsus alludes to the same practice—"nam levis pondere apparet." Hippocrates thought that the best water is that which heats and cools in the shortest time; and his echo and expositor, Celsus, affirms the same thing. Hoffman informs us that rivers of a rapid current, or which fall down mountains, afford a purer water than those that are more slow; and hence, he says, that ships coming out of the river Maine into the Rhine draw more water, and sink deeper in the latter, because the waters of the Rhine fall from the highest mountains of the Grison country.—*Dr. Lardner's Treatise on Domestic Economy.*

GOOD OLD TIMES.

THE ensuing year (1581, during the reign of good Queen Bess), commenced with a series of tortures, the recital of which is calculated to excite both pity and disgust. Some persons were confined in a dungeon twenty feet below the surface of the earth; others in the "Litel Ease," where they had neither room to stand upright nor lay down at full length. Some were put to the rack or placed in "Scavenger's Daughter," (*Scavengeri Filiam*), an iron instrument, by which their heads, hands, and feet were bound together. Many were chained and fettered; the still more unfortunate had their hands forced into iron gloves, which were much too small, or were subjected to the horrid torture of the boot. [The persons so treated were all Catholics.] In addition to these severities, Sir Owen Hupton, the lieutenant of the Tower, compelled them, by military force, to attend divine service in the chapel of that fortress, and then said in derision, "That he had no one under his custody who would not willingly enter a Protestant church."—*Memoirs of the Tower of London, by John Britton and E. W. Bayley.*

BUY MY ROSES.

BY LAURA PERCY.

Buy my roses, ladies, buy,
I pluck'd them fresh this morn;
Fear not—I offer you to-day
A rose without a thorn.

Unlike the flowers so bright and gay,
That gem the paths of life;
But fade like fairy dreams away,
Or vanish into strife.
Unlike the flower that tempts the eye,
But when 'tis gathered stings;
Its pain remains—its beauties fly,
Far, far away on wings.

Then buy my roses, ladies buy,
I pluck'd them fresh this morn;
Fear not—I offer you to-day
A rose without a thorn.

Like true and pure fidelity,
These flowers are ever found;
They'll raise no tear in beauty's eye,
Nor tend'rest bosoms wound:
And though the leaves may fade away,
As all earth's things depart;
Their fragrance ne'er can know decay,
But still dwell round the heart.

Then buy my roses, ladies, buy,
I pluck'd them fresh this morn;
Fear not—I offer you to-day
A rose without a thorn.

LINES.

BY H. C. DEACON, ESQ.

“We're no dead when we are dust,
Master of Logan.”

O, by the living God! who spreads
His own great-mindedness around,
The purple zenith o'er our heads,
The beauty of the flower-robed ground—
By all the mighty orbs that lead
Their progress through th' unfathomed sky,
Though earthworms on this flesh shall feed
Yet my soul's strength shall never die!

Tell me not that I breathe the breeze
That every insect breathes with me,
That the wild wind that shakes the trees
Is portion of my soul and me—
The breath of ages I inhale,
But agitates my dust awhile,
Then passeth like an ancient tale,
Earth's new-born children to beguile!

Within the flesh I feel a power
That holds not kindred with this sphere;
Born like the Aurelia, for an hour
To act its part—then disappear:
Perish the shell!—for that is clay,
The worm must feed—the grave be fed,
But the freed spirit soars away,
Triumphant o'er the charnel'd dead!

THE GATHERER.

“A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE philosopher leaves the fashion of his clothes to the tailor; it is as great a weakness to be out of the fashion as to affect to be in it.

The reason of things lies in a narrow compass, if the mind could at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses of the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to a mind in pursuit after philosophical truth.

There are few families but what are at one end related to the greatest princes, and at the other to the meanest peasants.

Politeness seems to be a care, by the manner of our words and actions, to make others pleased with us and themselves.

Who has no friend and no enemy, is one of the vulgar; without talents, power or energy.

The finest dressed, the most talkative, and the richest, are not always the most intelligent, though they may be the most *worshipped*.

What is the world which we ransack, but a stupendous charnel-house? Every thing that we deem most lovely, ask its origin—Decay?—When we rifle nature, and collect wisdom, are we not like the hags of old, culling simples from

the rank grave, and extracting sorceries from the rotting bones of the dead? Every thing around us is fattered by corruption, and into corruption returns at last. Corruption is at once the womb and grave of nature, and the very beauty on which we gaze and hang—the clouds and tree, and the swarming waters—all are one vast panorama of death!”

Rewards are proportioned to success, not to merit.—Success itself is a reward.

Those women who wed for money, are in the likeness of hypocrites; they live in a long prostitution, and have not always the plea of necessity.

A man gets a kind of respectability from the mere fact of having a family. I have hushed my passion when about to retort insolently to another when I thought of his children.

The head of Esop is said to have been large to deformity. The head of Attila the Hun of the Mongolian species is mentioned as being of a preternatural size.

The first balloon was made in Paris, on the 27th day of August, 1783, under the direction of Messrs. Chartes and Blanchard. It was com-

posed of Taffeta plastered over with an elastic gum, and was filled with inflammable air, obtained by the filings of iron in Vitriolic acid. It weighed 40 lbs. It rose to about 12,000 feet and fell in three quarters of an hour.

Whenever you speak any thing, think well, and look narrowly what you speak; of whom you speak; and to whom you speak, lest you bring yourself into great trouble.

At Shuster, a city at the foot of the Bucktiari range of mountains, in Persia, there is a bridge eighty feet above the waters of the river Karoon. From the summit of this bridge, the Persians throw themselves in sport, and with impunity, into the river below.

Our pleasures are for the most part, short, false, and deceitful; and like drunkenness, revenge the jolly madness of *one hour*, with the sad repentance of *many*.

Never expect any assistance or consolation in thy necessities from drinking companions.

A virtuous man who has passed through the temptations of the world, may be compared to the fish who lives all the time in salt-water, yet is still fresh.

How much pains have those evils cost us which have never happened.

The winter with his grisly storms no longer dare abide,
The pleasant grass with lusty green the earth hath newly dyed,

The tree hath leaves, the boughs do spread, new changed is the year,

The water brooks are clean sunk down, the pleasant boughs appear,

The spring is come, the goodly nymphs now dance in every place:

Thus hath the year most pleasantly so lately chang'd her face.

Spiders are excellent barometers: if the ends of their webs are found branching out to any length, it is a sure sign of favourable weather: if, on the contrary, they are found short, and the spider does not attend to repairing it properly, bad weather may be expected.

A bigot counterworks his Creator, makes God after man's image, and chooses the worst model he can find—himself.

What an eccentricity of wickedness was it to appoint any place where a murderer should get shelter—a church too! but such were, and are (abroad) called sanctuaries. Lancaster Church was reserved by Henry VIII. as a sanctuary, after the abolition of that dangerous privilege in the rest of England.

It is only when the rich are sick, that they fully feel the impotence of wealth.

The annual average quantity of dew deposited in England is estimated at a depth of about five inches, being about one-seventh of the mean quantity of moisture supposed to be received from the atmosphere over all Great Britain, in a year, or about 22,161,337,355 tons, taking a ton at fifty-two gallons.

Diogenes being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards meeting with some Lacedemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "And this also is pride."

Silver has increased in value thirty times since the reign of William the Conqueror.

Care, the consuming canker of the mind,
The discord that disorders sweet heart's tune,
The abortive bastard of a coward mind,
The lightfoot lackey that runs post by death,
Bearing the letters which contain our end;
The busy advocate that sells his breath
Denouncing worst to him who's most his friend.

The susceptibilities that we create or refine by the pursuit of one object, weaken our general reason; and I may compare with some justice the powers of the mind to the faculties of the body, in which squinting is occasioned by an inequality of strength in the eyes, and discordance of voice by the same inequality in the ears.

Proverbs—Beware of enemies reconciled, and meat twice boiled. Beware of a silent dog, and still water. Crosses are ladders to heaven.

RECIPES.

TO RAISE THE NAP ON CLOTH.

When woollens are worn thread-bare, as is generally the case in the elbows, cuffs, sleeves, &c. of men's coats, the coat, &c. must be soaked in cold water for half an hour, then taken out of the water and put on a board, and the thread-bare parts of the cloth rubbed with a half-worn hatters' card, filled with flocks, or with a prickly thistle, until a sufficient nap is raised. When this is done, hang your coat, &c. up to dry, and with a hard brush lay the nap the right way. This is the method which is pursued by the dealers in old clothes.

TO REVIVE THE FADED COLOUR OF BLACK CLOTH.

If a coat, clean it well, as described in scouring blues, blacks, browns, &c., then boil from two to four ounces of logwood in your copper or boiler half an hour; dip your coat in warm water, and squeeze it as dry as you can, and put it into the copper, and boil half an hour. Take it out and add a piece of green copperas about the size of a horse bean; boil it another half hour, then draw it, and hang it in the air for an hour or two; take it down, rinse it in two or three cold waters, dry it, and let it be well brushed with a soft brush, over which a drop or two of olives has been rubbed: stroke your coat regularly over. The whole expense of this process (the firing excepted) will not exceed a few cents. If any part of the coat, &c. should be worn thread bare, the nap must be raised with a prickly thistle, &c. and the coat will look as new. Some dyers use old black liquor, instead of logwood and copperas.



Painted by O. S. Newton.

Engraved by J. B. Neale.

THE DUTCH MANDER.

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THE DUTCH MAIDEN.

Ah, lovely maiden! why so long
Unkindly hast thou spurned my love?
When shall my true, my mournful song,
So oft repeated, pity move?

Seest thou yon glorious Rhine that flows,
Careering proudly, glittering bright!
No wave that in the sunshine glows,
Once pass'd, again shall cheer thy sight?

Ah so, believe me, life must fly,
Ah, so believe me, beauty fade,

Nor wealth, couldst thou rich hoards supply,
Time's rapid footstep e'er has stay'd.

Thy buoyant life, thy beauty, then,
Enjoy while they are surely thine;
Walt not to call them back again,
Or o'er neglected hours repine.

Now, all around, love's purple light,
Its bless'd enchantment strives to throw;
Oh! wouldst thou linger till the night
Of death has shrouded all below?

THE JUDGE AND THE FREEBOOTER.

A BORDER TALE.

It was by the dull light of a grey, misty morning, that Willie Armstrong, the hardy descendant of the famous freebooter Johnnie Armstrong, was seen buckling on his leathern belt, and making other preparations, which betokened that he was on the eve of a marauding expedition. His wife stood gazing on the countenance of the handsome and daring moss-trooper with tearful eyes and half reproachful looks; at length she exclaimed,

"A wilful man will hae his way, but I tell ye, Gilnockie, that nae good will come o' this outbreak—will naething persuade you to let this raid alane?"

"Gie ower your fleecing, wife," said Willie, as he thrust his pistols into his belt, "and dinna let us part with the tear in your eye; and trow ye me, ye will hae weel filled barns and byres by the time I come hame."

"Willie, Willie," replied his wife, laying her hand on his arm, "are ye sae sure that ye will ever come hame? I would rather want meal and milk than that any mischance should come ower ye. The borders hae long been quiet, and—"

"The mair the pity," answered Willie, "certie, woman, I think mair o' the spree than the profit it may bring; I'm clean doited with daidling out and in about the auld tower—there's neither faith nor marrow in the men now-a-days. Think of the time of my forbears, Alice, when the Armstrongs were as plenty as blaberries—Hech! they are dwindled away both in clan and land."

"And whatfore will ye make what's little, less, Willie?" replied Alice. "The warden of the marches will show you sma' favour if ye should fall into his hands; and I would like ill to see your neck filled with a Jeddart cravat."

"Hout, Alice, I dinna gie the value of a bodle for the warden; and let the warst come to the warst, the Earl of Traquair winna see a hair of

my head hurt—but it's time I were mounted, in place of maundering here; a band of the Elliots are to meet me in the Dowy Glen; nae fear but we'll keep a merry Christmas with good fat mart, and I'll bring ye some braws to busk ye, fine as ye hae a good right to be."

"I care nae for braws, Gilnockie, and that ye ken. Let the Elliots rieve and herry as they will, but hae ye naething to do with them."

"I canna gang back of my word, Alice, let what will come o' it; but I maun away, it ill sits an Armstrong to be hindmost."

"Kiss your bairn before you gang," said Alice, as she lifted her young son from his cradle.

"That I will, and you too," replied Willie; and after bestowing a hearty kiss on each, he hurried out of the tower, flung himself on his horse, and rode roundly away.

The day passed heavily, the night drew on, and still Armstrong did not appear. Her faithful servant, Wattie Winshaw, tried to persuade Alice to go to bed.

"Dinna speak to me about going to bed, when for any thing I ken to the contrary, I may be by this time a widow, and my bairn fatherless."

"Trow me, mistress," replied Wattie, "there's little fear o' that, he's no the gear that will tyne, so just try and get a gliff o' sleep."

"I canna sleep," answered Alice; "but tell me what kind of night is it."

"It's dooms dark," replied Wattie; "but see, the dog is cocking his lugs; I'll warrant he hears something—faith he's right, that's the tramp o' my master's naig."

"Bless you for that word," said Dannie Armstrong, as she threw some fresh fuel on the fire, while Wattie ran out to welcome his master. In a few moments he returned with a sorrowful countenance—

"It's no Gilnockie, dame, but Bobbie Elliot, who wants a word o' you."

Alice hurried to the gate, where she found Elliot, whose appearance showed he had been engaged in some desperate fray, anxiously awaiting her. "Where's Gilnockie," said Alice, hastily, "and how comes it that I see you here your lane, Bobbie Elliot?"

"I'm loth to tell you, dame," replied Elliot, "but it canna be helped now. We have been worsted in the fray, and Gilnockie is by this time in Jeddart jail."

"My malison be on you and your whole clan, Bob Elliot," exclaimed Alice, "for wiling awa my poor Willie to meet his death; ye hae taken good care of yoursel, I trow; ye should think black burning shame to come to Gilnockie, to bring such dool tidings to a wife and mother."

"Whist, whist, dame," answered the freebooter, "I'm no the coward loon ye think me—look at this muckle gash on my cheek, woman, it would hae fa'en to Gilnockie's share, if I hadna come between him and the Southern, and my left arm is broken by a pistol-shot, and hangs down like an old clout, so I hae done my best to keep Willie scatheless; and besides this, I hae come at the peril of my ain craig to bring ye the news, and to help to drive off your horse and kye to a safe place till the hobblesheew is ower."

"Let the gear gang," exclaimed Alice; "what is it in comparison to a husband's life? Saddle the brown mare, Wattie, it's time I were off to Jedburgh. Bobbie Elliot," she continued, "ye hae muckle to answer for—but ye are a wounded man, light down then, and come in and take baith meat and drink. I hae maybe let fa' ower sharp words, but muckle should be forgiven to a waeiful wife."

"Naedoubt," said Elliot, as he followed Alice into the tower, "but ye maun hae a sorrowfu' heart. I hope, however, that the matter is no past remeid—gang ye to Willie, and lippen the gear to me."

"I maun lippen to you what is dearer to me than house or land, horse or kye, and that is my young son. Ye maun take him to my brother, for I canna leave him here, and as little can I take him with me into a dowie prison."

"I'll do that blythely," replied Elliot, "and trow me, dame, we'll get ower this bruist yet."

Alice's preparations being soon completed, she mounted behind Wattie, and ere day dawned she was far on her way to Jedburgh.

"So, thou art there again, thou ill-conditioned reiner," said the jailer of Jedburgh, Andrew Cutler, better known by the name of Gustygowl.

"Deed am I," replied Gilnockie, coolly; "certie, I like your company as ill as ye like mine, and your quarters far mair."

"And what the sorrow brings ye here then? Is it no your ain fault?—I'se warrant ye'll get a tow round your trapple this time. It's the warden's order that ye are to be hanged, and by my faith ye're cheap o' it. Three times ye hae been under lock and key in Jeddart jail."

"Three times are cannie," said Gilnockie, carelessly.

"That's to be seen," replied Gustygowl;

"whatfore could ye no settle down at Gilnockie tower, and gain thy living in an honest way, in place o' maunding through the country, rewing and riving other folks' goods and gear?"

"Ye ken the auld saying, Gustygowl, that what's bred in the bane will ne'er come out o' the flesh. I'm a true Armstrong, and will be ane to the end."

"And it's likely ye'll gang the same gate, for I'm thinking ye'll no find it an easy job to get out o' the warden's grip."

"A's no tint that's in danger," replied the borderer.

"Ye'll be hanged, for as bauld as ye look," said Gustygowl.

"We'll see, as the blind man said," responded Gilnockie. "But harkye, Gustygowl, there's sma' doubt that my dame will be here as soon as she hears of the strait that I'm in—now mind, you're to let me see her when she comes."

"It's mair than ye deserve, ye rewing loon," replied Gustygowl, as he withdrew, after carefully securing his prisoner.

Wattie Winshaw having put the brown mare to her utmost speed, the travellers, in less time than might have been expected, arrived at Jedburgh, and Alice repairing to the prison, was quickly admitted.

"Wae's me, wae's me!" she exclaimed, on entering the damp, dark cell where her husband was confined. "Oh, Willie, whatfore would you no be warned? Didna I tell you what the up-shot would be?"

"Gudewife," said the borderer, impatiently, "if you hae nae better comfort to gie me, ye might as weel hae staid at the auld tower. We maun think how I am to get out o' this dowie place."

"I doubt, Willie, you'll find that a kittle job, for the warden's wud bout the outbreak. I'm feared it will gang unco hard wi' ye. Oh, Willie, am I to be left a desolate widow in such troublous times?"

"I'll no die this bout, wife," rejoined Willie, "so speak at leisure about being a widow. I'll cheat the woody yet."

"What can I do to help ye, Willie?" said Alice, "for weel ye ken I would gang through fire and water to save ye."

"I dinna misdoubt it," replied Willie, "for ye hae aye been a good wife to me, though something ower saft for the marrow of a rewing borderer—but ye canna help that. Ye hae often heard tell, how that in the auld rewing times my forbears did good service to the Earls o' Traquair, and mony a fray hae they helped them out o', and the Earl that now is has been obliged to me mair times than ance. So I see naething for't, Alice, but that ye speed awa to Traquair House, and tell the Earl the case that I'm in, and that I look for help from nae other hand—and say to him that I ken I've been in the fault, and that he kens the nature o' a borderer ower weel to be hard upon me."

"I'll do my best," replied Alice, "but nae doubt he'll expect you to gie caution for your

good behaviour in time coming, and that you'll gie up a' dealings with the Elliots."

"Say ye naething o' that, if he says naething to you," retorted Willie, hastily; "but awa with ye, and good speed may ye come."

Alice, having summoned her faithful escort Wattie, set forward to Traquair House with all speed. On arriving there, she craved an audience of the Earl, and was informed he was at dinner.

"Aweel," said Alice, "I maun just wait till his Lordship has had his vivers, but as my business is a matter o' life and death, I trust you'll bring me to the speech o' the Earl as soon as may be."

"You'll readily hae to wait a good while," said one of the domestics, "for he has the sheriff of Jedburgh with him anent some rewers that are to be hanged for a raid on the borders. I trust ye hae naething to do with any of them."

"It can make little difference to you whether I hae or not: I'll tell my tale to nane but the Earl."

And Alice drew her hood over her face and remained silent, and the retainer muttering "a saucy dame," joined his companions, who were lounging about the hall. At length Alice received a summons to attend the Earl, which she obeyed with a beating heart; and on being ushered into his presence, she bent her knee to the Earl, while the tears sprung to her eyes.

"Ye see before you a sorrowfu' woman, my Lord," said Alice, "and ane that will ere long be a widow, unless you take pity on her."

"Rise, my good woman," said the Earl, "and tell me how I can serve you—what has put your husband's life in peril?"

"Just the auld story, my Lord, a rewing splore on the borders: my husband has been taken, and now lies in Jedburgh jail, and the warden threatens to hang him."

The Earl's brow grew dark.

"I fear, dame," said he, "there is little hope for him—the English borderers are loud in their complaints, and the warden is resolved to have the aggressors brought to justice; I cannot interfere."

"Oh! dinna say that," cried Alice, "for Willie lippens to you; 'Alice,' said he to me, 'the Earl winna let a hair o' my head be hurt, for weel he kens me and mine have stood mony a tulzie between him and his unfriends.'"

"I never was obliged to an Elliot that I can recollect," replied the Earl.

"Elliot!" exclaimed Alice, "na, na, it's Willie Armstrong o' Gilnockie that I speak o' to your Grace; I'm his poor wife, for lack o' a better."

"Gilnockie!" said the Earl in an anxious tone; "the sheriff told me the raid was committed by a band of the Elliots."

"I wish it had been only them," replied Alice; "but who should come to the tower but Robbie Elliot, and he wiled Gilnockie to join them, black be their fa'."

"Why did you not hinder him, my good dame?" asked the Earl.

"Hech! my Lord, ye ken little o' the nature

o' men, when ye speak that gate; a' that their wives say to them gangs in at ae lug, and out at the other."

"Well my dame," said the Earl, "I will speak for his life, but only on condition that he promises that he will never lift nor rieve in all time coming."

"Nae doubt," replied Alice, "this mischance should be a warning to him, but your Lordship had as good take his promise and tie him up strait; but my Lord, we manna tent time, for fear the warden takes him in hand sooner than we reckon on."

"I'll see to that," replied the Earl, "and tell Gilnockie I will be in Jedburgh to-morrow to speak for his life."

"My blessing be upon you," exclaimed Alice. "Oh, my Lord, ye hae lightened my heart o' a heavy load, for the warden minna say nay to your Grace, and now I'll speed back to poor Willie." And Alice, anxious to relieve her husband's mind, quickly retraced the road to Jedburgh.

"Aweel, wife," said Willie, as she entered his dismal abode, "what speed hae ye come? did ye get speech o' the Earl?"

"'Deed I saw him," said Alice, in a doleful tone, "and he's sair angered at this raid. 'Alice,' said he, 'whatfore did ye let Willie gang on this fray?' Hech! my Lord, said I, ye ken very weel that neer ane o' the name o' Armstrong but will hae their ane gate; they were aye a camstrary race and winna do but what they like, and as for Willie, tows wouldna hae held him, far less a wife's breath."

"Ye had little to do my woman, to disparage me and my forbears that gate," said Willie, angrily; "muckle gude your going to the Earl has done, truly."

"Whist, Willie, till ye hear the upshot. Do ye no see, man, that my way was the best? If I had said ye were in the right about this business, it would just have set up the Earl's birse."

"Aweel, aweel, say awa, and let's ken the end, for Gustygowl has been here saying that there was sma' doubt that hanging will be the least o' it, and I think I see a Jeddart tow fleeing before my een. What mair said the Earl?"

"He said that he would speak for your life, but that ye maun make oath that, as long as ye live, ye will neither lift horse nor kye."

"Said he ony thing anent sheep?" interrupted Willie.

"Heard ever ony body the like o' that?" said Alice. "Ye are thinking o' being at the auld trade, and ye not out o' prison yet. I tell ye you're neither to lift corn, horn, hoof or noof—hech, man, it's a waefu' thing to see you thinking o' rewing and lifting in place o' being thankfu' that life has been spared."

"And what need I care to have life spared, if I'm to be hampered this gate? I would rather they would hang me out o' hand, as they did my forbear Johnnie."

"Are ye deleerit, Willie?" replied the dame. "Am I no worth living for, nor your bairn; and

as to gear, I'm sure we have plenty; but little mair need be said anent the matter, for I promised to the Earl ye would be glad to make ony paction, so that your life was spared."

"Ye were unco ready," retorted the borderer, "but since ye did say sae, I reckon I maun abide by it."

"Now ye speak like a reasonable man," said Alice, "and as the Earl is to be here the morn, I trust you'll soon be out o' this dolefu' place."

Soon after this the door of the dungeon opened, and the jailor entered. "It's time, dame, that ye were awa," said he, "for a'm gawn to lock up. I hope Gilnockie's taking a thought o' another world, for he has been a reckless man. I have long forseen the end he would come to."

"Haud your tongue, ye auld boding ravin, and take your ill-faured face out o' my sight; I'll soon be out o' your hands."

"Aye, when the hangman gets you into his," answered the jailer, as he ushered Alice out of the dungeon, and turned the key on his prisoner.—"Certie, dame," he said, "ye have a bauld marrow."

"He canna bide being tethered," replied Alice, "it just puts him by himself, but I hope he'll no be long in your lodgings."

"There's sma' doubt o' that," replied the jailer, "for the warden makes short wark o' such matters—take my word for't, he'll neer see Gilnockie tower again."

"Maybe, and maybe no," answered Alice, as she slowly turned from the gate of the prison.

Long did the night appear to the anxious wife, and as soon as daylight broke, she repaired to the jail, and was soon after admitted to her husband. It was midday, however, before the Earl arrived at the jail and demanded to be conducted to Gilnockie's cell.

"This way, my Lord," said Gustygowl, as he stumped before the Earl with a ponderous bunch of keys in his hand. "Gilnockie is a rewing loon, and he winna be the waur o' a hanging, so please your Lordship."

"Peace, fellow!" said the Earl, "it becomes not such as thou art to speak thus of a bold borderer of high name and hereage." Gustygowl, too much confounded to venture a reply, hastily undid the fastenings of the cell, and ushered in the Earl in respectful silence.

"Ah, Gilnockie," said the Earl, "I am right sorry to find you here."

"You canna be half so sorry as I am," replied Willie, cheerfully; "but I hope, with your Grace's help, to change my lodgings before long."

"If you don't take warning, Willie," said the Earl, "I prophesy that the gallows will be your end at last. The warden is highly incensed."

"He makes a din about naething," replied Willie; "I'm sure little fell to my share but twa tethers."

"Twa tethers!" said his Lordship in surprise, "and did you peril your life for twa tethers?"

"I'll no say but there might be two colts at the end o' them," said Willie, coolly.

"You are a bold man, Gilnockie," said the

Earl, "to jest thus when the halter is waiting for thy neck."

"Aye, but I ken your Lordship would like ill to see me fitted with a St. Johnstoun's tippet; ye'll hae got my pardon?"

"I have," replied his Lordship, "but it was no easy matter, and there are conditions annexed, to which you must agree before you leave this place."

"Oh, my Lord," exclaimed Alice, "he'll agree to ony thing, so that his life be spared."

"Haud your lang tongue, ye sorrow—wha gied you leave to put in your word?"

"Come, come, Gilnockie," said the Earl, "you must not find fault with your dame—I assure you she pleaded your cause most warmly."

"I dinna doubt it; there's na gude wife but would hae done as muckle, but natheless I'm obliged to her; now what does your Lordship expect me to promise?"

"That ye shall neither reive, nor lift, nor join raid or feray from this time henceforth—and I have become security for these terms being kept, being assured that if you give me your word to that effect that you will keep it."

"My Lord," said Willie, while a tear dimmed his eye, "I'm proud o' the confidence ye put in my plighted word, and fiend hae me, if I ever wrang it; and I swear by bread and salt never to lift horn even, hoof or woof, and never in ony way to break the peace of the border."

"I ask no more, Willie," said the Earl, "you are now free; but I recommend you not to leave Jedburgh till the evening, as you have some ill-wishers here, who will not be pleased to find you have escaped so easily."

"That, for the tinklers," exclaimed Willie, snapping his fingers; "but, my Lord, here am I, Willie Armstrong, ready to ride, to run, to fight or steal for you if you should ever need my help."

"Thanks, Gilnockie," replied the Earl, smiling, "but I have no occasion for any of those services at present; however, as no one can tell what turns fortune may take, perhaps I may some day put you in mind of your promise."

"The sooner the better, my Lord," said Willie, with great glee, and if you should want me for a fighting bout, I'll be blythe to your pleasure."

"Ye are gaun aff at the nail, Willie, and before his Grace, too, wha nae doubt would expect to see a man just saved frae the hangman's hands demean himself with mair discretion," said Alice.

"Neer a bit," retorted her husband, "the Earl kens what stuff I'm made o'."

"Aye," replied the Earl, "for a rewer, thou art not the worst of the kind. Farewell, Gilnockie, speed ye hame and live a peaceable and quiet life."

"It gangs sairly against the grain," replied Willie, "natheless I have passed my word and I'll keep it, though I ken a peaceable life will make me gaunt my chafts aff; farewell, my Lord, and dinna forget Willie Armstrong."

No sooner had the Earl departed than Willie roared lustily for the jailer who quickly made his appearance.

"What the sorrow makes ye come at that daundering gate?" cried Willie. "Hast ye, and take aff my handcuffs, ye dour loon, that I should ban, and let me quit o' you and your four stane wa's."

"It will be a happy riddance when your back's turned," retorted the jailer, "but it's a pity for honest folks that the woody has na got its due—but there's a good time coming."

"You're just mad, Gustygowl," said Willie, "that ye canna see me hanged, and that a' your prognostications are no worth a bodle; but take aff my shackles, certie man, I bear ye nae ill-will for a' that's come and gane."

"Deed no," said Alice, who thought it as prudent not to irritate so formidable a personage—"it's just his way, but I'm used to it."

"Rather you than me, dame," replied Gustygowl, "but where are ye gaun?" he continued, seeing Willie striding towards the door.

"Where am I gaun? hame to be sure," retorted the borderer.

"You are not to stir a foot till some o' the Earl's men come for ye, and that will not be till the gloaming; this was his Lordship's orders, so you may sit down and rest your shanks till I come back for ye."

"Aweel," replied Willie, "I fancy I maun do as I am bidden, but it's a trade I'm little used to."

"I can answer for that," said Alice with a good humoured smile, as she left the prison to prepare for their return to Gilnockie.

Late in the evening, several of the Earl's retainers arrived at the prison, from whence they escorted Armstrong and his dame in safety to the tower of Gilnockie.

Alice sent directly for her little son; she afterwards had the cattle and other gear brought, and then set about the difficult task of reconciling her husband to the employments of ploughing, sowing and reaping, all of which he held in high disdain, and had not Alice taken management of their affairs into her own hands, there would have been a lack of plenty in kitchen and hall.

"I'm just clean taivert," said Willie one day, in a desponding tone, as he seated himself near the fire; "I'm doited a' thegither with no haeing a hand's turn to do."

"I wonder to hear ye, Gilnockie," said Alice; "naething to do, truly, are there nae staves wanted in the dookit park? and—"

"Is that wark for me, wife, that hae been used to sword and lance? I would like to ken what my forbear, Johnnie Armstrong, would have said if his wife had evened him to any thing o' the kind."

"Your pride beats a', Gilnockie," said Alice. "Nae doubt, Johnnie had four-and-twenty belted knights to do his bidding; but they couldna keep him frae the gallows-tree for a' that."

"It was a shamefu' deed, wife; it's weel kent that he only took frae the rich to gie to the poor. I wish I could play ower the part he did."

"And meet with the same end," said Alice; "put awa such merlegoes out o' your head, and settle quietly at hame."

"I canna settle," retorted Willie, "so I'll gang

to the fair the morn, and see if that will waken me."

"Deed ye'll do nae such thing; ye hae nought to sell, and as little to buy; and ye ken very weel there's never a fair but there's a tulzie, and there's never a tulzie but you're sure to be in the middle o't. Hear reason, Willie, and dinna put yoursel in the way o' breaking your word to the Earl."

"Aweel," said Willie, with a deep sigh, "I trow I maun think o' the fair, so I'll gang and shoot at a target."

"Ye had muckle better gang and shoot at a fat buck," responded his careful wife.

Thus matters continued for a considerable time, when one night, as Willie and his wife were preparing for rest, a rider was heard approaching the house at full speed. Willie, delighted at any thing that promised to break the monotony of his life, hastened to the shot-hole to reconnoitre and question his unexpected visitor.

"Wha may ye be that comes so late to Gilnockie tower?" asked Willie.

"A friend," answered a well known voice, "but come down yourself, Armstrong, and let me in, for my business requires secrecy and dispatch."

"I'll be blythe to do that," replied Willie, in a joyful tone; "wife, stir up the fire and put a' things in order, while I run down to open the gate."

"Ne'er a gate shall be opened this night, if I can help it. This will be some o' thae born deevils the Elliots; now, Willie!"

"Haud out of my road, ye gomeril; does it set us to keep the Earl o' Traquair standing like a beggar at our gate?" saying this, he thrust her aside and hurried away.

"Preserve us a'!" said Alice, "who would hae thought o' the Earl coming at this time o' night?"

"Well, my fair dame," said the Earl, as he entered, followed by Armstrong, "how goes it with you here? I hope Willie has kept faith with me."

"That I hae," replied Willie; "but your Grace maunna keep me ower strict to one portion—I'm wearying sair for a splore."

"Perhaps that may not be so far off as you think," said the Earl.

"That's the best news I've heard for a year and a day!" exclaimed Willie, cutting a caper; "for ony sake, tell me a' about it."

"Before I begin, I must ask you to give my horse a feed, as I must soon take the road again," said the Earl.

"I'll raise the house in no time," replied Alice, "and get the best supper we have for your Grace, and see your horse weel tended besides."

"No, no, dame," said the Earl, "I don't wish any of your people to know of my being here."

"Then I'll do every thing mysel'," replied Alice; "a borderer's wife can supper a horse at a pinch, as weel as the best loon among them; so I'll gang and leave ye to your cracks," and away went Alice.

"Gilnockie," said the Earl, "I am come to

claim the offer you made me in Jedburgh jail. I need your services—will you give me your aid?"

"That will I, my Lord, with right good will; only tell me what I am to do. I hope there's some fighting in the case?"

"No," said the Earl, "it is no fighting matter."

"The mair's the pity," answered Willie, "a wee bit tulzie would hae been a grand thing for me; but will your Grace be pleased to let me ken the outs and ins o' the business?"

"I am likely, Armstrong," said the Earl, "to lose the best part of my estate, in consequence of a plea before the Court of Session."

"I heard some clavers about this," replied Willie, "but I dinna believe a word o' it."

"It is too true, however; but I would gain it if the President, Lord Durie, were on my side, which unfortunately he is not," said the Earl.

"The misleart loon!" exclaimed Willie, "can he no be brought round?"

"No," replied the Earl, "but he might be brought off. His absence would answer my purpose quite as well as if he were on my side."

"Aha!" exclaimed Willie, in great glee, "I think I see what your Grace is after; I'll be blythe to put this auld sneck-drawer o' a President out o' the way."

"But, Gilnockie," said the Earl, "before you engage in this business, I must show you that I have justice on my side, and explain to you—"

"Neer fash your beard about it," replied Willie, "I'll take your Lordship's word for it."

"Well, then," answered the Earl, "I wish you to carry off Lord Durie, and confine him for a few months. A new President will be appointed, and I will gain my cause. Will you do this?"

"There's my hand on't," replied Willie; "and ye ken, my Lord," he continued, laughing, "he is neither corn, horn, hoof or woof—so I dinna break my paction with ye."

"True," said the Earl, "but at all events, I will stand between you and the consequences. The next thing to be considered is, where you will hide him."

"I'll put him in a place that naebody will think o' looking for him, and that's the auld Tower o' Graham, abune Moffat, which is far enough frae house or ha'. Naebody lives in the tower but an auld wife they call Elspeth Broche, and her son, a bit callant that herds sheep on the muir round the place. Aye, aye, muckle gear has been hidden in the auld Tower o' Graham, in the heartsome raids; so ye see, my Lord, it's a real convenient place."

"I dare say you have found it so before this," replied his lordship, smiling; "but we will say nothing on that score—your readiness to assist me in this matter will not be soon forgotten."

"Dinna speak o' that, my Lord, ye hae a right to my life if this should cost it; certie, I never turn my head or scart my neck without thinking o' a Jeddart tow; and I'm right glad that I can do any thing to please your Grace. But how will I gang about it?—I would think little to gather a band o' borderers, and rive the auld rudus loon out o' his hole in the face o' day."

"No, no, Gilnockie," said the Earl, "that will never do: but he takes a ride almost every afternoon on Leith Sands, and he is generally unattended: perhaps you may make some use of this circumstance."

"Never fear but I'll make use of it," replied Willie, with a grin; "I'll hae the auld carline croose in the Tower o' Graham before another week is over. But your Lordship looks unco' disgashet—you'll surely bide with us the night?"

"That cannot be," said the Earl; "no one must know of my visit here, so I will depart as soon as my horse is sufficiently rested."

"You maun surely take some vivres," said Gilnockie, "and here comes Alice with the best o' every thing within the wa's o' the auld tower."

"Ye may say that," replied Alice, "and I hope your Lordship will taste our cheer, and muckle good may it do you!"

The Earl having partaken of some refreshment, soon after took leave of Armstrong, who lost no time in making preparations for his expedition, in which he was assisted by Alice, who was too well aware of the Earl's power and influence to fear any bad consequences from the abduction of the Judge.

Willie having attired himself in the dress of a douce country carle, threw a large plaid across his shoulders, and mounting a strong black horse, he rode straight to Edinburgh, where he arrived without meeting with adventure or mischance.

To make sure of his man, Willie visited the Court of Session, and after taking good note of the President, he repaired to a hostlerie in one of the suburbs, in order to rest his horse for the approaching journey.

On the afternoon of the succeeding day, Willie mounted his horse, and hied down to Leith Sands, and in a short time after he had the satisfaction of seeing the President, unattended, coming towards him, and Willie slackening his pace to that of the reverend judge, rode gently on.

The powerful black steed which Willie bestrode, at length attracted his Lordship's attention. "A handsome nag that, friend," said his Lordship.

"Troth, sir," answered Willie, touching his bonnet, "he's no an ill bit o' horse-flesh—he's grand at a trot, and as for a gallop, there's no his marrow between this and Jedburgh."

"Where do you come from, friend?" asked his Lordship.

"South a bit," replied Gilnockie.

"Not far from the border, I suppose?"

"No very far, the mair's the pity; they're wild folk thereabouts."

"They are a set of unhang'd blackguards," retorted the President—"they think as little of breaking the law as I would of stringing up the first that fell into my hands. I wonder they have let you keep such a beast as that, for a fleet horse has saved many a neck from the gallows."

"Ye may say that, replied Willie. "Blackfoot would be a grand prize to some o' the rewing loons; it's a pity they canna keep themselves out o' mischief."

"Is all quiet on the borders at present?" asked his Lordship.

"'Deed there's neither mouse nor maikin stirring, that I ken o'," answered Gilnockie.

"We had news here of a raid committed by the Elliots and Armstrongs, and that Gilnockie was taken, but afterwards liberated by the Earl of Traquair's influence, for which his Lordship is much blamed. What do they say about it up with you?"

"Sir, some say ae thing, and some anither, but nae doubt Gilnockie was no that ill pleased to get hame again."

"They should have hanged him when they had him," said his Lordship.

"It's my belief," said Willie, "that deil haet else will settle him; the neb o' him is never out o' mischief.—Ho, Blackfoot—steady, sir."

"Your horse pleases me much," said the President. "Have you a mind to sell him?"

"I dinna ken," said Willie, scratching his head; "I'm unco loth to part with him; however, if ye offer a gude price I'll no say but I may—would you like to try him?"

"With all my heart," answered the President.

The exchange was quickly made, and Gilnockie having proposed to try a canter on the figget Whins, a desolate track of land lying eastward of Leith, away they rode. For a while they continued at a gentle canter, Gilnockie then broke into a gallop, and Blackfoot disdaining to be left behind, pressed forward at full speed.

"Hooly, hooly, friend," cried the President, almost out of breath, "do you think we are riding a broose? It's time for me to be turning homewards, for it's getting dark, and there's an east-erly haze coming on. Will you sell your horse or not?"

"'Deed, sir, I maun take a thought 'about it, but I would like to let you see how weel Blackfoot can carry double; he would make nae mair o' you and me on his back than if we were twa bumbees."

On saying this, the freebooter sprang up behind the President, threw his plaid over his head, turned the President's horse with his face homewards, bestowing on him a hearty lash as a hint to be off, and giving Blackfoot the spur, away they went helter-skelter. While Willie guided his horse with one hand, he employed the other in holding the plaid so firmly over the head of the President that he could not utter a sound. The haze had now changed into a drizzling rain; the night was dark and gloomy, and Willie striking into the most unfrequented roads, urged his horse to his utmost speed, and never drew bridle-rein till he stood under the walls of the old Tower of Graham.

As Gilnockie had taken means to apprise Elspeth and her son Gibby of his projected visit, they were prepared to receive him; and Gilnockie hastily dismounted, assisting Gibby to carry the President into the tower, who, being nearly insensible through cold, terror and fatigue, was incapable of offering any resistance. After Gilnockie had rested himself and his steed, and had

given Elspeth and her son instructions how to treat their prisoner, he mounted Blackfoot once more, and hastened to inform the Earl of the successful issue of the bold adventure.

When the President recovered his perception, great was his horror and dismay on finding himself immured in a gloomy dungeon, lighted only by a small slit in the wall, so high up as to be entirely out of his reach. His provisions were thrust through a hole in the wall, so that he saw not the face of a human being.

Struck with astonishment at this unaccountable adventure, he began to imagine that he had fallen into the hands of witches and sorcerers. He never heard the sound of a human voice, except when Elspeth called on Madge, her cat, or Gibby, or his dog Batty, when he supposed they were summoning a congress of evil spirits to assist in their works of darkness. Meanwhile the disappearance of the President threw his family into a state of the greatest alarm. Inquiries were made in every direction, but all that they could learn was that he had been seen riding as usual on Leith Sands; and his horse being found there, it was believed that by some unfortunate accident he had fallen into the sea, and that his body had been carried away by the retreating tide. After a time, his family losing every vestige of hope, went into deep mourning, another President was appointed, and matters went on in the usual train.

One of the first causes which came before the new President, was that of the Earl of Traquair; a decision was given in his favour immediately, after which his Lordship sent instructions to Gilnockie to convey the President back to Edinburgh. Willie accordingly hied to the Tower of Graham, where he arrived in the dusk of the evening. On entering the dungeon, he found the President reclining in an old worm-eaten chair, and buried in a profound sleep. Willie once more fastened his ample plaid over his head, and assisted by Gibby, he bore him out of the tower, set him on horseback, and springing up behind him, spurred Blackfoot on, and after a rapid journey, during which he never uttered a word to his prisoner, he set him down late in the evening on the very same spot of the figget Whins, from which he had carried him off, and then turning his horse's head was out of sight in a moment.

Great was the surprise and consternation of the President, when on disengaging the plaid he found himself on the well known spot. Believing that this was some new delusion of the juggling fiends, he every moment expected the scene to disappear, and he stood gazing until the advancing sea warned him of its bounds. Still doubting the evidence of his senses, he accosted the first person he met with, "Can you tell me, friend, if I am near Edinburgh?"

"'Deed are ye," replied the pedestrian, "I'm gaun there mysel', and as ye seem to be a stranger, I'll let you see the way; good fellowship will shorten the road, and to tell the evendown truth, I am no ill pleased to hae a companion, for this is a unchancy place."

"It has a dreary enough look, as far as I can judge by this light."

"Ye maun say that," replied the stranger, "mony a queer thing has been done in the figget Whins."

"And so this is the figget Whins?" said the President.

"Oh, aye," answered the stranger, ye'll hae heard, no doubt, that it was here auld Lord Durie met his death?"

"And so Lord Durie is dead?" said the President.

"Dead as a door nail," replied the stranger; "he rode down here ae day, and was never seen mair. Some said he was sae pricked in his conscience at having given wrong decisions that he flung himself into the sea; but the new Lord President"—

"So you have got a new Lord President have you?"

"Oh, aye, and he says that he thinks he maun hae fallen off his horse in a ploplectic fit, for that he used to hae merlegoes in his head, and that was the way he sometimes gied such daft-life decisions; but ae thing is certain, he'll never mair be seen in this world."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the President. "I have great doubts of Lord Durie's death."

"Aye!" replied the stranger; "by my fey, if he's living he had better be looking about him, for ane man has stepped into his shoon in the Parliament House, and another is likely to step into his shoon at hame; for if a' tales be true, the sheriff is making up to my lady, and"—

"Good night, friend," said Lord Durie, "I know the road now, and need not your guidance."

In high indignation the President hurried to the Parliament House, where his successor was then engaged in the duties of his office. On the sudden appearance of Lord Durie in court, the lawyers stood aghast, the judges were petrified, but what was the horror of the new President when Lord Durie, looking sternly on him, exclaimed,

"My Lord President, in twenty-four hours I will summon you to your account;" then retreating as quickly as he had advanced, he vanished from their sight. He had no sooner disappeared than the court broke up in confusion. The new Lord President went home and took to his bed, believing he had received a summons to the other world; lawyers shook their heads, and hinted at evil practices, and the judges adjourned to talk over the strange affair, and wonder who would be the next Lord President.

Meanwhile Lord Durie hastened to his house, and arrived there as his lady and the sheriff were sitting down to supper. The sheriff, in order to save his garments, had fastened the table-cloth to his button-hole, and he was in the act of dissecting a fat goose, which smoked before him, when Lord Durie gave his accustomed knock at the street-door.

"Gude preserve us a' my lady," said the old

servant, who stood behind her chair; "if my lord werena dead and gane, I would swear that was his knock."

"Whisht, you ass!" said the sheriff; "I hope his lordship is in a better place."

"I dinna misdoubt ye," answered John, "but preserve us! there it's again."

"Leave talking, John," said the lady, with a frown, and go and see who knocks so boldly.

John had no sooner opened the door, than turning his back, he rushed into the kitchen, exclaiming, "a wraith, a wraith! my master's wraith!—The maid servants, terrified out of their senses, raised the most hideous outcries; the dogs barked, and the din became tremendous. Unmindful of the uproar, Lord Durie hastened to the supper-room. At his appearance the lady sent forth shriek upon shriek, the sheriff sprung from his chair and took to his heels, and forgetting he had fastened the table-cloth to his coat, dragged the whole apparatus of the table after him; and as he rushed down the stairs, the clatter of knives and forks, the crash of china, the smashing of plates and dishes, completed the confusion.

"Oh, sirs!" groaned John, "heard ye ever the like o' that? I wonder whether he has come for my lady or the sheriff! whoever it is, they are unco sweet to gang with him. Na, they're ringing the bells now."

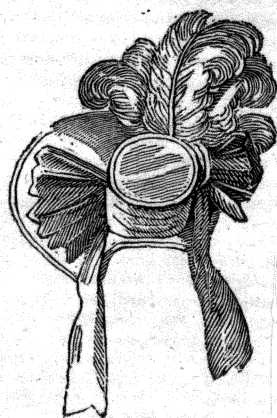
"That will be my lady ringing for help," said one of the maids. "Gang up, John, and take her part."

"'Deed I'll do nae such thing; I havena' the gift o' dealing with wraiths. Hear to such an awfu' rampaging," continued John, as scream after scream came from the chamber, and peal followed peal.

At length Lord Durie groped his way to the kitchen, stumbling at every step over the fragments of the supper; and having by dint of blows convinced John of his presence in the body, the uproar ceased, and the domestics hastened to the assistance of their lady, who, on being at length convinced that it really was her lord that she saw, and not his wraith, showed so much joy at his return as entirely to dissipate his lordship's displeasure at the *tele-a-tele* which he had so unexpectedly broken up. The new Lord President was forced to abdicate. Lord Durie was reinstated in his office, and thus ends the tale of the Judge and the Borderer.

NOTE.

Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact.—The judge, upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports, well known in the Scottish law under the title of Durie's decision. He was advanced to the station of an ordinary lord of session, 10th of July, 1621, and died, at his own house of Durie, July 1646. Betwixt these periods his whimsical adventure must have happened; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Madge and Batty*, the only notes which had so-laced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but, in those disorderly times, it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse de guerre*.—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.



THE DEATH OF RAPHAEL.*

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE.—RAPHAEL reclined upon a Couch in the open Air, on a Terrace filled with flowering Shrubs; a gentle green slope descending from it to a rapid Stream, beyond which is the open Country, and the City of Rome in the distance with the Sun setting behind it.

ENTER TO HIM GIULIO ROMANO WITH AN UNFINISHED PICTURE.

How fares it with you, Sir?

RAPHAEL.

Giulio Pippi
Is it so?

GIULIO.

The same, mine honour'd master.
I have brought, as you did ask me some days past,
The sketch of your young scholar, Florio:
Is it not brave? [Places it before him.

RAPHAEL.

A little further to the left, Giulio,
So that the sun's light jar not with its own:
Why, aye, there's matter in that stripling's dreams,
Knew he but how to guide it—here 'tis lost;
A crude, raw, immatured sublimity,
Bursting by fitful starts upon the sense,
And wasted in a wrong pursuit withal;
For that boy knows not his own pow'r as yet,
Much less the paths in which he must direct it.
Mark thou this sketch, Giulio; 'tis a tale
Of Lesbian Sappho and her traitor love,
Whose wavering heart the nymph had vainly tried,
To bind in constancy with those sweet sounds
That oft had bound a thousand hearts more worthy:
Look at the face, as turn'd to his she sees
In one wild glance, how cold and powerless
The burning spell that chain'd him once hath grown,
And as the heavenly cadence dies away,
He turns him idly with a faithless sigh,
Wafted to Lesbian Daphne: look thou heré,
Mark but her eyes—by heaven there's fire in them,
Pow'r that would rase a temple! and her lip,
Albeit sweet music hath held empire there,
Looks in its full and scornful beauty, like
A parting thunder-cloud, just at the pause
Before it sends the forked lightning forth,
To blast beholders! On her marble brow
There sits a proud regality—look! look!
With what a mighty and a fearful grasp
The enchain'd soul is held within that space
Of spiritualized mortality!
So far 'tis noble; but he has outdone
Himself and his original, stepp'd out
Of judgment's boundary, and beauty's line,
In this tall, graceless form; Gods! Need the soul
Of Lesbian Sappho, pictur'd in that face,
To be thus mounted on a giant length?
Why he hath marr'd all beauty, and all truth,
With its ill-judg'd proportions: and look here—
Those clustering locks, that should be dark as Erebus,
Steal, like her cheek, their colour from the sun.
That arm falls not ungracefully, but wants
The voice that might speak things unutterable.
But he!—mark you not here, Giulio,
How fearfully our pupils' genius wanes
When it would picture softness: why he looks
More like a pouting schoolboy, just denied
A summer holiday, than Venus' protegee;
And here again, how his conceptions fail—
This rugged scenery, and northern sky,
Would better suit some wild romantic tale
Of chain'd Prometheus, or the fearful night
When chaos came again: there bid him turn
Amid the dim, the horrible, his steps,

* It is said of Raphael, that his intense sense of the beautiful destroyed him.

And never venture e'en to let the sun
Throw his bright beams on them.—Of this enough.
Oh! I have had a dream,
A vision of such heavenly things, Giulio,
That but to look upon this world again,
Makes my soul flutter like a prison'd bird,
Eager for light and liberty!

GIULIO.

O! for a glimpse, a shadow of that dream,
Ere thou shalt send it on its glorious way
To immortality!

RAPHAEL.

Ha! say'st thou so?—
It would indeed be glorious—but no!
There are no tintings on this barren earth,
To picture forth that brightness; it must die!
And see, mine arm falls powerless, as though
In mockery of such vain purpose;
Enough that I, if but in thought, have trod
The jewell'd pavements of Elysium,
And held high converse with celestial things:
But list, Giulio:—Methought I stood
Upon an eminence, whose velvet sod
Sprung freshly 'neath my footsteps; round me breath'd
Rich airs, not laden with the sickly perfume
Of summer flowers that blossom but to die,
And leave the track of their mortality
Upon the laggard senses they have pall'd;
But such as on th' eternal morning shall
Thro' the earth-mantled soul their essence waft,
And blow it into life! Beneath me slop'd
A flower-enamell'd valley, whose bright paths,
In wildest, but most sweet magnificence,
Had intertwined them on their mazy way,
Till each was wreath'd in one. Here a sunny lawn
Lay laughing in unshadow'd loveliness,
While o'er its emerald crest the rich cascade
Of snowy marble, in fantastic play
Sprinkled an everlasting dew. Clustering here,
The woodland canopy in grandeur tower'd;
And 'twixt the opening branches might be seen
The twilight turf, the coyly wandering path,
The brook, whose broken crystal as it swept
O'er the bright pebbles, sent a silvery sound
Of dreamy music. A rich river roll'd
Its glittering waves in conscious majesty,
Winding round flower, and shrub, and forest tree,
And gardens, for whose golden fruit th' Hesperides
Had well forsworn their trust. Upon its banks
Bright forms were wandering, the spirits of
Earth's best and fairest;—how much more than fair,
Thus robed in glory, was their gorgeous beauty!
Floating around celestial music stole,
From voices and rich instruments, alike
Harmonious; and ever and anon
A burst of choral harmony ascended,
Breathing of praise, and pray'r, and seraph joy,
And adoration, on its winged way,
To God's own footstool. Rapt as I stood, methought
A form advanced, upon whose radiant brow
Glitter'd a star-gemm'd coronal, that threw
A dazzling brilliance round her seraph beauty,
Mine eyes scarce brook'd to pierce thro'. O, my Giulio,
Sure 'twas no fever'd wild imagining,
No vain illusion sent to mock my soul
With meteor-lustre;—for she smil'd upon me;
(So heavenly-tuned, and yet so soft a smile!)
And held her snowy hands so winningly
To woo me from that lowliness in which

I bent before her, worshipping almost,
That scarce I yet can think reality
Had not its share in such celestial vision,
Though at that blissful pause the magic broke,
And left me—even here!

GIULIO.

'Tis thus with all our brightest dreams; they fade
Ere the tranç'd soul has gather'd half their sweetness:
But thine was passing sweet. Saw'st thou none else?

RAPHAEL.

Again:
Methought I stood upon a city's verge,
The city of th' Eternal: at my feet
A river sparkled, whose luxurious waves
Swept round its stately base: beyond them rose
The glittering walls of purest marble, studded
With chrysolite and diamond gems, extending
Far as the eye could reach around that world
Of sun topp'd palaces, within whose bound
No bribed corruption dwelt. In priceless pearl,
Diamond, and jasper, and the sunny topaz,
And violet amethyst of purest lustre,
Were wrought its burnish'd gates; meet entrance to
Th' untold magnificence within. There arose
Temple on temple, whose rich architecture
No human hand had wrought; pillar, and arch,
And stately colonnade, beneath whose shadow
The golden pavement laugh'd in its own light;
And dome with more than classic grandeur moulded,
In perfect beauty, from its splendid summit
To the majestic sweep of the broad steps
That cast a blaze below! O, how I long'd
To throw away the remnants of mortality,
That clung about me like a leaden chain,
Forbidding entrance there! Anon, methought,
A deafening sound, as of the latest trumpet,
Peal'd thro' the echoing concave; I turn'd,
And far beyond me in the distance rose
A mountain, whose stupendous frontage might
Be deem'd Elysium's boundary:
Upon it stood the forms of many, some
Celestial ones, and some on whose wan brows
Not distance e'en could hide the guilt or woe,
Stamp'd in, irradicably deep, detailing
The soul's dark earthliness, or low abasement,
With all the sum of what each had to plead
His title to that bright inheritance.
The trumpet ceas'd, and then methought a voice
Peal'd thro' the heavens:—"All ye whose feet have trod
The paths of purity, and now with heart
Of chasten'd hope and adoration, seek
Your long reward, behold it waits you here!
Welcome, ye chosen happy ones! but ye
Whose paths were evil, and whose deeds arose,
Offence continual to God's holy place,
Behold we hide from you the things of life,
Unfitting to the darkness ye inherit!"
With that, methought, some few more blest received
The bright award of immortality:—
The rest, (woe's me, many more by far!)
Those angels seized, and from the topmost height,
Hur'd headlong, like the giants that of old
Warr'd with Olympian Jupiter.
Then pass'd away that sin-girt hill, and all
The gloom that compass'd it, while in its place,
Once more before mine eyes that valley stop'd
I erst had dream'd of; the same form
Of seraph loveliness, again before me
Stood in new lustre, and now bending down
To the clear crystal tide that roll'd beside her,
Laved in its silver waves a sparkling cup,
And with a smile advancing as before,
Held to my lips the living water, which
To taste is—not to die! And then once more,
Even as that water kiss'd my lips, it broke,
That splendid vision! and again I gaz'd
On the dim spires of Rome!

GIULIO.

'Twas wond'rous strange;
Such things could not be earth-born: thou hast been
Communing with some holier natures, sure,
To shape thy dreams so gorgeously.

RAPHAEL.

And yet of all that glory, all that light,
And loveliness, the ruling-star, these eyes,
Even here, have seen and worshipped.

GIULIO.

Canst thou not guide
A weary pilgrim of this leaden earth
To pay his adoration to its beams,
And by their light embody all the rest?

RAPHAEL.

Go search,
And thou wilt find it in that woman's eye,
Within whose soul of purity young Love
Hath raised his everlasting throne. Around
Jehovah's dwelling-place, whate'er of light,
Of glory in unmatch'd magnificence,
Bursts on the enfranchised soul, is wrought in love—
Immortal, harmonizing, boundless love;
Mellowing to raptur'd and adoring wonder,
What else would sternly awe; and thus much learn,
That more as thou dost well and wisely love,
Not her alone to whom thy vows are paid,
But all thy kind, in action and good faith;
Even so much nearer does thy soul approach
The portals of perfection. O, might I,
Thus passing from thee, thou night-mantled earth,
Go from men's eyes and hearts as peacefully,
As they from me, or as yon glorious sun,
That gives and takes a blessing on his track!
That thou, bright orb, might'st hear no ruder word
Breath'd o'er my dust, when thy returning beams
Have left their ocean bed to say of me—
"Where is he?"

GIULIO.

O, speak not thus! long years of fame,
Unblemish'd and undying as the past,
And love, and hope, that sun shall shine upon,
And yet record for thee!

RAPHAEL.

Thou art no prophet, my Giulio,
For even as thou speak'st my struggling soul
Expands her wings to join him in that flight;
And see! he lingers on th' horizon's verge,
As chiding at my stay—I come! I come!
Give me thy hand, Giulio! dying thanks,
Poor recompense for all thy watchful love,
I leave thee as this hour's remembrances:
And say this for me, when defaming men
Shall paint with darker tints the end of Raphael,
That when the shadows of the earth grew dim,
His dreams were all of brightness—Mercy, Heaven! [*Dies.*]

TO THE SUN.

"Almo sol, tu col crine aurato ardente."

Blest Sun! thou comest with thy radiant hair
Of beamy glory, shedding joy and light
On wakening worlds, what time thy chariot bright
Flames through the glowing fields of eastern air,
But lightens not the darkness of despair,
Which evermore involves, in deepest night,
My clouded mind, to which alone the sight
Of her, than e'en thee, heavenly Sun, more fair,
Can bring delight. Thou usher'st in the day,
To earth and heaven; but never can remove
From these sad eyes the tears, nor chase away
My settled gloom, if the sweet looks of love,
Of her who causes all my bosom's strife,
Illumine not with favouring smiles my life.

THE ROBBER STURMWIND.

IN one of the suburbs of Wilna, in Lithuania, lived the widow of a German mechanic, named Margaretha, though her neighbours called her, in their provincial dialect, *Malgorschata*. She had an only daughter, seventeen years of age, who was known throughout the suburb by the appellation of the fair Susanna. Both mother and daughter supported themselves by their labour and the produce of a small garden attached to their old dilapidated cottage. Their dress was simple, and of the fashion usually adopted by the Germans of small condition, who are scattered through that country; except on Sundays and holidays, when an antiquated and well preserved chest, afforded them the means of a better appearance, and a few hours of peace and comfort broke the dull uniformity of their existence. On those occasions, they never failed to attend divine service, and then, if the weather were fine, took the path to the river side; for Susanna always found pleasure in watching the clear stream as it rushed down its steep rocky bed, between the green sunny banks.

When they returned, the neighbours, who on holidays were usually to be found sitting at their doors, would greet old Margaret with kind enquiries, for she was a general favourite; and as to her daughter, the young men said, that even the sparrows looked out of their nests when the fair Susanna passed by. Work being laid aside on these occasions, some of their friends often came in to pass the evening with them, which was frequently concluded with songs.

In Lithuania, even to this day, an opinion prevails among persons of the middling classes, that dreams on the night before St. Andrew's day, are peculiarly prophetic. On the eve of this day, several young girls were assembled with Susanna at Margaretha's cottage, and they mutually promised to be particular in remembering their dreams, in order to relate them to each other at their next meeting. On the next holiday, therefore, they confided to each other their dreams, and the hopes and expectations which they founded on them. When it was Susanna's turn, she seemed unwilling to relate her's, and excused herself by saying that she could not remember it clearly; her companions declared that this was an evasion, and contrary to agreement. The gentle Susanna at length complied, and said:—"You will accuse me of vanity, when I tell you what I have dreamed; but as you insist on it, I must relate the truth. I saw a rich nobleman, who asked me in marriage, and my mother encouraged his suit; on which his servants brought a number of presents in covered baskets. My mother placed them in a row, and uncovered them; they contained all sorts of fine linen, beautiful laces, and costly golden chains and clasps; and one basket was entirely filled with pearls." "What do you say, dear Susanna," exclaimed one of the girls, "pearls! they signify

tears! and you saw a basket full?" "Well, then," said Susanna, "you must not envy me my noble spark, since his presence forebodes me tears."—"How could we be jealous of your good fortune," replied one of her companions; "were you to marry the son of the Wojewode of Wilna, and become our gracious lady, we should feel only pleasure in hearing it."

Some weeks after this conversation, a well dressed man, mounted and attended by a servant, halted before the door of Margaretha's dwelling; and having inquired of those who were standing about, whether Frau *Malgorschata* lived there, he alighted. Margaretha came out to receive him, and he said that he wanted a variety of linen made up, and had been recommended to her as a quick and clever workwoman. He therefore requested her, if she would execute the order, to take from the servant some pieces of linen, to make him what was necessary. There was in the stranger's manner so much courtesy and apparent friendship, that Margaretha was delighted with her unexpected customer; and Susanna, who came to take in the linen, undertook the proposed work with pleasure.

The stranger said he should return in eight days—glanced rapidly at Susanna—and left the house. Margaretha spread out the linen, and praised its fineness, and said with a sigh:—"Ah! if I had but half of this to make up as a dower for you, my dear child!" "And why so, dearest mother?" replied Susanna, blushing, "since I am so happy with you—and marriage would perhaps separate us." "My child," answered her mother, "thou art younger than I, and please God will live longer; and how can a poor maiden like thee, an orphan too, get through the world without the protection of a husband? I trust I shall yet live to see thee married to some worthy man." Susanna thought on her dream and shuddered!

Eight days passed and the stranger returned. He came this time on foot—asked if his orders were completed; and when Margaretha displayed the work, already finished, he admired its neatness, and, paying for it, requested that she would keep it till the next day, when he would send his servant to fetch it. In the same affable friendly manner, he informed himself of Margaretha's circumstances and employment. He addressed some questions to Susanna, but she scarcely dared raise her eyes towards him; for, although his manner was most courteous, there was yet something in his exterior, which filled the shy girl with fear. He was a tall, large man, with black eyes, deeply set, whose glances did not add much beauty to the sharp and earnest expression of his features. When he arose to depart, he repeated that his servant should call the next day.

Instead of this, however, he came himself—rested a short time, and informed them, amongst other conversation, that he was a nobleman of

Samogitia,* and was obliged to remain in Wilna for some time, on account of a law-suit. He shortly afterwards sent more work, and paid handsomely for it, so that he was considered an excellent customer. He seemed to take pleasure in conversing with Susanna; and as he always observed the greatest propriety, both in his manner and discourse, she had no pretence for avoiding him. His visits were not unnoticed in the neighborhood, and Susanna's companions began to rally her on her conquest and the probable fulfilment of her dream; but he had no place in her heart.

The year was now nearly expired, and Christmas week commenced with its games and merriment. In that country it is still the custom for young women to endeavour to discover the approach of their nuptials, the condition of their future husbands, and their good or evil fortune in marriage; fate, at other times so inscrutable, may, in these holidays, be investigated in various manners. A large party was assembled on Christmas Eve, at Frau Margaretha's: cards and coffee were examined, tin and wax were melted; their shoes were thrown out at the house door, and from the position in which they fell,† they decided who would be married within the year. All these circumstances had predicted marriage to Susanna; yet one of her companions proposed that they should go up the street to a crossing and ask the names of those who passed by.

It is considered an indisputable fact, that if a girl, on any evening in Christmas week, goes to the crossing of two streets, and asks the first man who passes his Christian name, and he answers her, that she will learn the name of her future husband. The timid Susanna could scarcely be persuaded to accompany them; but her natural pliability induced her to consent.

The girls asked those who walked along their names, and the men, acquainted with the custom, replied, either with their own or some other, as it pleased them. Susanna hung back to the last; and she was now obliged to wait some time, for no one came by. At length they heard the step of a man: spurs clinked on his feet, and his long sword rung on the frozen ground. She ventured to say:—"Have the goodness, sir, to tell me your name?" The unknown stood still a moment, and replied:—"I am called Basil." At the same time the breeze opened his mantle for a moment, and though the night was dark, they could discern on his Polish dress, a belt richly worked with gold, in which were placed two large pistols highly polished.

Fear came over them, and poor Susanna fell senseless in the arms of her companions. The stranger drew his mantle around him and walked on, whilst they hurried back to the house.—Susanna's emotion arose from the coincidence of

the stranger's name with that of the nobleman who had for some time visited them.

When Margaretha saw her daughter enter, pale and almost helpless, she chid the others for their foolish tricks; but they assured her there was nothing terrific in what they had done.—"Susanna has asked the name of her intended husband," exclaimed these merry girls, "and he is to be called Basil!" "Basil!" said her mother, "that is the name of my Lord Opalnisky!"—"Good; 'tis all right," replied they, "both dream and name; we wish you joy, dear Susanna—you will be my Lady Von Opalnisky, that is certain: from what is fated, *neither horse nor coach can save us.*"† This proverb, though Susanna had so frequently heard it, now fell heavily on her heart; she thought her fate, as the bride of Opalnisky, was inevitable, and fell into a melancholy abstraction, from which her companions' mirth and jokes could not distract her during the remainder of the evening.

Opalnisky continued his visits three weeks longer, and then called one morning just after Susanna was gone out for her mother. In a few words he acquainted Margaretha with his intention, namely, of marrying her daughter, should she consent to the proposal. Although many little circumstances, the conversation and predictions of their young acquaintances, and the frequent visits of Opalnisky, had given her some suspicion of what he now avowed, still the offer surprised her; and she requested a short time for consideration, and to make her daughter acquainted with the proposal. He was satisfied and took leave. As soon as Susanna returned, her mother began to converse about Opalnisky—spoke of his fortune—praised his good qualities, and concluded with the offer which he had made. Susanna felt all her antipathy return; but her mother continued to speak in his favour, said all that mothers in such cases are accustomed to say, and recommended her seriously to reflect on it, to examine her heart, and to name her decision at the next interview.

Susanna remained the whole afternoon in deep and sad reflection. She thought of Opalnisky always with a sort of horror; but she perceived that her mother advocated the union; and, besides, she was impressed with the notion that he was destined to be her spouse, by an inevitable fate. His rank and fortune, too, gave her the prospect of assuring to her mother an easy and comfortable life; this consideration was decisive; she gave her word to be his wife—prayed to God for strength to persevere in her resolution, and went to bed. Margaretha, when she learned her decision, praised her sensible, obedient child, and felt convinced, notwithstanding her son-in-law was to be a foreigner, that they would all be happy. When Opalnisky appeared at the appointed time, she assured him of Susanna's consent as well as her own. He was transported—he approached Susanna, pressed the pale submitting girl in his arms, made her some valuable

*Or Schamait, a province of Lithuania.

† If a shoe fell with its point towards the street, its possessor would certainly wed; but if the point were turned towards the house, she was to remain single, at least till the expiration of the year.

‡ A German saying.

presents, and again embraced her. He then requested that the marriage might at present remain a secret, for which he said he had weighty reasons; and added, that in a week he would return with one of his nearest relatives, and the day for the ceremony should be fixed. Poverty is generally compliant towards riches, and so Frau Margaretha made no objection to any of Opalinsky's proposed arrangements. They separated after the happy lover had kissed the fair but pale cheek from which timidity and emotion had chased the roses. The same day he sent, as a present, a large basket full of linen, silk, and other materials for dresses; as fine and beautiful as the maternal affection of Margaretha could desire.

On the last day in the week, he returned, with a man richly dressed, whom he named as his cousin. He said that, on his own part, all was ready for the marriage ceremony; but since his temporary and only residence in Wilna was with a Jew, he had bethought him to have it solemnized near the town, on the estate of his cousin, and then to take his young bride immediately to Samogitia. Should this be approved of, he would return in the morning with another friend, and fetch both mother and daughter.

Margaretha acquiesced—Susanna scarcely breathed, and the gentlemen departed. The next morning they appeared with three sledges and another friend. Opalinsky had brought two fur pelisses; one of sable for Susanna, another less costly for her mother. Susanna stood like a victim adorned for sacrifice. Her mother's heart was touched; she had not contemplated the marrying her child so hastily, and so coldly; but there was something in the superior condition of her son-in-law, which seemed to confuse her; and when the sledges drove up, she suffered herself to be led from the house, and they set off rapidly through the snow.

About a mile from Wilna, near the road to Kanen and Riga, lies a small church: here the sledges halted. The door was open, and a priest appeared within: he performed the ceremony with visible haste, and a similar impatience was apparent in the bridegroom and his two friends: the church was ill-lighted, empty, and silent, and filled the bride with a dreary feeling of apprehension.

The solemn rite concluded, they set forward again in the same order; for two miles they put their horses to the greatest speed, and reached a small solitary inn. The host, (a Jew,) received his guests with abject civility, and conducted them into a warm, comfortable room, where a table was spread with food and wine; and soon a bowl of punch was added.

"Mother," said Opalinsky, "this wedding has been hastily solemnized, with the disadvantages of travelling; but I hope to see you soon again, a guest in mine own castle." Frau Margaretha made a confused reply and Susanna sat still, with a breaking heart, and spoke not. In the mean time, the men ate and drank, and were becoming noisy; but Opalinsky suddenly exclaim-

ed:—"Enough, friends! another time we can enjoy ourselves longer. But now, Sokol, take my good mother with thee, and conduct her back to her own house; and I go with my bride to the castle." The words were scarcely spoken, when mother and daughter were locked in each other's arms—separated by the men, and seated in different sledges, and they scarcely felt themselves parted, till they perceived the sledges moving rapidly in contrary directions.

The one in which Susanna and Opalinsky rode was covered; and they were, besides, protected from the cold by cloaks and furs. Opalinsky putting his arm round, and pressing her to his side, said:—"To-night we shall travel, and at break of day we shall reach my castle." Susanna answered not, but looked fixedly and unconsciously at the snowy landscape, surrounded by a dark pine forest; her recollection was confused, and of the future she could form no idea. After driving with great velocity for three hours, the sledge stopped in the open field; no house was in sight, but a number of men were lying on the snowy ground, around a half-extinguished fire. They sprang forward, brought out fresh horses, led away the others, and again the sledge went onwards, as quick as thought. Susanna frequently closed her eyes, but not in sleep; her companion, if not sleeping, was at least silent, and appeared to slumber.

The horses were changed several times; Opalinsky's arrival always seemed to be expected, and when they stopped at an inn, whatever he ordered was brought with the most prompt attention, and his commands implicitly obeyed.—The grey dawn began to appear when they entered a forest path, on which the snow lay so deep that the horses could scarcely get on; they presently stopped at the foot of an eminence, where the forest was more open and lighter.—"Dearest," said Opalinsky, "we must alight and conclude our journey on foot." Susanna followed him, and he assisted her through the thick underwood, up a steep acclivity. She soon perceived the ruins of old walls and towers, which looked drearily over the snowy pine tops, in the cold morning light. "This is my castle, love," continued Opalinsky; "a little decayed, it is true; but it contains chambers which can shelter us against more than rain and wind. Thanks to the crusaders,* who built such firm walls, that neither time nor man has been able to destroy them. They walked through the ruins till they came to an opening, through which nothing but the interior of a dark vault was perceptible.—Opalinsky whistled, and spoke some words in the Schamarte language, and presently a light appeared below, and a flight of rude wooden steps was placed against the opening.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Susanna, "where am I?—where are you leading me?"

*When Samogitia was in the possession of the German order, many castles were built for the protection of the country, whose ruins yet exist, and are called by the Samogitian peasantry, the German walls.

"No fear, if you please, and no noise," returned Opalinsky, drawing her forcibly to the aperture; "the steps are strong enough." Susanna descended trembling, and Opalinsky followed. Below stood two men, similar in the wildness of their dress and countenance to those who had taken the horses from the sledges.—They held lighted branches of fir wood, which cast a gloomy glare on the walls of the bare vault. After passing through other similar excavations, they stood before a massive oak door, on which Opalinsky knocked, and it was unbolted withinside. They then entered a large vaulted apartment, in which several lamps were burning, and day-light seemed perfectly excluded; various kinds of arms hung on the naked walls, and ten or twelve men, of rough and repulsive exterior, sat round a table, some occupied at dice, others looking on, and *all drinking* out of large cans. There were also two women there, whose manner was bold and unpleasing. "The Captain!" was re-echoed by many voices as they entered, and all rose in confusion. He passed the frail fair ones contemptuously, nodded to some of the men, and passed on to another chamber, where stood a lamp burning on a table, and arms hung against the wall.

"This is our dwelling, dearest," said Opalinsky, "day-light only is wanting; for, in all other respects, it is warm and comfortable."

"Tell me, for God's sake," said Susanna, "where I am, and who you are?"

"My treasure," replied he, "many questions answer themselves; and what may be guessed with certainty, needs not asking."

"Horrible man!" she exclaimed, with a piercing shriek, "you are a robber captain! and this is your abominable lurking place!"

With a malicious laugh, he rejoined:—"You have said it, though in a rude manner. Yes! I am the leader of a brave band, some of whom you have seen; and you may think yourself lucky that you belong to *me*, and not to one of *them*.—I was prepared for a little whining and affectation when I undertook to bring you here, and my fondness will make me indulgent; but have a care! do not exhaust my patience. I love you, and will remember that I am your husband; but recollect that I am also *your lord*; think on that. I have now many things to attend to, and in the evening we shall meet again." And so saying, he left her, and closed the door.

Opalinsky bolted the door on the outside, and Susanna remained the image of misery. For some time she sat in mute despair, unable to reason or think coherently till a flood of tears broke from her eyes, and deep sobs relieved her oppressed and swelling bosom. Her situation was indeed pitiable: no one was near to give her consolation or hope; and all was silent, except when the vaulted roof echoed her lamentations. After an hour had thus passed, a servant entered, placed some food on the table before her, and left the room; and she again heard the bolts drawn. In the adjoining chamber, there appeared to be a large party assembled at a feast;

and, amidst the confused sound of cans and pitchers, the voices of men, and the clatter of knives, Susanna heard the notes of a guitar, which seemed to be touched by a skilful hand.

The music fell like balm on her heart; but when she distinguished some of the words which were sung to it (although, on account of the thickness of the walls, they could not be clearly heard) her horror of the place in which she was confined returned. But her sorrow gradually abated, when the idea of flight occurred to her mind. How was this to be accomplished or even begun? she examined the damp stone walls of her subterranean prison: it had no window, and apparently no outlet except the bolted door; and even if that were found open, she would have to pass through the large vault, which was generally full of men.

Still brooding over this thought (and often between while, when hope failed her, wringing her hands) she heard the door unfastened and Opalinsky entered. He was just risen from supper, and half intoxicated: his cheek glowed with wine, and his large black eyes shot fire. "What!" said he, "is my pretty bird still in tears?" Fear robbed Susanna of all self-possession; she shrunk from his approach and fainted. When she revived, Opalinsky was gone, the lamp burnt out, and all was perfectly silent. "Ah!" she exclaimed, mournfully, "daylight never enters here! merciful God! would that I might never live to see another day." After some time, the same attendant who had brought her refreshment, entered; he replenished the lamp and lighted it.—"It is day *without*," said he, "and our Captain will presently visit you." and very shortly Opalinsky appeared. Breakfast was brought in, and he invited Susanna to the table, and helped both her and himself, saying:—"Lay aside these caprices, my treasure; and believe me there is nothing which one may not be accustomed to by use; and you will not want for leisure to grow accustomed to all about you here. You will soon find that our mode of life is far from being so miserable as the shabby townsfolk have, no doubt, represented it to you. Besides, you shall not always live underground, as now but often enjoy the open air: and when you mix with other people, it shall be with an appearance becoming your beauty and my consequence. It is now daylight," continued he, "and I must leave you again till evening—farewell, and here is something to amuse you," and he laid before her a valuable ornament, set with precious stones, and departed.

When Susanna saw the jewels sparkling before her, the thought crossed her mind that they might be very useful to her, and she determined to retain them. On turning, she saw, for the first time, that the door was not quite closed, and looking into the large chamber, she perceived only two men who were sleeping on the benches. Induced by the unusual stillness, she took courage to step on softly, and found herself in the entrance vaults, through which Opalinsky had led her. These were not lighted by any lamp,

but the day faintly glimmered through an opening above. The sight of this entrance to the free air rejoiced her, and hastily she stepped towards it. Coming into the chamber where it shone, she looked wistfully at the high opening, which now seemed perfectly unattainable, when she suddenly heard the rattling of keys near her, and a voice said:—"Lady, why are you come hither? Go to your own apartment, I beg of you; if the Captain should return suddenly, it would go hard with me for leaving your door open." Susanna turned towards the speaker, and by the faint light in the cave, she recognised in him the servant who had brought her meals and trimmed her lamp. "Good man," she replied, "suffer me to be a few instants here, it is so dull and lonely in the dark vaulted room: and here the air is so fresh, I cannot bear to leave it." "You will soon be used to the air of the chambers, like me and others; go now, I beg of you." The entreating tone of the man gave Susanna more fear than reverence for the Captain, and she ventured, instead of obeying immediately, to continue the conversation. "Another minute, and I will; but tell me, do you expect your Captain soon?" "Who can tell when he comes? probably not till night; perhaps not then: for he is at break-neck work to-day."—"Friend," said Susanna, "you seem not to find it so merry a life as your Captain; you are a discontented robber." "A poor one, at least; and he is rich. But go now, lady; I must close the doors." "One word yet," said Susanna, "let me out through that opening, and I will give you what will make *you* rich," and she showed him the jewelled ornament. "Then were I a fool to be kept here longer like a dog—yet hold," and he took the ornament, examined it, and went farther into the cave. Susanna looked on, doubting and fearing; she heard him close the inner door and lock it: he returned with rapid steps to the trembling girl, and said:—"I have long wished to leave this cursed hole: twice the Captain has mortified me, and done me injustice in dividing the plunder, and I have sworn to be revenged.—You give me the opportunity and the means.—This jewel, however, should have been mine; it fell to my share, and he shamefully deprived me of it." He then took from a dark corner, a ladder, laid it against the opening, and desired Susanna to ascend. "You need not fear," said he, "I have shut the door, and caged the two birds that you saw asleep: there is another entrance, but the Captain has the key of it." When the fugitives had clambered out of the subterranean dungeon, the robber accompanied Susanna some way into the forest, and then said:—"I dare not go farther with you, for I must follow my own road, and keep out of the way of my late companions. You must go in this direction, and will soon come to the frontiers of Courland, where you will find a road; and, not far on, a village.—Farewell, lady." He turned aside, and she soon lost sight of him amongst the underwood.

Susanna found herself, for the first time in her life, alone: she was far from human help, in the

midst of a thick wood, though all was desolate and strange to her. She, however, thanked God for her deliverance, and hastened forward, though not without trouble and fatigue. After some time, she reached a broad road, which intercepted the forest; but timid and prudent, Susanna kept close to the trees, fearful of being seen.—Suddenly she perceived a party of men riding towards her. Her first movement was to conceal herself behind the trunk of a large tree, whence she observed them. They were all armed; and two who rode before the rest, were engaged in loud conversation; and, listening attentively, she found that they spoke German. Their language, and indeed the style of their dress and behaviour, soon convinced her that they could not belong to Opalinsky's troop; and compelled by her miserable situation to seek the nearest protection, she quitted her hiding place and threw herself on her knees before them, exclaiming "Save me! save me!"

The beautiful form and features of the fugitive, her long hair which had escaped from its fastenings, and hung down over her rich fur pelisse, gave her the air of some persecuted princess of a fairy tale. "By heavens, Herman!" cried one of the gentlemen, "if your forest afford such game as this, I marvel not at your fondness for the chase." "Stay your speech yet, Firks," replied the other, "and let us assist this poor damsel; something strange seems to have happened here." Saying this, he alighted, took Susanna by the hand, raised her, and after promising her all the assistance in his power, requested to know how she came there, and whom she feared? Susanna told him of her mother's name and residence in Wildau (so the Germans in Wilna call the city) of her acquaintance with Opalinsky, his shameful deceit, and concluded by entreating him to take her to the nearest village, that she might be secure from again falling into his power.

"This Opalinsky," said Herman, turning to his companion, "must be the famous robber captain, who is known in this neighborhood by the name of Sturmwind,* a name which he has received from the astonishing rapidity and boldness with which he achieves his exploits. I have often heard of him, but knew not till now, that we were such near neighbours."

"I hope," returned Firks, "that your neighbourly feeling towards this celebrated person will not induce you to leave this forlorn maiden in the forest."

"God forbid!" said he; "I propose returning with her as far as the inn, and leaving some of our people with her; and when we have had a little more sporting, to conduct her to the castle, where my wife will take care of her till we can provide her with some conveyance to Wilna."

"Good!" said Firks, "tis most chivalrously planned; but who is to be the knight-errant which shall take the fair Angelica on his steed?"

"The house is not far distant," said Herman,

* Sturm-wind, or hurricane.

"I am already dismounted, and will accompany this poor child on foot." "And I will be an escort," added his companion, alighting. The servants followed, and Susanna walked silently with her noble protectors, who forbore to distress her, by asking any farther questions. They reached the inn, or rather pot-house, for it was no better, and she was recommended to the especial protection of the host. It happened to be a holyday, and as a good number of farmers and peasants were assembled there, the two noblemen considered that the place was sufficiently secure for their fair charge, even should Opalinsky track her flight; they left her, therefore, promising to return for her soon. Susanna sat silent in a corner of the public room, whilst the Courland peasants were singing and bustling about. She understood not a word of their language, nor did they trouble themselves about her: only the host, who was a German, came in sometimes, and asked her, with a knavish smile, "if Mamsell had no commands?" Susanna's dress and appearance, for she had re-arranged her beautiful hair, gave her the style of a person of higher class; but seeing her arrive on foot, in the company of two noblemen, it was not very extraordinary that he should imagine her to be some adventuress. His manner annoyed and abashed her, and she drew still further into the corner. But her attention was presently attracted by the discourse of two young men who sat near her, and spoke in German. They had called for a jug of beer; and one of them unbuckled his knapsack, took out the contents which appeared to be in great confusion, and re-arranged them, while the other looked on with some curiosity, and said:—"It was fortunate, Master Andrew, that your money was not packed with the rest of your articles." "I think so myself," said Andrew, "considering my adventure. I was cautioned, when I left Wildau, to avoid travelling alone, because the robber Sturmwind had made the roads unsafe; and I followed the advice as far as I could, travelling with the carriers, and came safely enough into Schamait.* But on the borders, the carriers thought proper to halt a day, to rest their horses. The delay appeared useless to me, for beyond the Courland frontier I thought there was nothing to fear, and went alone to Schonberg, where I slept, and this morning set out to Bauslee."

"I went nearly the same road," said the other, "and met with no mishap."

"You were luckier than I," replied Andrew; "I had not walked above two hours when the robbers came upon me. It was in an open field, and I could see no one far or near, when suddenly two men rushed from behind a low hill, where they must have been lurking, armed with cudgels and knives. I pretended to be so terrified as to drop my walking stick, and begged for mercy; for, shabby as it looks, I have nine ducats in a hollow place near the top; and I was sure if I did not defend myself with it they would never

think of taking it. Of course they seized my knapsack, and rummaged over the contents, and not finding what they wanted, they examined my pockets, threatening me dreadfully if I did not give them my money. I told them, that except the few pence which they had already found, I had nothing; but I should still have been worse used if they had not been interrupted by a horseman who rode up to them in great haste, and cried in Samagitian:—"Up! up! and back to the forest. The Captain has lost his mistress; his little bird is flown. There must be treachery in the house: but the girl cannot be far off; and if we search the bushes and the nearest houses, we shall surely find her. Come, leave that beggar's pack, and be alive; the Captain is beside himself with rage!"—and then, with some more information and a great deal more swearing in the same language he rode off, and the other two left me to collect my traps as I could. It was not long after that I met you." "I suppose," said his attentive listener, "this must be some young Countess whom they have carried off." "More likely some wandering girl has remained with them till she was tired of her life."—"Well," replied the other, "thank God we are quit of them," and he drank the remainder of the beer with an air of great satisfaction.

This conversation renewed all Susanna's fears. It is true she was surrounded by a number of harmless, and perhaps well meaning men, who could protect her in case of need; but she trembled when she thought of the reckless daring of Opalinsky and his band. Her fears were not unfounded. Two men, apparently Lithuanian peasants, entered the house and called loudly for brandy. "God preserve us," said Andrew, in a low voice, to his companion, "if my eyes do not fail me, yon fellow is one of the two who attacked me this morning. They are come for no good, depend upon it." Scarcely were the words spoken when several panes in one of the windows were broken with a sudden crash, and without two armed men were seen, who thrust the barrels of their muskets into the room, as if about to fire. A sudden movement was made, and a confused noise begun to be heard, when one of the Lithuanians, who was within, exclaimed:—"Keep your seats, all of you, and be still: we want none of you, and will do you no harm: it is only the lady who sits in that corner that we come for. But if any one moves from his place, he is a dead man." The confusion was becoming general, when this sudden threat produced comparative stillness, and each again took his seat, looking in astonishment for the sequel of this strange adventure. The two armed accomplices thus preventing a rescue, the Lithuanians within approached the almost fainting Susanna, and had already seized her, when a great noise was heard without. The two men at the window seemed to be suddenly attacked and thrown down; a musket went off, and the others thus interrupted in the very beginning of their proceedings, hastened to the door where a crowd was already assembled.

* Samagitta.

"What now—what's the matter?" cried a Lithuanian, holding a pistol to one who was pressing forward. "Courland swords is the matter!" answered the man, at the same time giving him a blow which disarmed and stunned him. The tumult immediately became general. The peasants rose and mingled in the fray, and the Lithuanian was speedily overpowered. The report of fire-arms, and the cries of the combatants attracted every one who passed within hearing to the house, and the public room was soon thronged. Just at this juncture, the two noblemen, who had consigned Susanna to the care of the host, returned from hunting, and were met by the servant maid, who, with loud lamentations, informed them that the house was attacked by robbers, and begged their assistance. Not doubting what was the cause of this attack, and seeing the two robbers standing at the window, they threw themselves from their horses, and rushing from behind on the men, whose whole attention was directed to the interior of the room, they threw them down and disarmed them. Entering the house, Firks encountered another robber, while his friend looked around for Susanna. The pressure of the crowd for some time prevented him from discovering that she was not in the room.

The host, the peasants, in short, all who were present were interrogated; the house was searched, and the neighboring thickets examined; but in vain: Susanna was not found. "So," said Firks, "while I have been engaged with that scapegrace, the fair Angelina hath disappeared." "If her flight succeed," replied Herman, "all is in the most approved order of romance; at least, our duty as loyal knights, is fulfilled."—After satisfying themselves that the fair fugitive was really out of reach, and disposing of the robbers whom they had secured, they departed.

Susanna, during the confusion which assisted her escape, had crept between benches and tables to the door, and seized an opportunity of flying again into the forest. Panting for breath, yet not daring to rest, she continued running till she reached another small public house, of which the host was a Jew. She entreated him to supply her with a plain dress, such as is worn by the country women of that district; and to take in exchange her handsome fur pelisse. To a less experienced eye than that of the gray-bearded Israelite, the advantage of such an exchange could not but be perceptible; and he delayed not in supplying her with some inferior clothes, such as were generally to be found in the houses of Jew publicans, who received them instead of coin from such visitors as had no money. Seeing that his fair customer was in great haste, he offered, when the bargain was concluded, to convey her a few miles in his cart, without any recompense. To this she thankfully agreed; they rode about a league, and, at parting, he remarked that as her gold ear-rings did not agree with her present appearance, she had better dispose of them to him. This offer also was accepted; and the Jew giving her about the tenth part of

their value, in small silver coin, wished her good day, and returned.

Susanna was now in the high road, and felt comparatively safe, and her first emotion was to fall on her knees and thank God for her deliverance. In her present costume, it was no difficult matter for her to obtain a night's lodging in some farm house, and, during the day, the piece of white linen which the Lithuanian peasant women wear, so as to conceal at least half the face, protected her from the observation of any curious person who might otherwise have recognised her.

Often was she obliged to rest, fatigued by such unwonted exertion and distress of mind; but on the fourth day of her wandering she reached the church where she was married. Entering, she knelt at the altar, and implored the forgiveness of God for having broken the bands which were there so deceitfully and wantonly imposed on her.

Frau Margaretha was sitting at her usual employment in the old cottage, sad and melancholy that she had no news of her beloved daughter, though above a week had passed since she left her, when a peasant girl entered the room.—Scarcely looking off her work, she asked what she wanted: the girl was silent a moment, then exclaimed "Oh, mother!" and fell at her feet.—Scarcely could Margaretha recognise her Susanna in the pale, exhausted peasant before her. What feeling, what suffering, could be compared to the mother's at this moment? She suddenly beheld her joy, the hope of her old age, the reward of so many wakeful nights and countless cares, at the very moment when she believed she had established her happiness, lying exhausted at her feet. Their tears flowed together; Susanna once more reposed on the bosom of her mother, and was comforted. But the excessive fatigue and constant agitation which she had experienced in so short a time, quickly brought on a nervous fever, and the next day she could not leave her bed. Poor Margaretha passed several sleepless nights by the side of her child; and heard her, at the height of her fever, talk of caverns, pistols, fighting, and the rack; of Opalinsky's threatening appearance, and then she cried loudly for help!

One night, when she was thus delirious, her mother heard a noise, as if some one were trying to break open the window-shutters, which were not more than a man's height above the street.—She trembled with fear, and yet felt bound to her seat. Indeed, what else could she do? if she opened the door to call for assistance from her neighbours, the robbers would enter before any one could arrive. The noise was continued, and presently the shutter was forced, and some panes of glass broken. "Jesu, Maria," exclaimed Susanna, in delirium, "that is Sturmwind coming! he will seize me and take me with him! but I see the brave knight of the forest—he stands in the corner with his bright arms—I must call him again to save me." With these words, in the height of fever, she sprung from the bed; and

her mother had not strength to withhold her. In a corner of the chamber stood a large and heavy sword-axe, leaning against the wall: Susanna lifted it and rushed to the window; a man's hand was seen grasping the lower part of the window casing, apparently with the design of swinging himself up into the room: but Susanna raised the axe, and letting it fall with all its weight on the outstretched wrist, severed the hand from the arm. The man, with a cry of pain, fell from the window into the street, and the hand rolled on the floor of the chamber. Margaretha now heard the patrol approaching—all else was still; and she replaced Susanna in her bed, where powerless and senseless from exhaustion, she soon fell into a deep sleep; while her mother busied herself in removing the traces of their nocturnal visitant. She raised the dissevered hand, intending to throw it out of the window: on one finger was a ring, which she recognized but too well—it was the ring which Susanna gave when she was betrothed to Opalinsky; and she had now no doubt that he had attempted to enter the house forcibly to remove her from it.

The sun was high, and shining through the broken window, and Margaretha was still watching by the bed of her daughter, when she awoke with a start. "Mother," said she, "I have had a frightful dream. I thought"—but, turning her eyes towards the window, she perceived the shattered panes, which her mother had not completely hidden. She doubted then whether it was a dream or reality that had so alarmed her. "The wind," said her mother, "has torn off the shutter and blown it against the window, and so broke it." "Oh, no," said Susanna, "not the wind *only*, it was Sturmwind. I saw him, dreadful man!" and again her senses wandered.

But she was strong in youth, and grew better; and with her mother's tender care she recovered. When she was able to walk about, she said one day:—"Mother, misfortune has visited me early. I was a bride—the wife of a robber: I am so still. I cannot mix again in the world; people would turn from me, shun me. But," she added, with a sigh, "there is still a place of refuge left for me: the Saviour of the world receives and protects the poor; and those whom the world despises. Let me, then, vow myself to the service of a cloister. The church alone can loosen my bands; and there I shall find that peace and comfort which are denied to me elsewhere." Margaretha listened—she could not reply, for sobs rose thickly and choked her voice. "Do not weep, mother," continued Susanna, "I shall not be lost to you: I shall pray for you, work for you, and even see you." "My child," said Margaretha, after a pause, "your bands are already loosened. A marriage, perpetrated by such deceit, cannot be legal. Besides, the ring you gave is in my hands. God has judged!" She fetched the ring and shewed it to her. Susanna burst into tears. She pressed her mother to tell her how it had come into her possession, and she related what had occurred during the night of her delirium.

"Righteous God!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, "thou hast armed a weak hand; and what sense could not have resolved on, thou hast executed by the phrenzy of sickness." She continued to implore her mother that she might retire to a convent, so that at last she agreed to her determination, and she was received as a serving lay-sister, by the Marianites, whose convent stood on one of the hills which surround Wilna. She performed the fatiguing duties of her self-chosen vocation with patience and gentleness, and when her mother visited her, her countenance was tranquil and even cheerful.

One morning, as she was going to the convent church, there to pray and meet her child, a crowd was assembled at the place of execution, by which her road lay; and some, who were running, cried to others "that is Sturmwind, who is going to be hanged!" Involuntarily she looked around, and saw with horror a criminal, who had lost one hand, expire in strong convulsions, between two more who had been already executed in the same manner. Shuddering she turned away, and on reaching the convent related to Susanna the cause of her emotion. "His measure was full," she replied, "and he has atoned for his misdeeds. And now I am freed from the last links in which misfortune held me." She begged to be admitted into the order of the convent, and, after the year of her novitiate, she became a nun.

Some of the old inhabitants of Wilna still remember the fair, unfortunate nun; and have said that, in her dark grey woollen dress, her pale, serene countenance resembled that of an angel, who, compassionating mankind, dwelt on earth to alleviate their woes!

POWER OF INTELLECT.

"There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men, often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to revere: in this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honours in others. We wed—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own. Thus, when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world—a wheel in the mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion—for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains!—dies with him."—*Eugene Aram.*

A SONNET.

I saw thee blooming, full of youthful grace,
 When hope and joy in every glance would speak;
 When gladness revell'd on thy dimpled cheek,
 And love's divine expression marked thy face:
 Again I saw thee, when the blushing trace
 Of health had vanish'd, languid, faint, and weak,
 And colourless, save where the sultry streak
 Of fever fill'd the faded rose-bud's place:
 The smiling radiance of thine eyes was flown;
 No light or life was in their clouded beams,
 Save the wild brightness of unearthly gleams,
 When reason fled bewildered from her throne,
 And beauty vanish'd like the flowers that die
 Beneath the scorching suns of India's sky.

SPRING.

AGAIN the violet of our early days
 Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
 And kindles into fragrance at his blaze;
 The streams, rejoice'd that winter's work is done,
 Talk of to-morrow's cowslips as they run.
 Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom!
 Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossom'd thorn!
 Wake, buried lily! spirit quit thy tomb!
 And thou, shade-loving hyacinth, be born!
 Then, haste, sweet rose! sweet woodbine hymn the morn,
 Whose dewdrops shall illumine with pearly light,
 Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
 From sea to sea, while daisies infinite
 Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
 O'er every hill that under heav'n expands.

From a late English Periodical.

PROPOSALS FOR FEMALE CLUBS.

WILL the ladies allow themselves to be neglected, without showing that they have in their own resources a fund on which they can rely? Will they own that they are completely dependent on mankind for amusement? We think they are above this. We feel assured that they possess a spirit of independence, which would make them spurn so base a calumny; and we recommend them to prove how much they are superior to such ideas, by instantly creating such societies as we shall presently mention. As the men seem to be dividing themselves into *castes*, women should be separated into classes;—for the formation of which, we shall now offer them a few hints.

As there are many ladies whose tastes and feelings are similar, and, consequently, whose professions are alike, such individuals should form separate communities. We first, as in duty bound, shall address ourselves to the more elderly of the fair sex. Their suffrages we are sure of. We are well convinced that they can have no objection to *Clubs*, especially if they should happen to be “trumps.” To these respectable and respected antiquities we need scarcely describe the peculiar advantages of such meetings. Having passed through the dangerous navigation of life, to the calmer tides of departing existence, what a noble and generous sacrifice do they make of the little time they are likely to possess, in pointing out the errors of those who are surrounded by the shoals and quicksands over which they have steered, doubtless with safety and credit. Then, like the proselytes of that immortal philosopher, St. John Long, their last moments are devoted to a *rubber*. Besides which, however democratic their opinions might have been in their younger days, no one, after they have arrived at years of discretion, (which some ill-natured people declare to be the north-west passage of a lady's life,) was ever so unjust as to accuse them of disrespect towards “Kings” and “Queens.” A large establishment would to them be a great acquisition, and in such a one as we are recommending, we have no doubt all their

tastes might be suited to a *tea*. For there, with what exceeding comfort, among congenial spirits, would they be enabled to “*shuffle off this mortal coil*,” in their “*dealings*” with each other to play the “*deuce*” with satisfaction and reputation, and beat the great antagonist, by at least one “honour.”

There is a similar class to these, but who have had the advantage of living a life of celibacy; and whom, we are certain, from a well-grounded dislike to mankind, will enter into our views with all the enthusiasm of which they are capable. As a separate community, they must succeed in banishing from their minds the objects of their aversion; for which laudable purpose nothing male should be allowed admission into their Club;—not even a *Tom* cat. The innocent creatures upon which they lavish their immaculate affections, whether monkeys, pugs, parrots, or pussies, should all be of the softer sex. The first of these establishments should be entitled “The Dowagers,” the latter, “The Senior Ladies.”

We come now to ladies of a more tender age. There is a very large class, whose lives seem to be devoted to winning the hearts of the other sex, and with the most generous self-denial making no use of their triumphs. These are more familiarly known by the title of “*coquettes*.” In a state of single blessedness, or matrimonial felicity, the ruling passion often appears equally visible. They may be distinguished by a superior attention to dress, a liberal use of smiles and approving looks, and a proper distribution of encouragement to suitors, according to the length of their attachments. Some authors affirm that “*flirts*” is another name for the same race, but we beg to assert a distinction. Coquetterie is a woman's philosophy, and is besides, an art only to be acquired by long practice, laborious study, and deep investigation. Flirting is the natural impulse of the female will. Every woman can flirt, but a distinguished coquette is a far more intellectual being. Even if they were the same, they are so numerous, that it would take several Club Houses to

contain them. We propose that two on a very large scale should be erected, which may bear their different names.

There is a small community, commonly called "Prudes." A prude is a female Diogenes, who rails at people of fashion, as if there was something essentially wrong in their pursuits. She is quite shocked by the *figurantes* at the Opera, horrified by the indecorous costume made use of at the theatres, and put to the blush by being told of an elopement; she never opens a novel, or reads a newspaper, for fear the purity of her mind should be contaminated by their contents; and faints at the sight of a footman with his coat off. This amiable race of individuals, though not, we are afraid, very numerous, have at least the advantage of being very select. To them it would be of incalculable benefit to be separated from the wickedness of the world, and to pass their lives in the pleasing employment, (if such a thing were possible,) of finding out each others virtues.

We have frequently met with a vast number of young ladies, who seemed to breathe nothing but sighs, and speak nothing but sentiment—who have the happy faculty of being continually in love, between the years of fifteen and twenty. It matters little whether the object of affection be humble or exalted. Love levels all distinctions. The "sweet youth" possesses the virtues of a prince, though the unjust fates have made him an ensign. These are the chameleons of society—they feed upon poetical quotations, and a love tale provides them with a day's meal.—They may be recognised by a downcast eye, a blushing cheek, and a slow tread; or a book and a sofa. These may be called the "Sentimentals," and when collected together, may, instead of wasting their time in imaginary attachments, probably learn how to love each other.

We come now to another numerous class, whose sole happiness consists in taking off the peculiarities of those around them. These are a witty, lively, and kind-hearted community, commonly called "Quizzers." From one of the most admirable of the kind, we beg to render our acknowledgments, for having favoured us with the idea from whence this paper originated. Quizzing, we beg to say, is a gift; that it comes from heaven, is more than we shall assert; but it certainly is a genius which cannot be acquired. The genuine "Quizzer" may be immediately known by a sparkling eye, and a restless tongue; a smiling mouth, and an oval cheek, possessing probably, the advantage of a dimple, to give the features an expression of archness and vivacity. They are a quick-witted generation; nothing escapes their notice, and they frequently perform their operations with so much skill, as to make their victim totally unaware of their object. We think that if this cleverness were confined to themselves, it would produce a wonderfully good effect; and therefore, a Club of professed Quizzers could not possibly be objected to.

We have now enumerated the different classes into which the ladies should be divided. We have heard, indeed, that there are others, called "Scolds" and "Vixens;" but we are so charitable as to believe, that, like Mammoths and Leviathans, they no longer exist. If there should remain any class undescribed, they may unite together under the name of "Junior Ladies." We trust the adoption of this suggestion will be followed by all the benefits we have already noticed, and many for which we can find no room. All innocent and agreeable pleasures may be cultivated in these Clubs; which may form separate Gardens of Eden, with the advantage of not possessing any forbidden fruit, to lead into temptation the daughters of Eve.

From a London Journal.

PHILOSOPHY OF A BALL-ROOM.

It is an amusing thing to stand in the outskirts of what Lord Mulgrave terms the gown-tearing, tugging, riving mob of a London ball-room, and speculate on the motives and views of the individuals of which it is composed. "*Je suis ici pour mon grandpere*," said the Duc de Rohan, at a *seance* of the French Academy. "*Et moi pour ma grammaire*," replied the Abbe de Levizac. "I am here in honour of my grandfather," might be observed by many a Fitzroy, Seymour, Somerset, or Bentinck at Almack's;—"And I, in honour of my daughter, or niece, or *proteegee*," would be an apt rejoinder from half the ancient dames stationary on the satin sofas of the sanctuary.

For a given number of personages, of proportionate means and condition of life, to meet together for purposes of mutual amusement, is, in the abstract, a very reasonable employment of

their superfluous time and superfluous coin. But in these days of sophistication, few things are to be considered in so bald and definite a point of view; and of the three or four hundred human beings congregated together during the months of June and July, in certain "matchless and magnificent mansions,"—garnished by Gunter with a sufficiency of pines and spring chickens, and by Michaud with minikin Collinet and his flageolet—we venture to assert that scarcely fifty are brought within its portals by a view to mutual entertainment.

First, in the list of guests, are those who go because they are apprehensive of being classed among the uninvited; labouring through the toils of the toilet solely to prove their right of being there. Next come the idlers, who fly to the throng in the hope of getting rid of themselves; finding it far more charming to yawn

away the evening, and grumble over the weariness, staleness, flatness, and unprofitableness of life among ladies in satin gowns, and gentlemen in satin cravats, than in the domestic desolation of home. After these, we rank the routineers, who order their carriages to the door at eleven o'clock P.M., every night between April and July, merely because they have done the same every season for the last ten years;—persons, in fact, who go everywhere, and see every thing, because every body of their acquaintance does the same. Then we have the dowagers “on business;” intent on exhibiting “my youngest daughter—her first season;”—or “my sweet young friend, Lady Jane, quite a novice, as you may perceive, in gay scenes of this description.” A little further may be seen certain fading beauties, whose daughters and Lady Janes are still with the governess; profiting by their absence to listen to the whispers of the Colonel and Lord Henry, who are either already married, or not “marrying men.” Close at hand are two or three husbands of the fading beauties; either perplexed in the extreme by the mature coquetry of their worse halves, or taking notes for a curtain lecture, or gathering data for conjugal recrimination. Others, both of the Lady Janes, and the married beauties, are there at the hollow impulse of mere vanity; to show the beautiful robe *a la Grecque*, smuggled from Paris through Cholera and quarantine, or anxious to prove that, though the Duchess of Buccleugh’s diamonds are very fine, their own are more tastefully set. A few “very good-natured friends” of the hostess go in hopes of discovering that the supper is deficient by a dozen of champagne and half a dozen pounds of grapes; while one or two flirts of a somewhat pronounced notoriety, go that their names may be included in the Morning Post list of persons present, (or our own,) which thus endorses their passport to other and better balls. The *young* men go to prove that they are in fashion; the *middle-aged* to show that they are not too old to be asked to balls; and the *elderlies* because they find themselves shouldered at the Clubs, and can bestow in a ball-room their tediousness without measure or limitation on any unlucky person whose carriage is ordered late.

“I did not expect to see *you* here,” observes Mrs. A. to Mrs. B. on the landing-place leading to Lady F’s. ball-room, which neither has any chance of entering for the next half hour.

“I dare say not;—this is the first time I ever ventured here. But, to say the truth, I want to show people I am in town, without the bore of sending round my cards.”

“How old Lady Maria is grown!—and what in the world does she mean by coming out so soon? It is very little more than a year since she lost her husband.”

“If you had such lumber to dispose of as four ugly daughters, you would ‘take no note of time,’ as far as the forms of widowhood are concerned.”

“And there is the bride, Lady Mary Grubb! In my time people did not allow the world to encroach upon their honeymoon!”

“But you see she has forfeited *caste* by marrying a *parvenu*, and loses no time in showing people that the creature has less of the shop about him than might be expected.”

“And her mother, the marchioness, I protest!”

“Of course. She is very wise to put a good face on this awkward business of her eldest daughter

“And poor Mrs. Partlet—taking care that her great, gawky, silly son, does not commit himself by blundering into the nets of the marrying young ladies.”

“And Lady Helena watching her husband’s flirtation with Mrs. Tomtit, while her eye-glass actually trembles with jealous fury!”

“And little Clara Fidget, trying to find out by what vile designing damsel Lord Charles has been kidnapped away from her.”

“There is scarcely any one here to-night,” cries Mrs. A., standing aside a moment, to make way for the crowd, which has already torn away a yard of her *sabots*.

“What can you expect in a house where they ask every body. Lady F. is in the popularity line. She invites whole families—from the great grandmother in her diamond stomacher, to the open-mouthed hobbledohoy in loose nankins, at home for his Easter holidays.”

“It is a great impertinence in people to inflict one with an indiscriminate mob. I shall never come here again. Ah! Colonel de Hauteville, I see you have struggled through the billows. What chance have we of getting into the ball-room.”

“Luckily, for you, very little. It is a very bad ball—hardly a face one knows.”

“Sir William, you have been dancing, I perceive?”

“There is no other way of getting room to stir in a crowd of this sort. I was obliged to ask one of Lady F’s. daughters to waltz, to escape from between two great fat women, who were squeezing me into gold-beater’s skin. Dunbar! How are you?”

“How am I? why, very much bored, of course. What shall we do? Is there a supper?”

“Not such a one as a Christian man should venture on. Let us go to Crockford’s.”

“With all my heart. Make haste. Lady F. will be laying violent hands on you, and wanting you to dance.”

“If I do, &c. &c. &c.”

In nine cases out of ten, such, or such like, is the dialogue of the very people who have passed two hours between dinner and dressing time yawning on a sofa, lest they should be betrayed into going unfashionably early—who have endured for another hour the pains and penalties of being laced, curled, rouged, stuck with a paper of pins, and fidgetted by the difficult coalition of three dozen hooks-and-eyes, in order to do honour to the assembly; and who, at last, insist on dragging two unoffending quadrupeds, and two or three wretched domestics, out of their beds in “the sweet of the night,” in order that they may be seen and see, by candlelight, a crowd of idle

men and women of fashion, whom they may see by daylight any day in the week.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the mean are fed; and the philosophy of the ball-room compels us to acknowledge, that of the persons thus occupied, very few are capable of employing themselves to better purpose.

ON MUSIC.

THE first traces of music are to be found in Egypt, where musical instruments, capable of much variety and expression, existed, at a time when other nations were in an uncivilized state. The invention of the lyre is ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus, the Mercury of the Egyptians, which is a proof of its antiquity; but a still greater proof of the existence of musical instruments amongst them at a very early period, is drawn from the figure of an instrument said to be represented on an obelisk, erected, as is supposed, by Sesostris, at Heliopolis. This instrument, by means of its neck, was capable with only two strings, if tuned fourths, of furnishing that series of sounds, called by the ancients a heptachord; and if tuned fifths, of producing an octave.

As Moses was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, it is probable that the Israelites, who interwove music in all their religious ceremonies, borrowed much from that people. That the Greeks took their first ideas of music from the Egyptians is clear from this, that they ascribed the invention of the lyre to Mercury, although they made Apollo to be the god of music, and gave him that instrument to play upon. In no country was music so much cultivated as in Greece. The muses, as well as Apollo, Bacchus, and other gods and demi-gods, practised or promoted it in some way or other. Their poets are supposed to have been like the Celtic and German bards, and the Scalds of Iceland and Scandinavia, who went about singing their poems in the streets and the palaces of princes.

In this manner did Orpheus, Homer, Hesiod, Sappho and others, recite their verses; and, in after times, on the institution of the games, Simonides, Pindar, and other poets, celebrated in public the exploits of the victors. The instruments known in the time of Homer, were the lyre, flute, syrinx, and trumpet. The invention of notation and musical characters is ascribed to Terpander, a poet and musician, who flourished 671 years before Christ. We afterwards find philosophers, as well as poets, among the number of those who admired and cultivated music, theoretically as well as practically, as Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Aristoxenus, Euclid and many others. Pythagoras is celebrated for his discoveries in this science, namely, for that of musical ratios, and the addition of an eighth string to the lyre. The former of these he is supposed to have derived from the Egyptians. He also explained the theory of sounds, and reduced it to a science. Aristoxenus is the most ancient writer on music, of whose works there are any remains. Euclid followed up the idea of Pythagoras' ratios,

which he reduced to a mathematical demonstration. To this list of Greek writers, may be added Nichomachus, Gerasenus, Alypius, Gaudentius, Bacchius, senior, Ptolemy the astronomer, and Aristides Quintillian, whose works are still extant. These wrote under the Roman Emperors, many of whom cultivated music, and followed the theory of the Greeks. Among the Roman writers may be reckoned Vitruvius, who in his architecture touches lightly on this subject; also Martianus Capella, and Boethius, who wrote in the decline of the empire. After them, some centuries elapsed before the science of music met with any particular attention. Its introduction into the church service prevented it from falling, like other arts, into total neglect. Instrumental music was introduced into the public service of the church under Constantine the Great. The practice of chanting the psalms was begun in the western churches, by St. Ambrose, about 350 years after Christ: 300 years after the method of chanting was improved by St. Gregory the Great. It was probably introduced into England by St. Augustine, and greatly improved by St. Dunstan. The use of the organ probably commenced in the Greek church, where it was called hydraulicon, or the water organ. The first organ known in Europe, was sent as a present to King Pepin, from the Emperor Constantine Compronimus. It came into general use in France, Germany, and England, in the tenth century. Soon after this, music began to be cultivated as a science, particularly in Italy, where Guido, a monk of Arezzo, first conceived the idea of counter-point, or the division of music into parts, by points set opposite to each other, and formed the scale afterwards known by the name of the gamut. This was followed by the invention of the time table, and afterwards by regular compositions of music. But the exercise of the art was for a long time confined to sacred music, during which period secular music was followed by itinerant poets and musicians, after the manner of the ancients. Of this description were the troubadours in France, the Welsh bards or harpers in England, and the Scotch minstrels.

INCIPIENT disorders of the teeth are too generally neglected. Every parent should, as an imperative duty, submit his child's mouth to the inspection of a judicious dentist at least twice a year. The amount of trouble and agony suffered from this species of negligence would, doubtless, startle and appal any one who could behold it in the aggregate. Yet what shameful cowards most men are in this respect. Day after day, month after month slips away, after they discover the inroads of decay, before they can muster resolution to set themselves in the dentist's chair; and too many procrastinate, till driven by intense anguish to the crisis; and then, instead of the slight operation that would have been originally necessary, are edified with the extraction of two or three, which earlier attention might have preserved.

THE FIEND'S FIELD.

A LEGEND OF THE WREKIN.

"This desert soil

Wants not her hidden lustre;
 Nor want we skill, or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence."—MILTON.

A WILD tract of country is that which lies round about, and, in fact, forms the Wrekin; and well did the little dreary, desolate, and isolated hamlet of Wrekinswold merit its appellation. The few scattered cottages of which it consisted, stood on ground whose gradual swell assumed in some places the appearance of hills, but which are absurdly misnamed, when magnified, in school "geography-books," into "mountains." These hills, like many others, were, as well as the country for miles around them, at the period of which we write, a vast expanse of sterile, treeless heath, generally uncultivated; but were attempted to be turned into arable land, ill repaying the labours of the agriculturist, and far too arid to be converted into pasturage. The inhabitants of Wrekinswold were, consequently, a poor and idle race; and, hand in hand with their poverty and idleness, went ignorance and superstition.

Amongst the proprietors and cultivators of land, residing in the vicinity of Wrekinswold, was a man named Howison, who had, it was supposed, amassed a considerable fortune, by successful experiments upon the unpromising district in which stood his habitation. But Howison possessed another treasure—a lovely and beloved daughter, for whom he had toiled incessantly, and who, it was well known, was destined to inherit the fruits of his labours. This motive had undoubtedly, at first, stimulated the fortunate farmer to those bold agricultural speculations, in which the risk was exceedingly great, but the success, if achieved, splendid; yet, after awhile, losing sight of his original incentive to exertion, the love of lucre, for itself only, took complete possession of his soul, and he became a hard-hearted, selfish, and penurious man. The poor have generally, except where they happen to be personally concerned, a great idea that divine retribution will almost immediately overtake the evil-doer; and the neighbours of Howison, who had readily attributed his uncommon prosperity to the peculiar favour of heaven, upon this lamentable change in his disposition, expected nothing less than to witness some terrible manifestation of its wrath; shall we add that their "wish was father to the thought." At length their evil anticipations were destined to be gratified; and not one, but many successive bad seasons caused the farmer's crops to fail, and his cattle to be seized with an infectious disease. Howison was impoverished, but not ruined; and, whilst his avaricious heart was filled with grief, to find that he had lost the fruits of many years'

toil, a sudden and happy thought struck him, that his daughter should, at any rate, become the rich lady he had always designed her to be; the only difficulty was how to effect it.

At Wrekinswold resided a young fellow, styled Tony Ryecroft, of whom nobody knew any thing but that he was a very disorderly personage, considered himself a gentleman, dressed like a lounging, slatternly country squire—suffered his neighbours to understand that he was as wealthy as idle; (and far from ordinary was his idleness) but whence came he and his money, or the means whereby he made it, was a mystery—for that make it he must, seemed evident to the bores of Wrekinswold, who could not believe that upon vice and idleness heaven showered blessings hardly obtained by the frugal, virtuous, and industrious. So some fancied that he must be engaged in the smuggling trade; others, more wisely, considering the inland situation of Shropshire, imagined him a shareholder in a mine, or generalissimo of a company of highwaymen; some, again, pronounced him to be "a limb of the law," and others "a limb of Satan," a distinction, be it however observed, without a difference in the apprehension of wiser people than the inhabitants of Wrekinswold.

Tony Ryecroft was an old and ardent admirer of Kate Howison; but the poor girl, by no means captivated with his ruffianly demeanour, slovenly attire, lax principles, and the mystery attached to his birth, connexions, and mode of life, had not only received his addresses with the contumely they merited, but had obtained her father's sanction to a union with her long and well-beloved Walter Burton—that is, as soon as gold should be added to the good and gentle gifts which nature had lavished on him. Howison, with his affairs in an unprosperous condition, now only became anxious to get his daughter off hand as quickly as possible, and recollecting that Tony Ryecroft was a husband for her at any time, (and, as he had always protested, at any price,) he scrupled not to declare null and void all stipulations and promises between himself, his daughter, and poor Walter; vowing that he would disinherit her if she did not immediately consent to accept the hand of Ryecroft. In vain Kate wept, pleaded, reasoned, and remonstrated; her father (as fathers frequently are) was inexorable. Poor Kate! to her such severity was new; and sad was the lesson she had now to learn, that adversity could steel the heart of a hitherto fond parent, though an irreligious man, against a faithful and loving child.

It was a blustering evening in autumn: the winds moaned fearfully about the Wrekin, and dark, heavy clouds scudded across the sky. Tony Ryecroft was seated beside a roaring coal-fire, in the ancient dilapidated mansion which he called his own, and which had formerly belonged to the Lord of the Wrekin, whose family had let it to Tony Ryecroft, upon his first appearance in the hamlet, at a rent little superior to that by which, from time immemorial, bats, birds, vermin, and reptiles, had tenanted the ruined edifice. Tony, we say, was sitting beside a large pit-coal fire—not dreaming, like the poet who listens in ecstasy to the fierce, wild music of the rushing blast, whilst he conjures up an Arcadia in the glowing carbone—but busily engaged in watching a large nondescript vessel upon it, in which, apparently, a metallic composition of saffron hue was bubbling and steaming. At no great distance from him stood a table, strewn with lumps of various metals, and a strange assortment of moulds, sand, screws, gimlets, files, gravers, instruments, and combinations of the mechanical powers, for which it would have been difficult for the uninitiated to have found a name or use. Tony, however, was Rosicrucian enough to know very well what he was about; his door was bolted and doubly locked, and he expected no interruption to his pursuits on such a forbidding evening. But a violent ringing at the great gate of his fortalice announced a visitor, and though he had given a strict charge to the old woman, who officiated for him in every male and female capacity, to admit no one, and though he heard her pertinaciously protesting that he was “not at home,” yet, to his extreme dismay, he also heard the intruder exclaim, as with heavy strides he approached the door of his sanctum, “Don’t tell me about ‘not at home;’ I know that he is, and I must and will see him.”

The intruder now reached Ryecroft’s apartment, on the door of which he bestowed many a hearty knock, exclaiming, at intervals, “Why, Tony—Tony Ryecroft—let me in, I say.” At last Ryecroft, from within, replied, in a solemn tone, “*Bubasticon itheologysticus!*” which, being interpreted, good neighbour, means—*Demon avant!*” “I say, Tony,” cried the stranger, “please to be putting no tricks upon me. I am neither a demon nor a good neighbour;* but, as you may know by my voice, if you have an ear left, your old friend Howison.” “*Passpara iconatham, dentemusticon!*” answered Ryecroft, “which is, being interpreted, *Welcome, for I know thee!* and here thou shalt enter, an thou fearest not.”

Tony then said, in his usual manner, unfastening the door, “As you have spoiled all my philosophical work for to-night, and I fear, too, for many succeeding nights, I cannot bid you so cordially welcome as—” “Aye, but you will though, when you know what I’ve come to say. Faugh! what an odour of burnt tin, or copper, or brimstone, mayhap. Why, Tony, what have

you there, simmering on the fire? And what do you mean by these queer instruments? and, above all, what is come to your tongue that you talk so outlandish?”

Ryecroft replied only with a most mysterious look, and re-fastening the door, stole again on tip-toe to his seat. Howison took the chair opposite, and as he held his large, tanned hands within an inch of the fire, whilst his grey curious eye roved stealthily over the apartment and the person of its owner—whose linen trowsers, waistcoat opened at the breast, and uncovered arms, excited on so cold an evening no small surprise—he ventured to ask him, whether the warm work in which he seemed to be engaged were magic?

“Even so,” replied Ryecroft, with all the gravity he could command; “but, my excellent friend, start not—the branch of magic in which you now behold me occupied, belongs not to the black art, but is natural magic—the white, or the golden one, which has no kind of connection with the others. Golden, indeed, may I well term it, since it teaches, by the science of divine sublimations and transmutations, how to compound—that is, how to make—*Gold!*”

“Wheugh!” whistled the astonished and delighted lover of wealth, starting up and seizing our alchymist’s hand, which he almost wrung off in the fervour of his transport—“there’s some sense in that kind of magic! Ah! Master Ryecroft! I once fancied that I too had made, though in a different way, and with huge toil and trouble, a little of that same gold; but—”

Here poor Howison bent his head over the molten metal until his nose almost touched it; and whether its deleterious fumes, or the overwhelming consideration of Tony’s extraordinary power for the accumulation of wealth, deprived him of articulation, is uncertain; but decidedly he found himself unable to conclude his observation. Tony was kind enough partially to relieve him from his embarrassment:

“My good friend, you mean to say that you find gold of late neither so easy to obtain, nor, when once lost, to recover.” Howison sighed deeply, and looked perplexed. Tony continued:—“A man can’t help bad seasons; even with me, all is not fair weather; for instance, your visit this evening renders vain all the long labours of an entire day. The contents of that vessel are useless to me now.”

Consternation and horror were depicted on Howison’s countenance at this avowal; he managed to stammer out a few apologies for his unlucky intrusion, and tremulously to inquire the cause of so strange a fatality.

“Why, you see, my dear sir,” said Ryecroft, drawing his chair close to Howison’s, and assuming one of his best aspects of mystery—“hist! what was that?” looking cautiously round the room, “I hope that no one is present but ourselves.” “I hope—I believe so, too,” replied his terrified listener, not daring to look behind him, lest his eyes should encounter the apparition of a wicked Lord of the Wrekin, who was particular-

* Good neighbour—a respectful term for the fairies.

ly believed to trouble the deserted mansion-house, "I fancy, Master Ryecroft, it was only the wind which shrieks to-night."

"Well, sir, it might have been; but, as I was about to remark—when engaged in this little business, I am obliged to be particularly careful, since the White Art has determined enemies in those wicked spirits who are sole agents in the Black Art, and who are sure to trouble me whenever they discover that I am employed in the transmutation of metals. Nay, such is their boldness, that they sometimes intrude upon me, in the form of my most familiar friend; and had you, sir, happened to have been other than you seemed by your voice, you could not have withstood *bubasticon theologysticus*. But it is not interruption only from the spiritual world which I have to fear when at my profitable studies, but as there is as much magic in the art of making gold as there is in the shining metal when made, I can only undertake this business under certain conjunctions and influences of the planets; and should mortal shadow cross the heavenly houses, the dominant spirits are offended, and my power lost for the space of seventy hours."

This absurd jargon, which was relished by Howison in exact proportion to its unintelligibility, so exalted Tony in his credulous hearer's estimation, that, after gazing at him for some minutes in silent awe, he ventured to inquire whether so wise a man could not teach him some secret whereby to ensure good crops and sound cattle in future.

"To say the truth, sir," replied Ryecroft, "I have long been thinking of you in this very matter; for, admiring Kate Howison as I do, I cannot unmoved behold adversity overtake her sire; and if I have hitherto, when I knew the means of assisting you laid in my power, held my peace, attribute such conduct to any motives but indifference and unkindness. Perhaps I might dread the charge of impertinent interference in family affairs, which concerned not myself; or, perhaps, I might be aware of certain conditions which, of necessity, I must impose upon him whose fallen fortunes I desired to raise, and which would unhappily seem, in his eyes, to compromise the disinterestedness of my heart."

"Conditions! you mean my daughter's hand! By all that's holy, she shall be yours," exclaimed Howison, in ecstasy; "and, to say the truth, Tony, it was this very matter which brought me here to-night."

"Indeed!" answered the wily Ryecroft, "why, to be candid with you in return, I am not now so anxious about Kate, after her decided rejection of me. But come—my conditions are simply these: that you make over all your property to her whom I once loved; or rather, draw up an instrument which shall cause the revenue of your farm to revert, upon your decease, to him who shall then be her husband."

"It shall be done," cried Howison, in raptures; "what next?"

"If you can certainly assure me of the performance of this condition——"

"I can—I do."

"Then hearken to what I am going to communicate:—You are aware," he continued, "that Satan, (*bubasticon theologysticus*!) as Prince of the Air, is entrusted with the sole command of all tempests, winds, frosts, blights, &c., which, falling upon the earth, injure its fruits and cattle. This power then, ought, as far as is allowable, to be conciliated; and, if he be not, fearful is his vengeance upon the presumptuous mortal who insults him by disregarding his supremacy. In Scotland, therefore, it has been, from time immemorial, a sensible custom, to set apart a small portion, as a rood or two, or half an acre of arable ground, as an offering to the evil spirit, whom, for fear of offending, they designate by some friendly title, as good man, good fellow, &c.; this portion, which is left uncultivated, and, with certain ceremonies in which I am competent to instruct you, consecrated to the demon, is termed the 'Goodman's Croft,' in plain English, 'Fiend's Field.' Now, Master Howison, it has struck me that the late extraordinary losses of a man hitherto so thriving as yourself, can only be referred to your want of respect towards the dark power, who, perceiving you adding acre to acre, purchasing this field, and enclosing that portion of stony, sterile, waste land, without setting apart so much as half an inch for himself, has resented the neglect, you best know how."

"Nothing more likely," answered Howison.

The advice consequent upon this communication was, that Howison should enclose a fresh portion of common, not the old worn ground, and that there should be an annual sacrifice of a black cock and a sheep's heart stuck with pins, in the croft at midnight. The ceremonies of the consecration, Master Ryecroft was, at his leisure, to arrange. Howison then took his leave, sincerely thankful and marvellously enlightened; repeating incessantly, during his dreary homeward walk, (as far as he could count the syllables,) the mysterious exclamation to which the alchemist had attached so magical a meaning.

Kate Howison and Walter now saw with despair, that their hopes were to be frustrated by avarice on one side, and craftiness on the other; and whilst they felt themselves the victims of Ryecroft, they knew that Howison was his dupe. Kate, however, who still retained, in spite of her father's sordid feelings, some little influence over his hard heart, gained, by tears, entreaties, and other all-prevailing female arguments, the respite of one entire year ere her dreaded union with Ryecroft; for, as Howison could not help acknowledging, there was some reason in her observation, that she would then be of age, and he himself would have had an opportunity of proving whether Tony had actually ensured to him the promised prosperity.

It was the evening of the 31st of October, the celebrated vigil of All Saint's Day—more familiarly known, perhaps, as the Scottish and Irish Hallowe'en—when Howison, after frequent conferences with Tony Ryecroft, proceeded to act

for, and by himself, according to the adept's instructions. He had lately enclosed a considerable portion of the Wrekinwolds, lying at a distance of about three miles from his home, and behind some of the highest of the hills. The Fiend's Field, a full and fair acre of this acquisition, was situated at its extremity, and was upon this auspicious evening to be consecrated. Howison, who had invited a party of his daughter's young friend's, Walter and Ryecroft among them, to burn nuts and try charms with her, drank deep potations of strong ale; and, at a signal given by Ryecroft, soon after the clock had struck eleven, wrapped himself in his great frieze coat, took down his massy oaken cudgel, and sallied forth—joked, of course, by his juvenile guests, who asserted that he was going to dip his shirt-sleeves in the fairy spring beyond the hills. Heedless of their jests, Howison went on his way, but with an exceedingly heavy heart, thus to quit a warm fire-side, blythe company, and excellent cheer, for a long, dreary, and cold walk over the Wrekinwolds—the wind howling, the rain falling in sullen, heavy drops, the night dark as death, and such a night, too! the witching one of all the year, and its witching hour so nigh! And what was he going to do? unto whom to offer sacrifice? To be sure he did it but as a mere piece of foolish formality, to please Ryecroft; there could be nothing sinful in such a frolic, more than in those simple charms in which he knew, at twelve o'clock, all the gay youths and maidens at the Grange would be engaged.

Thus, alternately a prey to the smittings of conscience and the sophistries which were to heal them, and frequently whistling, singing, and repeating aloud the efficacious scrap of magical lore taught him by Tony, Howison contrived to find his way across hilly, arable, and waste lands, to his new territory. The walls of an old stone building, of which the country people could give no satisfactory account, stood in the portion fenced off for the Fiend's Field. Some believed it to have been a Catholic chapel, dedicated to St. Hubert, the hunter's patron, and thence termed Hubb's House on the Hill; some thought it an ancient watch-tower, whilst others, referring its origin to the Romans, thought they displayed an extraordinary share of erudition by the conjecture. All, however, agreed that it had been for ages the resort of fairies, apparitions, and witches, who held an annual festival on the Wrekin, though on what night of the year none could positively say, since no person had ever yet been found sufficiently courageous to watch in and about Hubb's House, in order to effect so important a discovery.

The recollection of these traditions, tended by no means to raise the sinking spirits of Howison, whose teeth fairly chattered with affright, and whose limbs almost failed him, as he groped his way into the building, where Ryecroft had assured him he must offer the propitiatory sacrifice. The slightest degree of fear was to be deprecated, as liable to incense the being whom he came to conciliate; a circumstance that added to his tre-

pidation. Terror and fatigue, occasioned by the pace at which he had walked to reach the ruin ere the stroke of midnight, caused him to sink almost exhausted upon the ground; but, recovering, he took from his pocket a tinder-box and matches, struck a light and set fire to a previously prepared pile of furze, sticks, and fagots, mingled with turf, damp earth, and stones, in order to prevent its immediate combustion. Then, taking from a niche in the ruined wall, the black cock and the heart brought for this sacrifice during the day by Tony and himself, he cast them upon the blazing altar, meaning to utter an invocation taught him for the occasion, when unluckily out slipped by mistake the more familiar phrase, whose signification, according to Ryecroft, was "Demon, *avaunt*."

Immediately a burst of wild, deriding laughter, so loud that it shook the walls of the crazy building, and seemed echoed and re-echoed by every stone, saluted the ears of Howison, and this had no sooner subsided, than a voice, whose tone seemed to freeze the very blood at his heart, exclaimed, "Fool! *Paspapa iconathem dentimasticon*, thou would'st say. Wherefore am I summoned?" The white curling smoke, which had, upon the firing of the combustible altar, rolled in gross, suffocating volumes around the narrow area enclosed by the ruined walls, having found a vent through the roofless tower as through an ample chimney, now rose majestically upwards in a dense white column, mingled with bright streams of ascending flame; so that Howison was clearly enabled to discern standing before him a black and gigantic apparition, whose dusky countenance was stern and sorrowful, and whose glittering eyes, illumined by the reflection of the burning materials, glowed like living fires. Howison, at length, in faltering accents, gave utterance to the lesson he had studied.

"I, a poor fortune-fallen mortal, have summoned thee, in order to crave for the future fruitful crops and sound cattle; is my sacrifice accepted?"

"Art thou ready," interrupted the power, gloomily, "to fulfil the terms agreed upon by our trusty servant, Anthony Ryecroft?"

The mortal bowed his assent, for terror had sealed his tongue.

"Thy sacrifice is accepted then," pronounced the demon; "see that thou fail not in thy compact, lest when we meet again, for we *shall* meet again—"

"I know it!" groaned Howison: "upon this same night next year, shall we—"

At this moment the distant church-clock slowly chimed twelve; the blazing altar became suddenly extinct; a hollow rushing sound echoed through the ruin, and Howison, half frenzied darted from its shade.

Wild, wet, and haggard, at about ten minutes to one, he entered the Grange; his guests were gone, and Kate, beside a cheerful fire, was awaiting her father's return in a mood as cheerful, ready to jest with him upon his secret expedition; but when he rushed in with the wildness of

a maniac, and sat with staring eyes fixed on the fire, without uttering a syllable, the poor alarmed girl could only ask him, in broken accents, what he had done, what he had seen. At length she placed in his damp, cold hand, a glass of mulled ale; and, a little refreshed, he replied to her remonstrances, "Go to bed, child—to bed, I say; but remember your father in your prayers, for he may never pray again." And he left his terrified and hapless daughter to muse upon and to mourn the dreadful meaning of his words.

During the ensuing year it was singular that Howison had not the slightest occasion to complain of a bad season, scanty damaged crops, or diseased cattle; he and Ryecroft lived upon terms of extreme intimacy, while Walter Burton and Kate still continued, though more covertly than heretofore, their affectionate intercourse; but some rumours getting afloat that Howison having entered into a compact with the evil power, had consecrated to him that acre of his estate in which stood the old haunted chapel of St. Hubert, the inhabitants of Wrekinswold, though not, as we hinted at the commencement of our tale, the most virtuous peasantry in existence, looked coldly and askance upon him, taking credit to themselves for superior sanctity, because they had not fallen so deeply into the gulf of perdition.

The marriage of Ryecroft and Kate was fixed for the first of November, in the year succeeding that in which the sacrifice was consummated; consequently the anniversary of this event, which was to be observed with similar ceremonies, fell upon the vigil of All-Hallows and of her bridal. A larger party than that which had assembled at the Grange the year preceding, were now met for the double purpose of celebrating the rites of "spritely" Hallowe'en, and the approaching nuptials of one so universally beloved. This party—when Kate beheld her father depart, as he had done exactly a twelvemonth before, on his mysterious nocturnal errand—she strove to detain until his return, conjecturing that his second ramble would not be longer than the first. One o'clock, however, struck, and the rustic company rose to depart; the rival lovers, only, perceiving her anxiety for her father, would not quit her. Ryecroft pressed her much to retire to rest, urging, that as she must rise early in order to prepare for a ceremony which was to take place at eight o'clock, she needed repose. His entreaties were replied to in a tone of bitterness which with Kate was very unusual; and, after an apology from Ryecroft, for having unintentionally offended, the trio maintained a gloomy silence, anxiously listening for the steps of Howison. But nothing stirred to interrupt the awful stillness (which began to press upon the hearts of the alarmed party like a heavy weight) save the dropping embers and the unwearying click of the clock.

The hour of two at length struck, louder, each fancied, than it had ever done before; and Kate, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "One hour longer will I await my father, and, if he return not then,

he shall be sought, for harm hath surely happened unto him!" She described his agitation upon his return upon the Hallowe'en past from his nocturnal expedition, which, she now declared her conviction, was undertaken for unhallowed purposes, adding—"And now that we are on the subject, do tell me, Master Ryecroft, what my poor father meant by purchasing a piece of land which still lies fallow, and which, it seems, he never intends to cultivate?"

Tony refused to afford her the slightest information, and his companions witnessed with surprise the ashy paleness of his countenance, and a perplexity, perturbation, and terror, which all his efforts at ease and self-possession were inefficient to conceal. He had frequent recourse to some brandy, which, with the remains of the All-Hallowmass supper, still stood on the table, and, at last, overcome by the frequency of the application, he fell into a profound slumber.

"Were it not," said Kate, "for my uneasiness respecting my father, I could laugh at the unlover-like figure of that reprobate, and at the trick we have played him. Ah, Walter! how strangely surprised will he be to-morrow when I declare in church—Hark! did you not hear a noise?"

Nothing, in fact, was stirring, yet Kate unfastened the door of the house nearest the road by which she knew her father must return, and looked out. It was a clear, frosty moonlight night, but no Howison appeared; and as the hour passed without his arrival, Burton began, like poor Kate, to forebode the worst; so insisting that she should retire, and suffering Ryecroft to remain where he was and sleep off the effects of the brandy, he set forth alone in quest of the unhappy Howison. Kate threw herself upon the bed in her clothes, and, having for another hour prayed as fervently as she wept bitterly, sunk exhausted into a kind of doze that might rather be termed stupefaction than repose. From this state she was aroused by a violent rapping at her chamber door: it was now full daylight, though the morning was cold and cloudy.

"Kate, my dear girl, for heaven's sake, come here!" exclaimed Walter, as he still knocked and lifted in vain the latch of the bolted door.

This was followed by a mingling of voices, a low deep hum as of consternation and sorrow. With trembling hand, Kate unfastened the door, and Walter, drawing her gently from the chamber, endeavoured in a tender and soothing tone to prepare her mind for the fatal tidings.

"Gracious God!" cried the afflicted girl, "my father—my poor father—is then no more! Speak, is it not so? And Ryecroft is his murderer!"

"Hush, dear Kate, hush! we may not, without cause, thus put any man's life in jeopardy. Ryecroft, suspicious as is his flight from Wrekinswold, was, you know, sitting with us when this lamentable accident befel your poor father; whose body I found at some distance from hence, bearing, as you will perceive, when you have sufficient firmness to gaze upon it, every indica-

tion of having been destroyed by gunpowder, or something like it."

A neighbour now entered, panting for breath. He brought tidings that Hubb's House was totally demolished—not one stone being left upon another! that fragments of the building were strewn about Goodman's Croft and the fields near it, and that all were blackened and burnt, as if the place had been destroyed by an explosion.

"How curious is it," observed Kate, looking up through her tears, after an hour or two had elapsed, "that neither my unhappy parent, nor Anthony Ryecroft, should be here on this eventful morning, to learn that I became your wife three months ago!"

The opinion now entertained was, that Ryecroft had endeavoured to secure immediately that wealth for which alone he desired the heiress of the infatuated Howison; and that only a few hours previous to the marriage, when he might fancy that nothing could delay it, luring his luckless dupe, under superstitious pretences, to a lonely and shunned ruin, in the middle of the night, he there accomplished his destruction; having instigated him to light a pile of combustible materials, which contained, unknown to his victim, a quantity of gunpowder. The rustics of Wrekinswold, however, tenacious of the superstitions of their day and country, affirmed, that as Howison failed to perform the promise, his daughter being already married, the evil one had thought proper to carry off the soul of the unfortunate man in a tempest of sulphur and fire; leaving behind, to ensure the destruction of Ryecroft, the blackened and mangled corpse.

Ryecroft was, in the course of a few days, apprehended and securely lodged in Shrewsbury jail. Being convicted upon another serious and singular charge, he was sentenced to suffer the

extreme penalty of the law. An execution having been levied upon the rich Tony for debt, amongst his other property were found certain instruments, engines, and utensils, moulds, and metals, which clearly proved him to belong to a gang of coiners, for whose apprehension the magistrates of Shropshire had been long on the alert. He refused to betray his accomplices in "the divine art of transmutation;" and, to the last, persisted in denying with the most solemn asseverations, any implication in the murder of Howison, save that which had unhappily accrued to him by the fatal termination of a mere youthful frolic, got up, he affirmed, for the purpose of obtaining a wealthy alliance, and of creating a profound idea of his own knowledge and power. Leaving this mysterious subject still in darkness, thus died the crafty Ryecroft. But for some years after the catastrophe of our story, it was a tradition current amongst the inhabitants of Wrekinswold, that annually, upon the eve of All Saint's Day, those who happened to cross the site of Hubb's House at midnight, would behold the apparition of Howison; an elderly man, who appears with vain labour to be gathering and piling visionary stones, which sink down and disperse as soon as collected; when, should the startled wanderer on the Wrekin take courage to ask the phantom who he is and what he does, he will civilly and sadly reply—

"Friend, go thy way, and heap not up riches which thou knowest not who shall inherit. Beware, I say, of the chaff which fitteth away at the breath of the least wind, even as thou perceivest these stones to do, wherewith I strive for ever and for ever to erect an altar to the Goodman of the Croft; and from which I labour through everlasting years—but in vain—to clear the Field of my great master—the FRIEND!"

TO HIM I LOVE.

If ever the dew-drop was loved by the flower,
When panting it droop'd in its hot summer bower;
If e'er to the peasant soft evening was dear,
When his calm cottage home in the valley was near;
If ever the heather was sweet to the bee,
Beloved! thy affection is dearer to me!

If ever the eagle was proud of his might,
As his eye met the sun in his heavenward flight;
If ever old ocean was proud of his waves,
As foaming they roll'd over brave seamen's graves;
If captive e'er triumph'd when ransom'd and free,
I am proud of thy truth—thy devotion to me!

If ever the exile on far foreign shore
Sigh'd for friendship's kind smile, he might never see more;
If e'er the sweet nightingale wail'd in the grove,
When she miss'd the soft call of her answering love,
I pine for thy presence so blessed to me,
And waste my young spirit in weeping for thee!

But still in my sorrow one ray pours its light,
Like the moon when it bursts on the darkness of night;
If ever the bow spann'd in glory the heaven,
If ever the bark through the blue deep was driven,
If ever the summer brought calm to the sky,
Our souls are unchanged in their faith till we die!

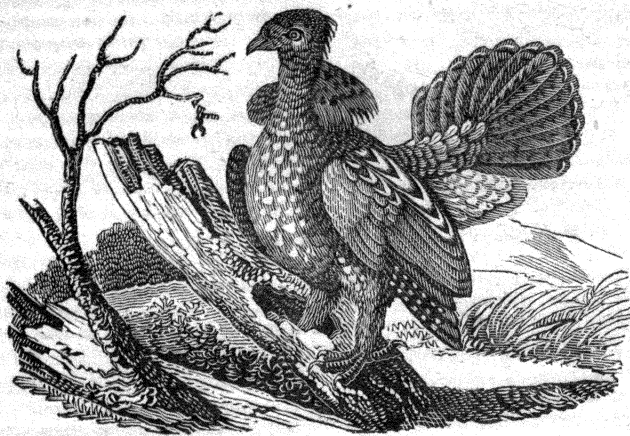
TO FANNY.

'Twas for a season brief and fleet,
My eyes were charmed by sight of thee,
But oh! the passing hour was sweet,
An age of bliss and love to me.
I heard thee speak, thy liquid voice
Excited many a blissful thought;
But though thou art another's choice,
Can I forget her whom I sought?

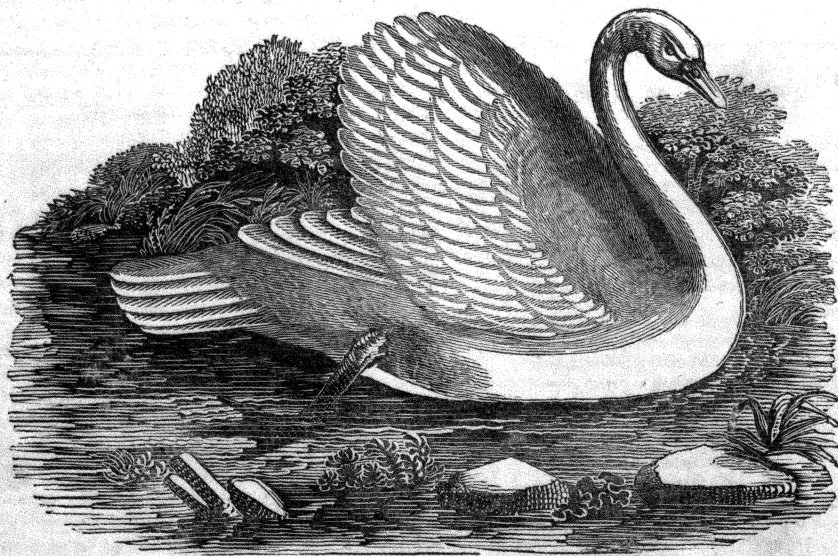
I never see thine eye of blue,
Or view thy heavenly moulded form,
But think the angels must be few,
By whom such matchless looks are worn.
'Thou art my deity, my shrine,
The star I love that beams afar—
Shedding a radiance all divine,
A guiding and a cheering star.

Oh! do not ask me to forget,
Or doubt but I must fondly cherish
Those happy times in which we met,
Nor cease to think but when I perish.
And when thou'rt wedded to another,
Howe'er my wretched heart be riven,
Yet still my feelings I will smother,
"And pray to meet thee but in Heaven."

THE YELLOW GROUSE.



THE TAME SWAN.



THE RUFFED GROUSE.

THE Ruffed Grouse is a well known English bird; in this country it is usually called the Pheasant: in size, it is about midway between that bird and the Partridge; its plumage is a beautiful variety of brown and black; the end of the tail is barred with black on an ash colour; the bill is of a brownish horn colour; the legs are covered with fine white feathers: the toes are pectinated, and joined at their bottoms by membranes. Mr. John Bartram has given the following curious account of the Ruffed Heath-bird:—"This is a fine bird when his gaiety is displayed; that is, when he spreads his tail like a Turkey, and erects a circle of feathers round his neck like a ruff, walking very stately, with an even pace, and making a noise something like a Turkey; at which time the hunter must fire immediately at him, or he flies away directly two or three hundred yards, before he settles on the ground. There is something very remarkable in what we call their thumping; which they do with their wings, by clapping them against their sides, as the hunters say. They stand upon an old fallen tree, that has lain many years on the ground, where they begin their strokes gradually, at about two seconds of time distant from one another, and repeat them quicker and quicker, until they make a noise like thunder at a distance; which continues, from the beginning, about a minute, then ceaseth for about six or eight minutes before it begins again. The sound is heard near half a mile, by which means they are discovered by the hunters."

THE TAME SWAN.

THE Wild Swan is endowed with a fine form, to which it is enabled to impart the most graceful motion, and possesses plumage of the finest white imaginable. Wild swans inhabit the northern parts of the world, but migrate southward when the weather threatens to become unusually severe. They are also said to assemble, in immense multitudes, on the lakes, at the setting in of the frosty season, and, by constant motion, and continually beating the water with their wings, prevent such parts as they prefer, or which abound with food, from freezing. The food of the Wild Swan consists of seeds and roots of plants, insects, and fish. The female builds a nest of water-weeds, and usually lays six or eight white eggs. Our reader has, doubtless, heard of the supposed musical voice of the dying Swan: an error which was so generally adopted by the ancients, that a Swan became symbolical of poetry. The truth is, that the Wild Swan emits only a harsh and unpleasant sound: and the voice of the Tame Swan is altogether destitute of power or sweetness.

The Tame Swan is larger, and of a stouter form than the wild species: it has a reddish, or orange-coloured beak, with a large black knob on the base of the upper mandible; the Wild Swan's beak is black, and its cere yellow. But the greatest distinction is in the internal organization: the windpipe of the Tame Swan is simple in its form: that of the Wild Swan enters into a cavity prepared for its reception in the breast-bone, and is doubled therein, before it enters the lungs: this, it is said, enables the bird to utter its singular, harsh, and powerful note. The plumage of the Tame Swan, in whiteness, is equal to that of the wild species. Its food consists of fish and water-plants. The female makes her nest in the weeds of some islet, or the bank of the water on which she is kept: she lays from six to eight white eggs; and the young, which are called cygnets, are hatched in six weeks, or (as some writers say) two months. The cygnets are of a fine brown colour, and do not obtain their perfect plumage for the first year of their lives.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

BARON ZACH, an eminent astronomer, computes that there may be a thousand millions of stars in the heavens.—(Art. Astronomy, Encyclop. Brit.)—If we suppose each star to be a sun, and attended by ten planets (leaving comets out of the calculation,) we have ten thousand millions of globes like the earth, within what are considered the bounds of the known universe. As there are *suns* to give light throughout all these systems, we may infer that there are also *eyes* to behold it, and beings, whose nature in this one important particular, is analogous to our own. To form an idea of the infinitely small proportion which our earth bears to this vast aggregate of systems, let us suppose 5,000 blades of grass to grow upon a square yard, from which we find, by calculation, that a meadow one mile long, by two-thirds of a mile in breadth, will contain 10,000 millions of blades of grass. Let us then imagine such a meadow stretches out to the length of a mile before us, and the proportion which a *single blade of grass bears to the whole herbage on its surface*—will express the relation which our earth bears to the known universe! But even this is exclusive, probably, of millions of suns "bosomed" in the unknown depths of space, and placed for ever beyond our ken, or the light of which may not have had time to travel down to us since the period of their creation.

OLD MAIDS.

I LOVE an old maid; I do not speak of an individual, but of the species—I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself; she has escaped a great change, and sympathises not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear her called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in heaven; some people say they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. There is a something about them which is not of the earth, earthly. They are spectators of the world, not adventurers nor rambles; perhaps guardians—we say nothing of tattlers. They are evidently predestinated to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all, not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as ninety and nine out of a hundred of my married acquaintance. Why then are they single? Heaven only knows. It is their fate!—*Englishman's Magazine.*

THE PARTING.

I LOVED as none have ever loved,
 Whate'er their love might be,
 Else would not parting with her wrung
 Such bitter pangs from me.
 Yet musing on what might have been,
 I dream my time away;
 'Tis idle as my early dreams,
 But, ah! 'tis not so gay.

If aught of pleasure yet is mine—
 A pleasure mixed with pain—
 'Tis pond'ring on the days gone by,
 Which ne'er can come again!
 When she, all lovely as she's still,
 Blushed when I call'd her fair,
 And, if she never bade me hope,
 She ne'er bade me despair.

For thee, dear maid, I fondly sigh'd,
 For thee I now repine,
 Since Fate has sworn in solemn words,
 Thou never canst be mine!
 Yet fondly do I love thee still,
 Though hope ne'er mingles there;
 A wilder passion sways me now—
 'Tis love join'd to despair.

Farewell, a world whose gayest scenes
 No pleasure bring to me;
 I'd hate its smile, did I not think
 It may give joy to thee.
 But, if thou ever lov'dst like me,
 No joy will light thine eye,
 Save transient gleams, like wintry funs,
 Short glancing in the sky.

THE EARLY DEAD.

He rests—but not the rest of sleep
 Weighs down his sunken eyes,
 The rigid slumber is too deep,
 The calm too breathless lives;
 Shrunk are the wandering veins that streak
 The fixed and marble brow,
 There is no life-flush on the cheek—
 Death! Death! I know thee now.

Pale King of Terrors, thou art here
 In all thy dark array;
 But 'tis the living weep and fear
 Beneath thine iron sway:—
 Bring flowers and crown the Early Dead,
 Their hour of bondage past;
 But wo, for those who mourn and dread,
 And linger to the last.

Spring hath its music and its bloom,
 And morn its glorious light;
 But till a shadow from the tomb,
 A sadness and a blight
 Are ever on earth's loveliest things—
 The breath of change is there,
 And Death his dusky banner flings
 O'er all that's loved and fair.

So let it be—for ne'er on earth
 Should man his home prepare;
 The spirit feels its heavenly birth
 And spurns at mortal care.
 Even when young Worth and Genius die
 Let no vain tears be shed,
 But bring bright wreaths of victory,
 And crown the Early Dead.

THE DARK DAY.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

It cannot have escaped the observation of a great portion of my readers, that in the wildest moments of lunacy with which those are afflicted who suffer from a derangement of intellect, there appear so many gleams of reason shooting across the darkness of the mind, that we sometimes half suspect, that a portion of the appearance of intellectual aberration may be assumed to serve some sinister motive. In watching the movements of the unhappy beings of my own species, who have been subjected to fits of hallucination, I have noticed sudden stops in their unguarded conversation, a semi-remembrance, as if they were conscious that their mind and tongue had strayed into an improper track, but as if they felt incapable of measuring the extent of their wanderings. This half recovery of ideas, has often induced in me, a wish to know whether the time in which a human being is deprived of the exercise of reason, is blank in his existence, or whether he maintains in the happiest hours of its full exercise, a recollection of his wanderings, of which shame or delicacy forbids him to speak. There is a sacredness in the misfortunes of such persons, that forbids intrusion; and those even who have been callous enough to mock at their eccentricities in the season of their unhappiness,

have rarely been so destitute of the delicacy of nature, as to insult them in their reflecting hours, by reference to actions or words, for which neither God nor man will hold them accountable.

I am indebted to a deep and inextinguishable love of the scenery of my boyish days, for a look into the heart of man, when reason is not permitted to bring into order the chaos of its teeming productions.

Wandering some years since, upon the shores of Plymouth Bay, and amusing myself with the recollection of the events of childhood, which made every rock an acquaintance, I was called from my pleasing, but, perhaps, unprofitable employment, by the appearance of a stranger, who had been, till that moment, seated behind the projections of a rock. I saluted him, with the respect which his years required, and which the education of that portion of our country especially enjoins, and ventured to hope that he had found as much in the scenery before us to excite agreeable emotions as I had.—“You appear to look at the bay and deeply indented shores,” said the stranger, “as one to whom they are not familiar. Novelty in scenery, always excites pleasing sensations; but it is only when

connected with events of happy issue, that we experience delight in renewing our acquaintance with inanimate nature." I assured him that whatever pleasure I might receive from the rich prospect which lay before me, any sensations at the sight I perceived arose from a recollection of my childish adventures upon these shores.—"You are then a native of Kingston," said he: I pointed to the house at our left, which contained the last of those in that place to whom I could claim consanguinity.

"You will probably recollect me," said the stranger. I replied in the negative. "My name," said he, "is —." "I remember several," said I, "of that name, but only one which could be of your age; and he, if I recollect aright, was too deeply afflicted to be allowed the privilege which we enjoy—climbing at pleasure the accumulation of rocks which surround us, or wandering along this shore, possessing freedom of body and mind."

The slight hectic flush which passed over the ashy visage of the stranger, convinced me that I had awakened unpleasant sensations.

I gazed with some attention upon his face, and recognized the features of a man whom, in my boyish days, I had seen confined in a small cell, where his ravings were familiar to every person within a mile of his wretched abode; in a moment the threats of revenge and dreadful imprecations that I had heard him vent from the single opening of his wretched den, came fresh upon my mind, and that too, with a fear lest he should visit upon me, the injuries which he thought he had received at the hands of others, and to which I had apparently awakened his recollection. I therefore turned to leave him, but as I caught his eye, I found it bent rather in sorrow than anger, upon the shore of the distant beach that skirts the outer edge of the bay; some painful recollections were pressing upon his mind, and he appeared absorbed in thoughts that sprang from the events of other years.

My attempt to turn away recalled his attention.

"I was looking," said he, "upon yonder beach—once a-year I visit it in solitude; 'tis strange how its features have changed. As I sit upon this rock and gaze at its distant cliffs, I seem to see all the points and deep indentations that marked it forty years ago. I can at such moments—I did even now, clearly discover the projecting point that met the force of the whole channel's current, and from which I dragged —"

The man started as he approached a subject which evidently excited in him a most painful recollection. He passed his hand repeatedly over his forehead, and walked with a hurried and uneven step several paces backward and forward. I recollected at the moment, that there had been some story current among the children, relative to the cause of his lunacy; and it appeared as if something of disappointment in affection had been assigned as the cause. While framing in my mind some question that might lead him to a more distinct reference to the melancholy

subject, without myself incurring the charge of indelicacy, he seated himself upon a large stone near me, and applying some of the wet rock-weed to his forehead, he remained for a moment silent.

At length, throwing from him the moist weed, he muttered to himself, "It is of no avail; nothing—nothing will cool the burning fever in my head, which this prospect excites; and yet, whatever be my determination, to this point do all my movements tend."

Whatever were the man's feelings, there was no parade of grief; he was, I venture to say, perfectly unconscious of my presence; his eye had been upon the distant beach, and if thought ever sits in the eye, there was a multitude in his. I approached him, and recalled his attention; I endeavoured to weaken the impressions which present objects were making upon him, by leading him gradually to subjects unconnected with them; at the same time evincing my sympathy with that portion of his grief which I could understand; we parted after a short conversation, and I did not learn until some days after, that my attention to his sufferings had created in him a desire to renew our acquaintance.

Our next meeting convinced me of what I had been taught when in my childhood, that his mind was stored with some of the best of European literature; he appeared familiar with books, which even now are scarcely to be found in our most literary circles; and he frequently illustrated his remarks by referring to authors that I had never heard mentioned in that portion of the country; and he, it was certain, had never been thirty miles from the place we then occupied.

To express my astonishment at his knowledge, would have been a breach of decorum, and yet to suffer such a discovery to pass without astonishment, would be impossible. To hear him quote Virgil or Homer in their native language, would not have been surprising, because Virgil and Homer were among the common school books of the place; but the language of Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, were as familiar to him, as the language of his bible. His reference to authors did not appear to be any exercise of vanity on his part; and if it was made for any other purpose than to illustrate an idea, or enrich a phrase, it must have been to check a reprehensible vanity evident on my part, to make my own acquaintance with *modern* classics appear superior to his.

Tasso, he had not seen for many years, yet he quoted his expressions with ease. It was not the language of Hoole, indeed, but it had more the spirit of the original. I ventured to enquire of him how he had obtained a knowledge of authors which I had never heard named in the circle in which he had always lived; he appeared at first unwilling to answer. At length, as if having conquered his objections, he replied:—

"I have for years brooded in silence over my *miserics*, and that very silence may have added to them. The question which you ask may

easily be answered: but in replying, I shall only give occasion for new enquiries. If you have any wish to hear my tale of misery, you shall be gratified."

I signified my desire—"Be seated then," said he, "and whatever you feel, do not betray your emotions; my own sensations will be, I fear, too much for me."

"Many years since, how many it matters not, but *then*, these locks that are now gray as the sea-gull that is floating in yonder channel, were black as the plumes of the dark bird that hovers upon yonder crag. I was on a visit with a portion of my father's family, in Plymouth; it was one of those brilliant days in February, which from their being almost sure precursors of a storm, are called by the people of the shores by the unpropitious name of 'weather-breeders.'—It was indeed a beautiful day; but men, instead of being cheated by its fair promises, appeared busy in guarding against the fulfilment of its portents; boats that were beyond the Gurnet and the Beach returned; and the vessels that were at the wharves were carefully secured. I remember with a distinctness, sometimes astonishing to myself, the look of anxiety that rested upon the countenance of almost every individual I passed; the young were securing and sheltering all that might be injured by a storm; the old and decrepit ascended the 'burying hill,' to watch the changes of the atmosphere, and observe whether every boat had returned from the offing, which had departed the morning previous. One by one they all came in; for the indications of the day were too evident; and the sun slowly retired from a cloudless sky, leaving the observers of 'times and seasons,' upon the hill, to calculate the quarter in which the storm would commence; at length the cold caused them to descend, and the people of Plymouth, and perhaps those upon the coast, from Race Point to Cape Ann, were never more fervent in their evening prayers, for the care of the Almighty upon them 'who go down upon the sea in ships.'"

"About midnight I was awakened, and on going to the window, I found that the storm was indeed up. The wind was blowing a tremendous gale, and the whole air, notwithstanding the light of a full moon, was thickened to obscurity, by the driving snow. I was but a short distance from the wharves, and the wild whistling of the wind among the rigging of the vessels, and the rattling of the ropes against the masts and other spars, were appalling—once or twice, I thought I discovered a flash of lightning. I waited in vain the thunder; at length a part of the family entered my room, for the purpose of looking out upon the bay; they might as well have attempted to see through the solid walls of the house, as to discover distant objects, among the falling snow; but more accustomed to the events of such a night, and less distracted by the din of the tempest, the men assured me that the light which we occasionally observed, was the flash of a cannon, the sound of which did not reach us through the other clamour and disturbance above

and around us. A momentary pause in the wind rendered it no longer doubtful; 'some vessel,' said my relation, 'has put into the "*Cow Yard*,"* and is dragging her anchors towards the Beach, may the Lord have mercy on the poor souls which it contains; the vessel will go to pieces upon the flats, and there can, in that case, be no hope of saving a single life.'

"But I knew that they of Plymouth never relinquished exertion or hopes, in behalf of the suffering, till possibility itself ceased. When it was, fully ascertained that the light and noise noticed were signals of distress, it was determined to attempt every possible means of aid to those whose situation it was known were most perilous. A knocking at the outer door gave notice that others had observed the signals; and in half an hour, more than a dozen persons were ready to go down upon the shores of the Beach. Against the warm protestations of my friends, I determined to be of the party, though sensible that my strength would enable me to do but little good to others, if, indeed, I could stand the force of the wind and snow myself. Before we reached the beach, however, the snow had nearly ceased, but every moment increased the intensity of the cold; and we felt, added to every other fear of distress, the almost certainty that any being who might be thrown ashore alive, would be frozen before we could reach him. We had guarded ourselves with the utmost precautions against the frost, by putting on as many of the warmest garments as we could support the weight of."

On ascending a high point of land, an eminence that the storms and tempests have long since swept level with the tide, we paused, to look down the bay for the vessel that had given the signal; we could see none: thick as was the atmosphere, it was evident that an object of that magnitude might be discerned even at a greater distance. 'She must have gone to pieces upon Brown's Island,' said Robbins, 'or have been thrown upon the lowest point of the beach, before the wind *hauled* in—in either case there is little hope of the lives of the crew.' We paused to make a disposition of our party, that by taking different directions, they might the sooner discover any objects of distress, and thus minister earlier to their wants; as every moment at such a time was of the utmost importance. As we were about separating, the moon broke through a cloud, and we discovered one or two dark objects upon the water, driving almost with the rapidity of thought upon a strong current and before a violent gale up the 'back channel.'—Deliberation was no longer necessary—every one directed his course to the shore. My companions who were more accustomed to the weight of their heavy garments than I, far outstripped me. I reached the shore more than a quarter of a mile to the leeward of them, and directly where the channel sets in upon the beach, making at a full tide a bold shore and

* An anchorage within the capes of Plymouth Bay.

deep water. I could see that all were engaged in rescuing either property or the bodies of human beings. I saw various articles, shooting by me, trunks, barrels, bales, and the numerous fixtures of a merchant ship; they were beyond my reach, and altogether unworthy a personal risk to rescue them. At length, an object which, until within a few yards of me, had been invisible, arrested my attention. It was a part of the upper works of the ship, with some human being clinging to it with a powerful grasp, but apparently totally insensible of any help being near. I had with me a small rope of considerable length, one end of which was made fast round my body, and to the other was attached a large hook; I coiled it instantly in my hand and threw it with a force and precision, worthy the objects at which I directed it. The rope fell over the wood at which I aimed, and in drawing it towards me, the hook caught as I desired. With every care I pulled gently but steadily, and was ready to lay my hand upon the body of the sufferer, when the strong current against which I had dragged both objects, swept the wretched being from the railing, and left my hook entangled in the wood. The current of the channel, as I mentioned, set directly in, towards the point of land I occupied, and it swept out with an equal force; so that I could gain nothing by pursuing the object along the shore.

"One only hope remained, that I could re-coil my rope and throw it, before the tide had swept the being beyond its length. It was the work of a second; yet, in that second what crowds of thoughts rushed upon my mind; the heavy hook might not reach, or if it should, it might not take a hold, and no second effort could be made—it might too, strike the head, when its blow would finish what the storms and waves had begun; there was, however, a hope, and I gathered up my strength for one great effort, and cast off the coil with such a force, that it almost drew me after it. 'May God direct it,' said I, in the fervour of my zeal. I could discover, before the rope had uncoiled, the body sink in the trough of a sea—it was a sight of despair—' 'tis too late,' said I; but the wave as it caused the head to fall, flung up into the operation of the wind, the border of a outer garment, the hook caught it—I will not attempt to describe what I felt as I drew towards me the object of my labours, and trembled lest every surge should break the hold of my hook; at last the body was within my grasp. I dragged it from the waters, and discovered, as I laid it upon the snow, that it was the delicate form of a female: insensible, indeed, but not, as I believed, entirely lifeless. To have staid to rescue others, would have been to insure the death of the being before me. My outer garment was completely wet, I threw off that, and taking the next, wrapped it around the female, then lifting her in my arms, I bore her towards the nearest habitation, then far distant.

"Before I had proceeded many rods, I discovered several of the inhabitants coming down the beach; they had taken the precaution to

drive a cart with them: I laid my charge in that, and we returned as rapidly as possible towards a house at the head of the beach. Notwithstanding the cold of the morning, the gentle motion of the cart, and the additional warmth imparted by the garments of the other persons, induced many symptoms of returning animation in the female, before we reached the house. When, however, she was laid in a warm bed, and suitable restoratives had been administered by the females of the family, a task to which they were by no means strangers, and upon the discharge of which they entered with an alacrity, that bespoke the native goodness of their heart; their new patient gave evidence of a sensibility to their kindness, and I returned with the men to the beach. Several bodies had been thrown on shore, and others were seen drifting up the channel. None had exhibited any signs of life, and as almost all of them were frozen, attempts at resuscitation were deemed unnecessary.

"While a party was detailed to collect such articles of the wreck and the scattered cargo as should be washed upon the beach, others gathered the dead bodies, laid them in the cart, and attended them to the Court House in Plymouth; they were afterwards buried. No stone, however, was placed over the remains of these unfortunate beings, as has been over those who have subsequently shared the same fate.

"Many days passed before the female, the only person saved from the vessel, recovered sufficient strength to inquire, or rather to be suffered to inquire into her own situation, and after the fate of those who were her companions in the shipwreck—with all the delicacy that such a case required, she was informed of the fate of her companions; a feeling of agony was evident upon her countenance. She raised her head, and enquired whether an aged man with a beard, had been discovered; none such had been seen—she dropped her head upon her breast, and repeated some words, unintelligible to the company.

"It was sometime after the conference to which I have referred, that I ventured to enter the room which the stranger occupied, although I had been a daily visitant at the house since the morning of the shipwreck. There was, I felt, an indelicacy in my visiting her; she had been informed of my agency in her rescue; it was possible that in her weak state, a call, on my part, might have induced an exercise of strength to express her gratitude, by no means friendly to health. After the delay of more than a week, I entered the chamber; it was darkened, and I could only distinguish the object of my visit, from the other females in the room, by her occupying an easy chair, and being wrapped in a loose dress. She had been informed of my name and my good fortune, in rendering her a service; she rose with difficulty, as I approached her, and walked very feebly towards me; as we met, she extended her hands and grasped mine with whatever strength she possessed. Tears were in her eyes—I saw them glisten in the light of the fire, and I felt them drop warm on my hand; at

length subduing her feelings in some measure, and before I could find words to congratulate her upon her convalescence, she said to me—'I owe to you, my friend, the preservation of my life; I will not suffer the low estimation at which I must hold existence, lonely, poor, and friendless as I am, to diminish in the least, my sense of the amount of gratitude I owe you. May the God of the stranger and the fatherless—my God—reward you, for all your exertions, and all your personal risks; it is all I have to bestow, even upon those kind friends who have nursed me with parental care.'

"I found only a few words, to say that the service I had been permitted to render her, was such as was due the unfortunate." I ventured to add, that whatever had been done for her by those who were about her, was amply repaid, in the consciousness of aiding the unfortunate. All joined me in the assurance, and having conducted her to her chair, I took a seat on the opposite side of the fire place.

"As my eyes became used to the gloom of the room, I found myself able to distinguish the features of the stranger, and to judge, allowing for the ravages of a long and disastrous voyage, and her physical and mental sufferings, something of what, as a young man, I might be supposed to feel an interest in the beauty of the lady, who certainly felt under great obligations to me.—Her features were entirely different from those of any female I had ever seen, and more of a cast to attract closer examination than delicacy might warrant: and, it is possible that the impressions, which I supposed were made upon me at that interview, were the result of a long and intimate subsequent acquaintance, of rich and dear associations, with her who then sat before me, lonely, friendless, without a home, and sheltered only by the oft exercised, (but let it be said) *unwearied* charity, of total strangers! Her features were such as I have heard described, as denoting strength of intellect, capability of great attainments, and above all, indicative of sound judgment, as well as depth and intensity of feeling. She once turned her face from the fire, and gave me an opportunity of observing its profile. The peculiar projection of the lips, and the nose, particularly attracted my attention; I felt a consciousness that I had seen such features, and my perplexity was enhanced by my inability to recollect where or when, whether they belonged to some acquaintance, or had been represented upon paper.—I dwell upon these circumstances now, with an interest that I know must appear childish to you; and which I can scarcely convince myself is materially connected with what I have to say—but let it be recollected, that to tell my tale of misery has become the business of my life. I know not another circumstance which can unite me to existence, or which would infuse interest enough into life, to make it supportable to me.

"I was roused from my reverie, by an intimation from an attendant, that it was time for us to return.

"I learned in an adjoining room, that the object of my solicitude was named Miriam. She had left the continent of Europe with her father and other friends, with an intention of settling in a southern city, Charleston, perhaps. They had much wealth in the vessel which was lost, that probably sunk soon after the ship struck upon the shoals.

"The addition of a single individual to a family, has never been considered in this portion of the country, as forming any cause of complaint; the necessities and comforts of life are easily obtained; and they have *here* never been sparingly offered to a stranger—the stranger, a female, and in distress, secured a claim upon any family, which to deny, would have been considered an insult to Heaven. I was aware of this; I knew, too, that those who had administered to the wants of the unfortunate object of my consideration, in her greatest distress, would scarcely forego the happiness which they must experience, in noting the effects of their kindness upon her recovering health. Yet expenses were necessarily incurred by the poor people at whose house Miriam then was; and the constant attention which they had bestowed to her debilitated frame, had certainly detracted from the amount of labour, which the care of a family required. These were inconveniences of which they would not complain, but which I thought might be remedied. The next morning I acceded to the proposal of my mother to visit Miriam. In passing through Plymouth, I learned that several trunks had been found, that evidently belonged to the passengers in the wrecked vessel, and as the proper officers were taking measures to secure as much of the cargo as possible, for the benefit of those who might hereafter present just claims to it, it was proposed that the lady should be requested to identify, as far as she could, the property of her father.

"Soon after my mother had been introduced to Miriam, she made her acquainted with the little plan, which she had formed for her comfort. She must return with her—her house was large, the means of administering to her wants would be more at hand; and she could then without a fear of incommoding any one, find a home, until her health was reinstated, and the arrangement of her little property saved, might render it necessary to depart.

"Miriam struggled with her feelings, and expressed her thankfulness for the kindness of the offer, in a tone which indicated how truly she appreciated the favours of her new friends. The feelings of those who had given the stranger a home, were consulted by my mother; and Miriam shed a tear of gratitude upon the neck of her kind benefactress, as she was lifted into the chaise by the side of my mother.

"When I returned to Plymouth town, I found myself unable to identify any article appertaining to our new guest, except a large trunk filled with books, now partially damaged, but which were immediately given into my care; those I conveyed home as soon as possible.

"The next morning my father ascertained from Miriam, that the property which belonged to her father and his companions, was chiefly in gold; and he acquainted her at once with the fact that nothing but light merchandise had been saved from the wreck.—'I am then poor, as well as an orphan,' said Miriam, 'and the wave that swallowed father, friends, and wealth, has thrown me forth a helpless dependant upon those, who are strangers to my name, my kindred, and my faith. Oh! may He, who has made us a suffering and a scattered nation, support the *weakest* of his once loved people.'

"In a short time, Miriam, from being taught to think our house her home, appeared as one of the family. Her voice was heard in the parlour, with my mother; she occasionally assisted in the light offices of the kitchen; and my father, though scarcely capable of appreciating the excellencies of her character and disposition, appeared at least amused with her evening conversation. She had selected from her numerous books, such as might be most interesting to the family, to whom, when gathered around the hearth, for evening's enjoyment, she would read some interesting and moral tale, or entertain them with a description of incidents and scenery in Europe. She had, too, visited Palestine, the Classic, the Holy Land of our Puritan fathers. She had sat upon the tombs of the Prophets—she had looked down from Olivet, and forded Kedron—she had seen the fox look forth from the walls of Jerusalem, and wept over the wastes of that beautiful city—she had trodden the valley of Jehoshaphat, and sailed upon the sea of Galilee.

"My father's whole course of reading had been confined to polemical divinity; and, because he had possessed himself of all the information within his reach, it was not strange that he should have some high notions of his own attainments. His daily expositions of scripture allusions, I had always thought ingenious, and knew no reason why they should not be correct. He had a custom of appealing occasionally to my mother, and sometimes to me, to corroborate, or correct his explanations. This he did perhaps the more frequently, as he was seldom or never contradicted. The close attention which Miriam gave to the morning lessons of my father, rapidly increased his esteem for her virtues.

"I remember one day, as he was dwelling upon the doctrine of inherent sinfulness, of the natural proneness of our race to iniquity, he quoted the confession of Lamech—'I have slain a man to my wounding and a young man to my hurt.'—This treading so upon the heels of Cain's trespass, was pregnant with proof of my father's position; and yet, considering the use that is made of the sin of the first murderer, it appeared a matter of astonishment to him, that a more frequent reference was not made in scripture to the murder of Lamech. It is probable that my father was prepared with a solution; but, choosing to excite the attention of his little audience, he inquired first of Miriam, her opinion. She

either professed ignorance or evaded an answer. My mother attended these family services in compliance with a good custom, and to receive instruction; of course she had no reply. I expressed myself unable to solve the difficulty, otherwise than by conjecture. Miriam was appealed to a second time.

"'Might I be permitted,' said she, 'to express an opinion opposed to *words* of the sacred volume you have in your hand, I should say that there was an error in the translation; the sense,' continued she, 'of the words (repeating the Hebrew text,) is clearly interrogative, and, as such, will be considered as a protestation of innocence, rather than a confession of guilt.'—My father was startled at this exposition. Not less, perhaps, because of the expounder, than from its being destructive to the triumphant thread of reasonings which he had prepared, and opposed to the conclusions at which he was to arrive.

"'That is a view of the subject,' said my father, 'that I have not taken; nor is it strange, as I have not the advantage of the original language of the scripture; and to confess the truth, I have never before heard any reference made to the Hebrew and Samaritan text, in relation to the first part of the Bible.'—My father, as you know, was a good man, but not the less likely to feel a diminution of consequence, at discovering that one of his regular auditors—and that a female possessed facilities for interpreting, of which he could not avail himself; but Miriam's modesty unarmed him farther of any resentment; although I could perceive for several days, he hesitated in his exhortations; and, it was not until Miriam had frequently solicited instruction, and listened with renewed patience to his lessons, that he recovered his usual ease and appearance of authority.

"'I have noticed,' said my father to Miriam, one evening as we were gathering into the family group, 'I have noticed that the books from which you so frequently read to us, are not in the English tongue, and from the appearance of the letters, I also conclude that they are not all in the same language—you must of course be familiar with several.'

"'With the French and Italian, I am conversant,' replied Miriam; 'not only from having pursued the studies of them in childhood, but also, from frequent use thereof, in French and Italian cities.'

"'But the Hebrew,' said my father, 'I have never heard that the study of that language entered into a course of female education; and yet, if I mistake not, you referred to a text of scripture accidentally brought forward, with as much facility in the Hebrew, as if it had been your mother tongue.'

"'I once,' said Miriam, with some hesitation, 'travelled with my father through Palestine.'

"'But is that language now spoken in Judea?' asked my father. 'I had thought, that it was confined to the study of the clergy, or the religious exercises of some of the outcasts and scattered Jews; whose Rabbis, I have heard, read or

sing it in their prayers, while their hearers are totally ignorant of the import of the sounds that are uttered.'

"A momentary hectic past over the countenance of Miriam; I saw it, and with some astonishment, believed it a slight indication of anger; it was the first she had ever exhibited—it passed away as rapidly as it approached—and her countenance exhibited a perfect image of resignation. She had risen slowly, and turned partly towards the window against the side of which she was leaning; her head was thrown a little back, and as the fire threw its light upon her visage, I discovered that her lips slightly moved, her large black eyes were raised, and suffused with a tear. Miriam, thought I, cannot harbour feelings of anger, or, if she does, what was there to cause it even now. She turned towards the family. The children had retired, our circle was small, but the eyes of Miriam passed rapidly from one to the other, as if anxious to observe whether more or less were in the room than were necessary to some purpose at which she evidently aimed.

"'I have not been permitted,' said she, 'since my residence in this family, to express my feelings for the deliverance, and protection for which I am indebted to its different members. I have not, I trust, been *less grateful*, for your favours, because they were delicately conferred; but an expression has escaped, this evening, which, were I to leave unnoticed, might secure for me the censure of hypocrisy, at least, of disingenuousness.

"'To conceal from you longer, that I am not of *your faith*, would be to give evidence that I am ashamed of *my own*. I am the daughter of a Jew; and while I blush for my own unworthiness, I glory in the *faith of my fathers*.' She paused; but that pliant meekness that had sat upon her visage, that humility of the downcast eye, which had been so peculiarly her characteristic, was past. Her form was extended, her cheek slightly suffused, and that dark eye, which had only languished before, was lit up with piercing brightness. She stood alone, as if conscious that she had thrown her gage among a host of foes, and was prepared for their acceptance. My father started from his chair with sudden emotion, and my mother, shuddering, drew near to him, as if fearful of contact with a Jewess. My father was a man of decision, and would have issued an order for barring his door against admission to a Jew, even in the most inclement season, had it been required of him before the offender against his faith had applied; but he had not a heart to injure or offend a human being in his power, least of all that *one* before him.

"'I am in the house of a Christian,' said Miriam, after a long pause, 'of one who has expressed his abhorrence for my faith and my kindred. I owe to him and his, my life, and now its only comforts; for these I have foregone much, I would sacrifice all my personal feelings, but I may not do treason to my God. Sooner than apostatize from the religion of my fathers, I must

throw myself upon the mercies of the world.'—My father stepped suddenly forward, and interrupted her, by taking her hand.—'Miriam,' said he, 'you will not doubt the sincerity of my feelings, when I tell you I deplore your want of knowledge of the religion of Christ, but I should do injustice to the excellence of your conduct, were I not to say that my house has been blessed by your presence. My children have been instructed by your assiduous attention, and edified by your example. I commend you now to the care of that God, who gave your chosen nation, the law by his Prophet; and I pray that in due time he may bless *you*, the most chosen of his people, with the spirit of the Gospel of his Son.'—So saying, he kissed her forehead, and my mother followed her to her chamber.

"'I dwell,' said again the unhappy being before me, 'with strange pertinacity upon these details; and, it may occur to you that trifling circumstances are remembered with a distinctness, strange and unaccountable, in one suffering as I have suffered. But, I tell you, that all my life is condensed in a few short years. I know nothing, and am connected with nothing, but that one particular, that bright, evanescent object of my earthly adoration—why am I not consumed by that fire that continually burns upon my brain? Even now, the everlasting waves do not moisten these weeds faster than my throbbing temples dry them to scorching. Oh! had I passed away; had heaven blessed me with utter dissolution; and the lightning that only scathed me, had it blasted and annihilated its object; had the uplifted waves that threw me breathing upon the shore, buried me lifeless in the channel's sand, what days of darkness had I escaped, and what nights, aye, long, long solitary nights of more than human suffering, should I have been spared."

The mournful object of my contemplation smote violently and repeatedly upon his forehead, and threw himself from the rock on which he was seated.

Some days elapsed before I met the unhappy man again; when I saw him he bore evident marks of the effect of the paroxysm which had seized him when last we were together.

"'I have learned,' said he, 'to be less garrulous, in what I have further to tell; and I beseech you in charity to hear me; I shall be brief.

"'To none could the profession of Judaism by Miriam, come with a more astounding effect than upon *me*. Why, I need not now tell you—if this care-worn face does not testify; if these white hairs, blanched in my youth, are not the testimony of deep anguish and bitter disappointment, what can words avail?—Yet Miriam never deceived me; but I mistook the *cause* of aversion to *one* subject. I imputed it to her sense of dependance, and fear of my father's prejudices, and his hopes upon another side. This profession, while it made no difference in the general deportment of the family towards her, at least, after a few days, cut off, as I believed, those hopes which I had cherished, but not uttered.—

Oh! she was too fair, too rich a boon for me. I should have contented myself with sitting at her feet, and gathering instruction; I should have been content to *see* her, the only being I had ever seen completely subdue herself. She possessed all the passions of our nature in their fullest extent; but they were subdued and controlled; they never gained one moment's ascendancy. What had she to do with earth? if not, indeed, to show what Heaven is? How often have I sat with her for hours upon yonder rock, that beetles over the channel, and listened to her instruction; studies that were tedious and dry in boyhood, became pastime when directed by her; and languages that would require years of application in schools, were acquired as if by intuition, under her instruction. Nor was it in literature alone that she instructed; she delighted to show the beauty of virtue, and seemed most happy when others were enjoying the benefit of actions resulting from her advice. I remember, one day, as we were sitting upon the margin of the bay, our conversation was directed towards the affections; and, for some reason, I believe now, it was mere curiosity, I attempted to identify the *passion* with the *sentiment* of love. I know not now what folly I uttered, but there was a reproof in her instructive reply.—“I have told you,” said she, that in Italy, there is a cave, called the *Grotto del Cane*, from the circumstance that a man may enter it in perfect safety; but there rests upon its shelving floor, a mephitic gas, that is deadly poisonous; this rises but a few inches, and consequently operates only upon such animals as *Dogs*, who by carrying their heads very low, necessarily inhale the deadly air. It is thus with our passions; in temptations, we must learn to keep above their influence, and we may walk safely amid their snares. But let us once stoop; let us once give way to their power; but once bow down to their dominion, and like the poor animal in the *Grotto del Cane*, we shall have no strength to rise.”

“But why do I linger in my wretched narrative? Oh! I could occupy years in describing her, by her words and her works; I could live on their recital. She was not like others. I have watched her with jealousy to catch one error of thought, one single aberration from closest female duty; from perfect disinterested devotion to others; she knew no self; her very prayers for her own health were made that it might be useful to others. Could I have found a single cause for complaint, I would not thus have loved a *Jewess*—though others, who knew not her faith, did love—did almost adore her.

“Strange, that I did not suspect, what experience should have taught to all, that if half of the females bred in our chilly humid atmosphere yield to its consumptive influence, one so delicate and a stranger to its effects would soon fall beneath its power. Others saw it, and she *felt* it—felt it without a fear; but I, fool, absorbed in my dreams of self, knew not till she was stretched upon her last bed, that my dream—no not a *dream*—my pure felicity, my waking hours of

bliss, were passing. I left not her chamber, saving when propriety dictated, nor then, till I was almost dragged forth. I sat in a darkened corner of the room, where I should be no obstruction to attendants. I saw it *then*—death was busy with my hopes; and every day shattered fast and fatally, my unfounded expectation.—There was no murmur from her, not a sigh—there was no particular manifestation of religious feeling; she contemplated death without a fear; hers had been a life of piety according to her faith; she had no time to redeem amid the wastings of a death-bed; and she sunk slowly, like the setting sun, more and more beautiful as it retires from our sight.

“It was an afternoon of May, she had dismissed with her usual blessing, the children of the family, who, as they retired, left me alone with her; she beckoned me towards her. The dimness had passed from her eyes, and her cheek was tinged with the richest hue. ‘Let me be raised,’ said she; I assisted her; the window shutter was thrown open, and we both looked out upon the bay; there was scarcely a ripple upon its bosom, and the quick eddies of the tide were touched by the beams of the setting sun.

“‘In such a time as this,’ said she, ‘’tis good to give one moment to earth; one expression to a fondness deeply cherished, but rarely uttered. A strange distinctness is in every object before me; even the distant point of yonder beach, from which you dragged me to life, is as visible now to me, as if we were treading on its blanched sands—this is *death*; I have seen its approach with joy for myself—but you—bear it—we shall meet where no prejudice can separate us; where our connexion shall be permanent; less disturbed—but not purer than here. Nay, call not the attendant—it is right—be blest!’—she sunk back upon her pillow—a few words that I recognized as a part of a Hebrew prayer, trembled from her tongue. I gazed—the film was on her eyes, and the ashy paleness had returned to her cheek; there was no respiration to her chest—coldness was gathering upon her brow—I pressed my lips to her forehead—I called tenderly upon her name—but there was no sound, nor motion.

“I remember something of the tears of the family, the clamorous mourning of the children for their best earthly friend—I remember my father's expression of grief, and my mother's lamentation. But I lay insensible to every other object.

“After a time, which I had no means of measuring—there was a bustle in the family—a stirring that awoke me to curiosity. They had come to carry *her*, to carry Miriam to the grave. I heard the low whispered conversation from my window; I saw the neighbours gathered in groups, summing up those virtues of Miriam that they could appreciate; at length, another movement announced the prayer. You know that solemn, impressive strain of eloquence, which our clergyman pours forth in the house of mourning. I listened with mournful pleasure to it now; never had I met such a collocation of words; the best

productions of the ancients and the moderns were familiar to me, in their original, and in translation; but they are cold and unmoving, when compared to his funeral prayer. It was only such an exercise that could call back my shattered and wandering thoughts, and I felt myself reviving to a full sense of my misery.*

"Some members of the family were talking near my door, of me, of my feelings, my depths of misery.—One proposed that I should be called to take a last look—the thought was madness. I fastened my door and threw myself upon a bed—A last look! I had taken it; the filmy eye, the blanched cheek, the trembling lip, over which breathed blessings to men and praise to God, were stamped upon my senses, in characters of fire—searing my brain, and deadening all outward faculties.

"At night, it was dark and comfortless to the world, I left the house and pursued my way to the burying ground. I have thought since of that night; but I cannot recollect a single object, between the dwelling house and the house of God—for though the distance is nearly a mile—one thought absorbed me—I had but one sensation—one mode of receiving feeling, and that was directed to a single object.

"I found the grave with ease: it was near the only tomb in the yard, and remained undisturbed. I stretched myself upon the humid loam, and lay there till I was chilled, and numbed almost to insensibility; Oh! how I hoped that life was departing. Every respiration seemed to exhaust, and I felt the coldness of the new turned earth, creeping around my heart; and I thought when I awoke from that grave, it would be with her, who was far below me, silent and insensible to my woes.

"Would you believe it? with the gray light of morning, came a sense of *shame*; yet not for myself; there was a fear upon me, that my weakness might do discredit to the name of Miriam. That thought alone could animate me; I dragged myself from the spot, and gained my chamber before the sun had risen.

"When next I mingled with the family, I observed something singular in their manners towards me. The younger branches suspended their little amusements as I approached; the domestics gazed upon me, my parents forbore the least contradiction, and my mother would scarcely address me without tears; but one thing

* The writer feels that a better occasion might have been chosen to refer to a distinguishing excellence in the professional duties of a living clergyman, than a single paragraph of a professedly fictitious story. But this story was written as one of a series, illustrative of the scenery and character of a particular section of country, and the author can never recollect that scenery without connecting with its beauties the higher ornaments of the cultivated mind, the meek enduring spirit, the eminent Christian virtues, and the exceeding modesty of the clergyman to whom reference is made. One who owes to the precepts and example of that good man much of his capacity to enjoy the pleasures, and more of his abilities to endure the pains of life, adds to his feeble testimony of deep respect, his ardent wishes, that his evening of life may be as tranquil and happy, as its day has been eminently useful.

most of all I noticed, it would have paid me for every kind of ill treatment:—Not one mentioned the name of Miriam. Every object likely to bring her suddenly to mind was removed—but so wayward is the will, that even the absence of these objects would press upon me a course of reflections it was intended to prevent.

"The peculiarity in the conduct of the family towards me, turned my reflections towards myself—was it possible that my conduct indicated any thing more than grief?—than bitter disappointment? Could those about me suspect me of hallucination? It was certain that their mode of treatment was unusual—but so was my grief and its cause. I determined while I noticed the change in their conduct, to set a guard over my own.

"One night, while sitting at my window, the peculiar placidity of the bay, induced me to leave the house:—I wandered along the shore till I approached the broken wharf in our rear, when I felt an inclination to visit the beach alone; to sit upon the projecting cliff, and think of her whose safety had consecrated the spot. I took a small boat, and a light westerly breeze soon wafted me there.

"I sat down upon the beach; I remember distinctly; it was not then dawn; the light of the stars was visible in the slight surf which rolled towards my feet; daylight at length appeared: I scarcely thought that any objects of nature could call my mind from that single subject of contemplation to which I dedicated the time, and for which I approached that place; but the broad streak of light that shot up beyond the heights of Monumet, was certainly peculiar—the horizon was not gradually illumined, nor did the light appear to extend beyond its corrugated lines.

"The sun rose, and the world was gay; I returned to my contemplations. I was at length aroused by the approach of the tide; on looking around, I found it impossible to distinguish objects at a short distance, with any distinctness; there was not a cloud in the horizon, and yet the light of the day was not equal to the faintest gleams of twilight; objects at hand presented a curious hue, and the white shells that lined the margin of the beach, appeared now of a saffron colour.

"The shore birds had retired as at the approach of night. Strange feelings came over me; thoughts unutterable; there was an unknown sensation on me; my mind occasionally wandered, and I found an effort necessary to keep my thoughts in regular train. It was not night, I thought, or the stars would appear; yet the sun, the great source of day was absent—but the lamps of the Gurnet light-house were not lighted, and my own sensations were not those of a man who has long fasted.

"After many hours, whose progress I had no means of measuring, excepting by the tide, I determined to return; without knowing whether I departed by night or by day. I had scarcely proceeded a mile when night indeed came

on. It was one suited to such a day as had passed.

"The slight breeze that had ruffled the water of the bay, was hushed; I endeavoured to hasten my boat, but there was neither current, nor land mark to guide in the various eddies made by these separating channels in the bay. I had utterly lost my course, and the intensity of darkness thickened on me at every moment; I sat down in the stern of the boat; and felt, for the first time, for many weeks, some feeling of self; some personal anxiety. Death could have no terrors for me—but to die *so*—to go out in loneliness; to have no hand to smooth the pillow; none to close the eye—no kind maternal bosom to pillow the agonized head—to receive the last wish; and no friend to close the eyes in the decencies of death; these, and a thousand other thoughts rushed through my mind in a moment. In vain I attempted to discern a single object—my hand within six inches of my face was totally invisible. In a small looker of the boat were carefully deposited instruments for striking fire, and after much exertion I succeeded in lighting a candle; this did but add to the horrors of the night. Its beams did not extend beyond the width of the boat; and so palpable was the darkness, that it seemed as if shadows were as visible upon it as upon a solid wall. I shouted with my utmost powers, and my voice scarcely reached my own ears; it seemed stifled; again I cried to the top of my lungs; the sound was thick and scarcely audible, as if a bandage was upon my mouth—the bare tip of light that sat upon the wick of the candle, scarcely consuming it, at length expired. There was neither sight, nor sound, nor motion—I felt a strange sensation creeping over me—my thoughts were evidently wandering: I exerted myself to retain my reason—I endeavoured to fix my mind to some definite object; but then, not even Miriam could retain it. I knew that insanity in its worst form was approaching; yet, I was sensible to my state; and while I shouted with frenzy, I felt a doubt of the propriety or necessity of my exertions. Overcome at length, I sunk exhausted and senseless to the bottom of the boat.

"How long I lay there I cannot tell; when I recovered, my father and two of the neighbours were carrying me from the shore to a carriage. I was weak, and could scarcely move a limb. I remember there was much blood upon me, but whether I had ruptured a blood-vessel, in crying out, or had torn my flesh, I knew not; but weak as I was, I could perceive that the peculiarly hushed manner of my father, his continual affirmative answer to every question I put to him, together with his evasive reply to requests; had a reference to my mental rather than bodily infirmities. He evidently believed me *insane*. That I had suffered enough to make me so, that I had been so the night previous, was evident; but *then*, so far as bodily weakness would permit, my mind was sound, whatever occurred thereafter, *then* I was not crazy.

"Yet no sooner had I entered the house, than

all things conspired to convince me that the family no longer regarded me as one of its accountable members. I was melancholy, it is true—but I never had been gay—and recent afflictions would warrant, I supposed, a temporary yielding to their influence; when I spoke of the events of the day and night which I passed upon the beach and bay, they attempted to draw my attention from them; yet it was certain that they had experienced the same phenomenon of darkness during the day, and the *thick* darkness of the night—'darkness that might be felt,' which I had noticed; the children spoke of it, and the older people referred to it with wonder. When I left the house I could see that I was carefully watched—my knife was taken from my pocket—the clergyman was called to pray over me; with a distant allusion to my supposed malady; children shrunk from me in the street—or derided my imaginary infirmity; all these things I bore, because I knew that my efforts to convince my friends of my sanity, would be construed into confirmation of their own suspicions.

"One day, I was engaged alone in a room sharpening a razor, and, I believe, I was speaking, uttering aloud my thoughts, when my father rushed into the chamber, seized the razor, threw it violently from him, and then grasped me strongly by the hands; my mother at the same moment entered the room, with horror depicted on her face. I was at no loss to guess their fears, and for the first time, I spoke to them of their error. I besought them to consider that I had committed no act to excite such suspicions—to remember that they were adding to their own burthens, and imposing upon me a load of pain and obloquy, that I could not long endure; they were separating me from my kind, and could not fail of realizing upon me their worst suspicions. 'If I desired to take my life,' said I, 'were there not means at all times within my reach—the bay on one side, and the river on the other; why should I resort to such instruments, as those of which you deprive me. I have lived long enough to see all that rendered existence dear, torn from my grasp, and in my spring of life, every green leaf and every fountain seared and dried up—but I have not asked for death; I have made my respect for kindred a check upon my utter recklessness of events. I have been unto you a *profitless*, but not a *disobedient* son. I have been wayward towards Heaven, but I would not outrage its laws.'

"My parents paused—I thought them convinced—indeed they were. When I attempted to leave my chamber next morning, I found the door fastened. I called, but no one answered. I beat against the door, but it would not yield to my efforts. It was then true, I thought, I am condemned as a maniac, to be immured in this or some other narrow space, without hope of retreat. There was madness in such a thought, and it was indeed coming. One effort remained, and after attempting to force the door, I set about it. It was to tear my bed clothes in strips, and by them lower myself from the window. I

set about the work, and had just completed it, when my door was unlocked, and my father and one or two other persons, of great strength, entered. I was sitting partly naked upon the floor, surrounded by the remnants of bed clothes, which I had torn. I was certainly in my right mind—but if there ever was a representation of insanity, it was then. I saw it—I knew resistance or argument would be fruitless: the men took hold of me, and conducted me to a narrow apartment provided for me at a distance from the dwelling; they firmly secured the door and left me. I think from that awful night of darkness, on the bay, my mind had gradually yielded to my griefs; I certainly was not what I had been—but when I was thrust into that den, I was shut out alike from commerce with my kind, and that which makes the commerce valuable—reason. I know when I yielded; I know how long I grappled, how I tried to connect my thoughts; how I talked on in solitude and darkness, only that I might satisfy myself that I could talk reasonably—and I remember when the last link of hope was severed—when I felt myself a *lunatic*.

“Oh! how little do they understand of lunacy, who have not suffered its horrors; step by step to see it coming, closer and thicker every day, like the accumulating misfortunes of the unsuccessful merchant; and to feel, like him, more and more anxious to conceal their approach, as they come nearer and more heavy. Oh God! how have I wished for one kindred mind, one soul who could feel—not *with*, but for me; one on whose breast I might lean—to tell my sufferings, to whom I might open up my heart, and have him pity and heal; any thing would have been preferable to the cold suspicion I endured; a settled prejudice, a determination to believe me crazy—till they made me so.

“Could I have met a foe—one who would have dared me to the proof of reason, by argument—he should have found my grasp dangerous and effective; but no, I was hedged in by the determination of my friends—aye, *friends*! I had not an enemy on earth—but those friends knew nothing of the mind—with them, to see it *bent*, was to believe it destroyed. Could they have reasoned with me, could they have employed my mind, perhaps, I should have been saved; though hallucination, it was said, was not uncommon among the members of my mother's family. But there was none to befriend, and in the first symptoms of my mental aberration, I was thrust, like those suspected of a plague, where restoration would be a miracle.

“From the narrow aperture in front of the box, in which I was confined, I could look forth upon the expanse of Heavens; I could see men going about the business of life, with an indifference to every object but the single one upon which they were bent. Could I have shared with them their freedom, I would, I thought, have taken the aggregate of their labours upon my single self. I stretched out my arms and bared my bosom to every breeze that found its way to my confinement. I desired—but no, I will not

weary you with their detail; I will not tell you, how day after day I tried to beguile the hours; books in such a place have no power. I stepped round my narrow room, counting my steps; then renewing my course to see whether I had numbered the paces exactly; I counted the crevices in the ceiling, prognosticated my release by the coincidence, with my previous guess, of the number of persons who should pass along the distant highway. How busy, how necessarily active the human mind is, no one can tell, until he ceases to afford it cause for operation by change of place, or by corporeal exercise.

“Among the worst evils of my confinement, was the impertinent gaze and questioning of neighbours, and their thoughtless children. I can distinctly remember, when I have placed myself at the window of my room, with a hope to still the busy working of the mind by attention to passing objects, and cool the fever of my brain, by feeling the blessed wind of heaven, I have suffered from the intrusion of those who think *insanity* deprives its object of feeling as well as of *liberty*. They have questioned and I have answered, not with a desire to please them, but satisfy myself, that I could give categorical replies; but they, instead of aiding by withdrawing my thoughts from myself, would continually direct their questions towards my own situation; and my replies would, I was sensible then of the fact, and I remember it now, sometimes wander far from the interrogation, and at length, word after word would escape, till the whole was *incoherency* and *raving*. The echo of my own voice has occasionally misled me, and I have replied with dreadful eagerness to the imaginary mockeries that started at evening from the untenanted buildings in the vicinity, as if my unsettled mind discovered in them a cause of offence.

“Do not mistake me; I was then *crazy*. I knew that *that* caused my confinement; I felt the wanderings of my mind as plainly as I now feel the breeze from the swelling tide; and when I approached the recollection of those hours of unmingled happiness that I had once enjoyed with her who had been to me my *all* of life—when I remembered the bitterness of my loss, and conjured up the thick *feeling*, aye, the *palpable* darkness of that night upon the waters—then, indeed, I felt the withering blast of a mental *siroc*. There are no words to tell what I have felt in years of confinement, and not one day of all its long, long course of misery was blank. I remember with a horrid distinctness every moment of its tedious passage.

“On the evening of a day marked by excessive heat, my mind was just gaining repose from a violent agitation produced by the unkind, the wicked interference of unfeeling visitors, I dragged a seat to my narrow window, and sat down to look out upon nature, and endeavour to hush the tumult of my mind, by contemplating the calmness of the scene before me.

“How often, on such an evening, had Miriam gathered the children of the family around her,

and while she instilled into their minds lessons of early love to God, and reverence to parents, would beguile them into attention, by finding points of resemblance of the dark clouds that skirted the horizon of the west, to some of those turreted towers that she had passed in her journeys in Europe, and the western shores of Asia.

"I have sat, and watched her, till I doubted whether it was the reflected rays of the sun, or the effect of purest inspiration that lighted up her face.

"My mind slowly recovered its tone; indeed I was blest with an unusual tranquillity. I gazed upon the windows of the distant church, and as the last beam of the sun trembled upon its fantastic, diamond windows, I thought of *her* who lay low and cold beneath its eaves.

"There was a method in the arrangement of my thoughts that gave me hope. I felt none of those mental aberrations that had previously distinguished my most favoured moments. I even felt a hope that I should once more be as other men.

"As the sun went down, I could perceive the edge of the horizon dimmed with a rising cloud; it rose slowly and heavily; it had nothing fantastic in its form; it was solid, and dark. I knew its portent, and retired. That restive wakefulness, that had hitherto marked my nights, was no longer felt; I was pressed down with a dullness; a stupor came over me, and I prepared for rest. Hitherto I had known little of dreams; or it may be that I cannot now distinguish between the operations of my mind, when sleeping, and when awake; they were not essentially different. A consciousness of some undefined danger—a fear of misapprehension, a sense of oppression, and an inability to make my words express my thoughts—these were sensations of all times and all seasons. But I had scarcely disposed myself upon the little couch in my room, when my mind became unusually active. All my existence seemed crowded into a moment, and in that moment was the presence of Miriam. I was sitting with her upon the very point of the beach on which I have so often indulged my reflections. I remember now, with strange distinctness, every little circumstance of that dream. I saw the waves spend their little force upon the bank—and could feel each ripple, which crept far up the sand moisten my feet, and give a cooling freshness to my frame.

"Miriam was discoursing, and I gazing with intensity upon her face; when suddenly, I thought the dimness of that *dark day* came upon us—deeper and blacker, but not with its stillness. I could see the sun in the heavens, but it was shorn of its beams—lurid, but not bright; and the deep peals of thunder were sounding along the bay, and echoing from every height—I turned for a moment from the scene, and Miriam was gone. I saw her then upon the waves which the storm had lifted up—through the gloom I saw her clinging with one hand to the remnant of a wreck, and with the other beckoning to me for help. I started to plunge into the channel, but

an unknown power held me to the ground—another effort, and I sprung from my couch. The scene had indeed changed, but scarcely for the better; my mind was affected with the dream, and I rushed to the window of my room; what a scene was presented—the firmament was lighted up by one sheet of fire, and the wretched building in which I was confined, seemed to reel with the effect of the thunder. I was drenched with the rain which poured in torrents upon me, and felt that some evil out of the ordinary course of nature, was approaching. I cried aloud for help, but the reverberations of the thunder, mocked my voice; my eyes were seared with the flash of the lightning; yet I gazed on, as if in hopes of meeting some object amid the rage of elements around me. Though much of the terror of my dream was upon me, I did not then feel as I had before; I certainly was unconscious of insanity; my mind, so far as the horrors of the scene and the recent shock of the dream would permit, was unusually regular. I mention this now, because I know you will think that what I have yet to say, has more of insanity in it than my former feelings. Such was the unabated glare of light, that I could perceive distant objects with all the distinctness of day. My eye, for a moment, rested upon the distant church; while I gazed, another flash of lightning gave new forms to my perceptions, and I saw a figure—distinctly, clearly, saw a female form. I gazed with eagerness—it was MIRIAM. With every flash of lightning, she was nearer, and more and more visible. It was reality; there could be no deception; every other object was natural. I beat upon the wall; it sent back its echo, and I felt a sense of pain from my effort. I closed my eyes, and when again I looked, she was there. She was, as I had seen her; there was nothing of death or the grave upon her; the lightning, did indeed, throw a paleness upon her visage, and tipped with fire, her hair which the wind blew wildly about. But it was Miriam's form, light and graceful; it was her face, solemn, but benignant. She approached and spoke; from a world of voices, I should know hers. You are incredulous; but I have learned—learned by bitter experience, to distinguish between the phantoms of a feverish brain, and the plain visible objects that heaven and earth present to our onward senses. And, as true as we now gaze upon yonder rook, rising amidst the waters; so true I saw the form of Miriam, and heard her voice—clear, distinct and solemn, audible, amidst the most appalling peals of thunder. I stretched out my hands to clasp hers—but though visible and distinct, I could not reach it. I called upon her name; she waved her hand, and retired rapidly from me—I cried aloud, but only the thunder answered—I reached forth from my window, to gaze with greater intensity—I saw her still. The lightnings were playing harmlessly around her—new life and new strength were infused into my frame. I scattered the fastening of my abode—I felt that no human grasp could hold me. One strong effort more, and all would be accomplished.—

With my eye still on the form of Miriam, I applied my utmost force—her hand beckoned me on.

* * * * *

"I gazed around, a physician was near my bed, and my friends were watching me with anxiety depicted upon their faces. I attempted to move, but was too weak. I slowly recovered my strength, and felt that with physical powers, I acquired mental energies and capacities of directing my thoughts. To what had passed *that night*, I was fully sensible, and I learned that the building in which I was confined, was struck by lightning, and I was dragged, bruised and lifeless from its smouldering ruins. The shock I had sustained, may have restored in some measure, my shattered senses—but still agitation, disquiet, and one train of thought unsettles me.

"It was not long before I recovered sufficient strength to leave the house. I was no longer watched. I visited every spot along the shore consecrated by the remembrance of Miriam's instructions. You, who never knew confinement, who was never shut out from life and its engagements, cannot judge of my feelings, when again I set my foot upon these sands. I gazed over the bay with inexpressible fondness. I bared my bosom to the cooling breeze from the waters—I stretched out my arms, as if the yielding air could be embraced—how I doted upon every hill and rock, and with what ecstasy did I remark that I was *alone*. There were none to gaze upon my expressions of fondness, as there were surely none who could understand them.

"There is, scarcely a rod beyond us, a brook which rises near the road above us, and finishes its most limited course here in the bay. In the shade of that rock, I kneeled and bent over the stream to drink. I started back with amazement—sickness might have wrought much upon my *face*—but my hair, which, when last reflected from that surface, was black as the raven's, was

now bleached to the whiteness of snow, and this was grief—mental anguish.

"Among the few articles left by Miriam, appeared a gold coin—almost unobserved, I smoothed the piece, and with my knife I etched upon it her name and age, and at night I visited her grave. There was neither stone nor hillock to denote it, yet I knew the spot, and with an iron bar, I forced an opening from the surface to the coffin, and I dropped into it the piece of gold. I heard it fall upon the decaying tenement of her sacred frame, and filling the aperture, left the place.

"The coin which I had deposited, would have purchased a splendid *monument* for Miriam, but her memorials should be like her virtues—pure, rich, and unobtrusive.

"Should any event lead to the disturbance of the dead in yonder cemetery, *her resting place* may be recognised by the coin, with this simple legend:—

'HERE SLEEPS
MIRIAM DAVIDS,

DAUGHTER OF ABRAHAM JOSEPHS,
A NATIVE OF SALTZBURG, IN TRANSYLVANIA.'

"I have done. From that time, I have spent my days upon this shore and the distant beach, combatting, at seasons, with the *disposition* of my mind to wander, leading a *useless* and an *unhappy* life. When again we meet, I will place in your hands, the manuscripts of Miriam. I cannot trust myself to read them."

A few days following that on which the unhappy man concluded his narrative. I met him in his usual walk; when he put into my hands the manuscript, which he had promised, together with a small package containing papers, which he himself wrote during his confinement. These perhaps, I should not publish; but I have his permission to print the whole or any part of Miriam's writings. A liberty which I shall use, upon any reasonable intimation of curiosity on the part of my readers.

HOME.

Oh! if there be on earth a spot
Where life's tempestuous waves rage not,
Or if there be a charm—a joy—
Without satiety, or alloy—
Or if there be a feeling fraught
With ev'ry fond and pleasing thought,
Or if there be a hope that lives
On the pure happiness it gives,
That envy touches not—where strife
Ne'er mingles with the cup of life;
Or if there be a word of bliss,
Of peace, of love—of happiness—
Or if there be a refuge fair,
A safe retreat for toll and care,
Where the heart may a dwelling find,
A store of many joys combin'd,
Where ev'ry feeling—ev'ry tone—
Best harmonises with its own,
Whence its vain wishes ne'er can rove,
Oh! it is Home!—a home of love.

THE METEOR.

Ye, who look with wondering eye,
Tell me what in me ye find,
As I shoot across the sky,
But an emblem of your kind.

Darting from my hidden source,
I behold no resting place;
But must ever urge my course
Onward, till I end my race!

While I keep my native height,
I appear to all below
Radiant with celestial light,
That is brightening as I go.

When I lose my hold on heaven,
Down to shadowy earth I tend,
From my pure companions driven;
And in darkness I must end!

BEAUTY OF THE EYE.

A POET, whether of the higher or the mediocre order, never addresses his mistress, without commemorating, in the best numbers he can produce, the charms of her eye. It is the moon that borrows its light from the interior sun of the soul, and expresses all the variations of that living luminary, in language that cannot deceive. We may often throw a mantle of words over our thoughts, and, when it suits our purpose, disguise them to a certain extent, but the eye seldom participates in the stratagem. It is a true index to what is really passing in the world of idea within, and the sincerity of its language, its readiness to bear witness to the truth or falsehood of our assertions, to place its stamp of currency on the former, and of counterfeit on the latter, forms in all climates one of its most valuable claims to our admiration. Hence, we have an interest in knowing the real intention of another towards us, we should not correspond with him by letter; we should see and converse with him, and read the involuntary revelations of his eye: they can seldom lead us astray.

The races of mankind, scattered over the surface of the earth, differ materially from each other in stature, in the contour of the face, the colour of the complexion, and the external appearance of the figure. It is not difficult to distinguish the Scotch from the English, or either from the Irish, the French, the Germans, the Italians, or the Spaniards. The distinctions become broader when we compare the inhabitants of one continent with those of the other—the Europeans with the Africans, or either with the occupants of Asia, or the Indians of America. But, though they are thus distinguishable from each other, the eye is of exactly the same form, and exhibits the same variety of colours amongst them all. It is the single feature in which they all most nearly agree. The difference between them in point of spoken or written language are incalculable—so great, that the dialect of one nation sounds like an unintelligible jargon in the ears of another; but the eye speaks in every country the same tongue. It answers in the uncivilized tracts of the earth the same purpose which the Latin or French accomplishes among the cultivated communities; it is the universal channel of communication when no other exists. It smiles, it chides, it animates, it soothes, it attracts, it repels, it commands, it weeps; and in all its changes it exercises an influence which neither gesture nor diction can rival.

There are numbers of persons in the world whose general appearance is far from being prepossessing. By the way, they have been materially lessened within the last thirty years in those countries in which vaccination has been adopted. But even amongst those who cannot boast of a beautiful face, we very often see the want of that charm almost compensated by an eye of uncommon loveliness. We may often hear it said in

society, "She has very ordinary features, indeed, but what a beautiful eye!" It is true that, under such circumstances, the circle of its attractions is limited, but they are its own, and they are never without a certain degree of power. There was, therefore, as little of truth as of gallantry in the verses in which Carew told Celia, that it was his poetical praise of her that gave wings to her fame.

"That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
Thy sweets, thy graces all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not, from thy borrowed sphere,
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there."

We suppose that the following is one of the stanzas in which he imparted to Celia some of the fame of which he speaks:—

"Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downward fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere."

Even the eyes of a gracefully finished statue, such, for instance, as the Venus of Canova, or the Orphan, which may now be seen at the exhibition of the Society of British Artists, have an intelligence in them, though altogether devoid of lustre. There is a tear upon the lid of the latter, which, though all marble as it is, yet seems as if in a moment it would fall upon her cheek. It seems to come from the heart of the child, and to paint in the most eloquent language the feeling of desolation, which at the moment is supposed to predominate in her mind.

The human eye is terrible to look upon when fired by anger; but how painful to contemplate it when it speaks of a mind dethroned! It has then an unearthly look, which makes us doubt whether we behold a being of this or of some other world.

The power of perfect vision is undoubtedly one of the most precious gifts, next to reason itself, which heaven has presented to man. It enables him to behold the light, the starry heavens, the green earth, the blue sea, the multitude of beautiful tints which distinguish flowers, and exhibit them in a raiment more splendid than "Solomon in all his glory." What a severe privation then must it be to lose one's sight! What an affliction to have the soul as it were imprisoned, or at least confined to a comparatively narrow circle of resources! Milton's lamentation for the loss of his sight is well known:—

— "Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me return
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine."

It is not, however, so well known that his eyes were originally injured by his unwearied exertions in his office when he served under Crom-

well. He lost them, he says in a sonnet addressed to his friend, Cyriac Skinner,

"Overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side."

There are no descriptions of natural scenery more beautiful than some of those which we find in the *Paradise Lost*: doubtless these were dictated from the author's fervent recollection—the more fervent because he had no means of renewing them—of the images which he had stored up in his mind before blindness became his bitter portion. Nevertheless we have only to read the poems of Blacklock to be convinced that persons born blind, by whatever means they accomplish it, may sometimes exercise the power of describing natural scenery with as much accuracy, and, what is more extraordinary, with as much enthusiasm, as writers whose vision never was impaired.

There is not a more interesting chapter in the whole history of man, than that which displays his successful pursuit of knowledge under the numerous difficulties which blindness interposes in his way. By a variety of means, which it is unnecessary here to detail, they have learned the alphabet, arithmetic, and geography, and to play on the violin and piano. There are very few persons, perhaps, who are acquainted with the fact, that Huber, the author of the most minute, the most accurate, and by far the most popular treatise that has been yet written upon bees, was blind from his earliest infancy. Such a work as this would seem to require in the writer of it eyes of the very best description, yet it is understood that he had no other assistance while engaged in collecting the materials of it than that which he derived from his domestic, who mentioned to him the colour of the insect. Their form and size he ascertained by touch with wonderful facility. A Frenchman of the name of Lesuer, learned to read, to compose with characters in relief, to print; he was quite a master of his native language, of geography and music. There was a young cabinet-maker at Ingolstadt, who, having lost his sight by an explosion of gunpowder, employed himself in constructing pepper-mills, specimens of which may now be seen in the gallery of Munich. The guide tells you that he manufactured them without the assistance of any other instrument than a common knife.

In the Digby family there was a preceptor who surpassed the ablest players at chess, and shot arrows at long distances, with such precision as almost never to miss his mark. "He constantly went abroad," says Sir Kenelm, "without a guide, and frequented most of the public promenades; he regularly took his place at table, and ate with such dexterity, that it was impossible to perceive he was blind; when any one spoke to him for the first time, he was able to tell with certainty his stature and the form of his body; and when his pupils recited in his presence, he knew in what situation and attitude they were." Holman, the celebrated blind traveller, is another

instance of this kind. M. de Piles mentions a native of Cambrassy, in Tuscany, who was an excellent designer. By means of touch alone he could seize with precision the form and proportions of the original. His portraits were striking likenesses. A nobleman, who suspected he was not quite blind, in order to put the matter to the test, caused the artist to take his portrait in a dark cave. The resemblance was perfect. A Dutch organist, who was blind from his early youth, became remarkably skilful in his profession. He also acquired the habit of distinguishing by the touch the different kinds of money, and even some colours. He was a capital card player, for he knew not only the cards which he kept for himself, but also those which he dealt out to others! The blind are generally great chess players. One is not surprised to hear that they are very little sensible of the graces of modesty; but it is painful to know, that they are also generally remarkable for their ingratitude. This fact, however, should never prevent us from extending to them our sympathy, and rendering them all the assistance in our power. There is one who will reward us in his own way, and at his own time, for every good action we do.

It is very curious to observe the activity of that compensating power, which nature has provided in all those cases, where persons have either been born blind or become so at an early period of life. It ought, at the same time, to be a subject of deep thankfulness with those, who have the good fortune to possess in perfection, the most delicate, the most complicated, and the most beautiful of all our organs.

THE SENTIMENTALIST.

WHEN the generous affections have become well-nigh paralytic, we have the reign of sentimentality. The greatness, the profitableness, at any rate the extremely ornamental nature of high feeling, and the luxury of doing good; charity, love, self-forgetfulness, devotedness, and all manner of godlike magnanimity, are everywhere insisted on, and pressingly inculcated in speech and writing, in prose and verse; Socinian preachers proclaim "benevolence" to all the four winds, and have "truth" engraved on their watch-seals—unhappily, with little or no effect. Were the limbs in right walking order, why so much demonstrating of motion? The barrenest of all mortals is the sentimentalist. Granting even that he were sincere, and did not wilfully deceive us, or without first deceiving himself, what good is in him? Does he not lie there as a perpetual lesson of despair, and type of bed-ridden, valetudinary impotence? His is emphatically a virtue that has become, through every fibre, conscious of itself: it is all sick, and feels as if it were made of glass, and durst not touch or be touched. In the shape of work it can do nothing; at the utmost, by incessant nursing and caudling, keep itself alive.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE CONVENT AT YORK.

MANY of our fair readers are probably unacquainted with the fact that a Convent, with a Lady Abbess and a numerous sisterhood of Nuns exists in the heart of England, and that the conventual regulations are as strictly observed, and the fair votaries as much secluded from the world, as in romantic Italy—or more catholic Spain. Near the Mickel Gate Bar, in the ancient city of York, stands a large mansion which has for many years been occupied by these religious ladies. An old gentleman, a friend of the writer's, who had a young girl consigned to his protection, by her parents on the Continent, wished to place her in this establishment, and for that purpose waited on the Abbess, who is styled the Rev. Mother by the community. Being a catholic of good family, he was readily admitted, and fortunately for the curiosity of our readers, we were permitted to accompany him.

The Superior's parlour is a handsome apartment, hung with pictures by various foreign masters, but scarcely had we time to examine them, before she made her appearance. It is impossible to convey to my readers the impression which this elegant woman made when we first beheld her in her monastic habit; the costume was so picturesque, though simple, that we could fancy ourselves removed, at least three centuries back, when the cowl of the Friar and the veil of the Nun were as common in merry England as buff and jerkin; a full flowing dress of black cloth quilted round the waist, gave an air of dignity to her person; her face was shrouded in the close white cap, which comes down over the brow and is continued round the chin, something like that worn by widows, and over her head hung the ample black veil of the order—a rosary of beads and cross completed the picture. With the easy dignity of one who had mingled in the world, she returned our salutations, and entered at once into the subject of the interview. From my friend's letters of introduction and well-known connexions, little hesitation was made, terms satisfactory to both parties were arranged, and in reply to some question relative to the regulations of the establishment, the Abbess invited us to visit the different schools, chapel, and buildings of the Convent. The first apartment into which we were shown was the dining-room which adjoins the kitchens, and the food is conveyed by means of the turning board so common in religious houses on the continent; by this means, all intercourse between the pupils and servants is avoided. The girls are divided into four classes, each under its superintendents; when we entered the different rooms, the nuns and children stood up to receive us, while some opening large folding doors at the extreme end of the apartment, discovered an oratory; each room, in this respect, being furnished alike. Amongst the number of children presented to us, was a niece of Cardinal Welds, and several Spanish girls, whose parents had been driven from their own country by the political disturbances of the times. The chapel, to which we

were next conducted, is a building of elegant proportions, neatly fitted up for the purposes of devotion. Its prevailing colours are white and gold, the altar is plain, but ornamented by a valuable painting. Here again our imaginations were powerfully appealed to—the greater part of the sisterhood were assembled at their devotions, and knelt in rows before the altar, as fixed and unmoved as statues; amongst them was a beautiful girl, of eighteen, who had just commenced her noviciate; her plain white dress, contrasted with the sombre black garb of the nuns, produced a curious effect. The Abbess informed us that the sum presented to the establishment on a nun's taking the veil, was six hundred pounds, which went towards the fund for their general support. The exercise ground, which lays at the back of the establishment, adjoins the burial place; both are unfortunately overlooked by the old city wall, and many persons frequently assemble to watch them taking their mid-day walk. The burial ground resembles a garden more than a spot set aside for the interment of the dead; the graves are marked by stones—those of the superiors by a cross. There is, attached to this retired spot, an oratory, exquisitely fitted up. Here the sisterhood may indulge in their contemplations of the past, or breathe their hopes for the future. The writer and his friend took their leave of the worthy Abbess with feelings of respect for her unaffected piety and politeness, and could not avoid expressing regret that one, whose manners appeared so calculated to form all that was amiable in domestic life, should voluntarily have retired from it.

VALLEY OF BUTTERFLIES.

BETWEEN six and seven o'clock, A. M., we continued our route through woods, and large open patches of ground, and at about eleven in the forenoon arrived at the borders of a deep glen, more wild, romantic and picturesque, than can be conceived. It is enclosed and overhung on all sides by trees of amazing height and dimensions, which hide it in deep shadow. Fancy might picture a spot, so silent and solemn as this, as the abode of genii and fairies; every thing to render it grand, melancholy and venerable; and the glen only wants an old dilapidated castle, a rock with a cave in it, or something of the kind to render it the most interesting place in the universe. There was one beautiful sight, however, which we would not omit mentioning for the world; it was that of an incredible number of butterflies, fluttering about us like a swarm of bees; they had chosen this, no doubt, as a place of refuge against the fury of the elements. They were variegated by the most brilliant tints and colourings imaginable; the wings of some were of a shining green, edged and sprinkled with gold; others were of sky blue and silver: others of purple and gold delightfully blending into each other, and the wings of some were like dark velvet, trimmed and braided with lace.—*Lander's Travels.*

OH! GAZE ON ME,

Composed and arranged for the Piano Forte,

BY R. E. R. ESQ.

MODERATO.





II.

Oh sigh not, for thy gentle heart
 Was never made to weep,
 Let tenderness its balm impart,
 And soothe thy cares asleep.
 Yet sigh, and smile, and let thine eyes
 Beam love's pure rays divine,
 But give me all I ask, I prize,
 The bliss to call thee mine:

THE LILY.

BY MRS. TIGHE.

How withered, perished, seems the form
 Of yon obscure, unsightly root!
 Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
 It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
 No beauty in the scaly folds,
 Nor see within the dark embrace
 What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
 The lily wraps her silver vest,
 'Till vernal suns and vernal gales
 Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
 The undelighting slighted thing!
 There, in the cold earth buried deep,
 In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
 In gloom upon the barren earth,
 While still in undisturbed repose,
 Uninjured lies the future birth.

And ignorance, with sceptic eye,
 Hope's patient smile shall wondering view;
 Or mock her fond credulity,
 As her soft tears the spot bedew.

REMEMBER ME!

Remember me,
 In the noon's bright hour, when light and life
 Are spread by the golden sun;
 When the trees and flowers with sweets are rife!
 When the task of the day is done,
 Remember me!

In the sacred repose, and the stillness of night,
 When all is at peace in the vale;
 And the earth and the waters reflect the moon's light,
 And you list to the nightingale,
 Remember me!

When you join in the throng that in rapture's gay halls,
 Awaken each impulse divine;
 And the incense of homage to loveliness falls
 At thy own fair and radiant shrine,
 Remember me!

When another one's hand in the dance's wild maze,
 Enrapturedly presses your own;
 When your beauties, revealed to another one's gaze,
 Inspire another's love tone,
 Remember me!

In those happy moments so brilliant and gay,
 When time on joy's light pinions flies,
 Ah, then think of him, who though far, far away,
 Still blesses his Julia, and sighs,
 Remember me!

THE ROSE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

AMONG those who attended in the train of the monarchs was a favourite page of the queen, named Ruyz de Alarcon. To say that he was a favourite page of the queen was at once to speak his eulogium; for every one in the suite of the stately Elizabetha was chosen for grace, and beauty, and accomplishments. He was just turned of eighteen, light and lithe of form, and graceful as a young Antinous. To the queen he was all deference and respect; yet he was at heart a roguish stripling, petted and spoiled by the ladies about the court, and experienced in the ways of women far beyond his years. This loitering page was one morning rambling about the groves of the Generalife, which overlook the grounds of the Alhambra. He had taken with him for his amusement a favourite ger-falcon of the queen. In the course of his rambles, seeing a bird rising from a thicket, he unhooded the hawk and let him fly. The falcon towered high in the air, made a sweep at his quarry, but missing it, soared away, regardless of the calls of the page. The latter followed the truant bird with his eye in its capricious flight, until he saw it alight upon the battlements of a remote and lonely tower in the outer wall of the Alhambra, built on the edge of a ravine that separated the royal fortress from the grounds of the Generalife. It was, in fact, the "Tower of the Princesses." The page descended into the ravine and approached the tower, but it had no entrance from the glen, and its lofty height rendered any attempt to scale it fruitless. Seeking one of the gates of the fortress, therefore, he made a wide circuit to that side of the tower facing within the walls. A small garden, enclosed by a trellis-work of reeds, overhung with myrtle lay before the tower. Opening a wicket, the page passed between the beds of flowers and and thickets of roses to the door. It was closed and bolted. A crevice in the door gave him a peep into the interior. There was a small Moorish hall with fretted walls, light marble columns, and an alabaster fountain surrounded with flowers. In the centre hung a gilt cage containing a singing bird; beneath it, on a chair, lay a tortoise-shell cat, among reels of silk and other articles of female labour; and a guitar, decorated with ribands, leaned against the fountain. Ruyz de Alarcon was struck with these traces of female taste and elegance in a lonely, and, as he had supposed, deserted tower. They reminded him of the tales of enchanted halls current in the Alhambra; and the tortoise-shell cat might be some spell-bound princess. He knocked gently at the door; a beautiful face peeped out from a little window above, but was instantly withdrawn. He waited, expecting that the door would be opened, but he waited in vain; no footstep was to be heard within—all was silent. Had his

senses deceived him, or was this beautiful apparition the fairy of the tower? He knocked again, and more loudly. After a little while the beaming face once more peeped forth; it was that of a blooming damsel of fifteen. The page immediately doffed his plumed bonnet, and entreated in the most courteous accents to be permitted to ascend the tower in pursuit of his falcon. "I dare not open the door, senor," replied the little damsel, blushing; "my aunt has forbidden it."—"I do beseech you, fair maid; it is the favourite falcon of the queen; I dare not return to the palace without it."—"Are you, then, one of the cavaliers of the court?"—"I am, fair maid; but I shall lose the queen's favour and my place, if I lose this hawk."—"Santa Maria! it is against you cavaliers of the court my aunt has charged me especially to bar the door."—"Against wicked cavaliers, doubtless; but I am none of these, but a simple harmless page, who will be ruined and undone if you deny me this small request." The heart of the little damsel was touched by the distress of the page. It was a thousand pities he should be ruined for the want of so trifling a boon. Surely, too, he could not be one of those dangerous beings whom her aunt had described as a species of cannibal, ever on the prowl to make prey of thoughtless damsels—he was gentle and modest, and stood so entreatingly with cap in his hand, and looked so charming. The sly page saw that the garrison began to waver, and redoubled his entreaties in such moving terms, that it was not in the nature of mortal maiden to deny him; so the blushing little warden of the tower descended and opened the door with a trembling hand; and if the page had been charmed by a mere glimpse of her countenance from the window, he was ravished by the full-length portrait now revealed to him. Her Andalusian bodice and trim basquina set off the round but delicate symmetry of her form, which was as yet scarce verging into womanhood. Her glossy hair was parted on her forehead with scrupulous exactness, and decorated with a fresh-plucked rose, according to the universal custom of the country. It is true her complexion was tinged by the ardour of a southern sun, but it served to give richness to the mantling bloom of her cheek, and to heighten the lustre of her melting eyes. Ruyz de Alarcon beheld all this with a single glance, for it became him not to tarry; he merely murmured his acknowledgments, and then bounded lightly up the spiral staircase in quest of his falcon. He soon returned with the truant bird upon his fist. The damsel, in the mean time, had seated herself by the fountain in the hall, and was winding silk; but in her agitation she let fall the reel upon the pavement. The page sprang and picked it up, then dropping gracefully on one knee, presented it to her; but, seizing the hand extended to re-

ceive it, imprinted on it a kiss more fervent and devout than he had ever imprinted on the fair hand of his sovereign.—“Ave Maria, senor!” exclaimed the damsel, blushing still deeper with confusion and surprise, for never before had she received such a salutation. The modest page made a thousand apologies, assuring her it was the way at court of expressing the most profound homage and respect. Her anger, if anger she felt, was easily pacified, but her agitation and embarrassment continued; and she sat blushing deeper and deeper, with her eyes cast down upon her work, entangling the silk which she attempted to wind. The cunning page saw the confusion in the opposite camp, and would fain have profited by it; but the fine speeches he would have uttered, died upon his lips, his attempts at gallantry were awkward and ineffectual; and, to his surprise, the adroit page, who had figured with such grace and effrontery among the most knowing and experienced ladies of the court, found himself awed and abashed in the presence of a simple damsel of fifteen. In fact, the artless maiden, in her own modesty and innocence had guardians more effectual than the bolts and bars prescribed by her vigilant aunt. Still, where is the female bosom proof against the first whisperings of love? The little damsel with all her artlessness, instinctively comprehended all that the faltering tongue of the page failed to express; and her heart was fluttered at beholding, for the first time, a lover at her feet—and such a lover! The diffidence of the page, though genuine, was short-lived, and he was recovering his usual ease and confidence, when a shrill voice was heard at a distance.—“My aunt is returning from mass!” cried the damsel, in affright; “I pray you, senor, depart.”—“Not until you grant me that rose from your hair as a remembrance.”—She hastily untwisted the rose from her raven locks;—“Take it,” cried she, agitated and blushing; “but pray begone.” The page took the rose, and at the same time covered with kisses the fair hand that gave it. Then placing the flower in his bonnet, and taking the falcon upon his fist, he bounded off through the garden, bearing away with him the heart of the gentle Jacinta. When the vigilant aunt arrived at the tower, she remarked the agitation of her niece, and an air of confusion in the hall; but a word of explanation sufficed—“A ger-falcon had pursued his prey into the hall.”—“Mercy on us! to think of a falcon flying into the tower! Did ever one hear of so saucy a hawk? Why the very bird in the cage is not safe!” The vigilant Fredeganda was one of the most wary of ancient spinsters. She had a becoming terror and distrust of what she denominated “the opposite sex,” which had gradually increased through a long life of celibacy. Not that the good lady had ever suffered from their wiles, nature having set up a safeguard in her face that forbade all trespass upon her premises; but ladies who have least cause to fear for themselves, are most ready to keep a watch over their more tempting neighbours. The niece was the orphan of an officer who had fallen in

the wars. She had been educated in a convent, and had recently been transferred from her sacred asylum to the immediate guardianship of her aunt, under whose overshadowing care she vegetated in obscurity, like an opening rose blooming beneath a briar. Nor indeed is this comparison entirely accidental; for, to tell the truth, her fresh and dawning beauty had caught the public eye, even in her seclusion, and, with that poetical turn common to the people of Andalusia, the peasantry of the neighbourhood had given her the appellation of “the Rose of the Alhambra.” The wary aunt continued to keep a faithful watch over her tempting little niece as long as the court continued at Grenada, and flattered herself that her vigilance had been successful. It is true, the good lady was now and then discomposed by the tinkling of guitars and chanting of low ditties from the moonlit groves beneath the tower; but she would exhort her niece to shut her ears against such idle minstrelsy, assuring her that it was one of the arts of the opposite sex, by which simple maids were often lured to their undoing. Alas! what chance with a simple maid has a dry lecture against a moonlight serenade? At length King Philip cut short his sojourn at Grenada, and suddenly departed with all his train. The vigilant Fredeganda watched the royal pageant as it issued forth from the gate of Justice, and descended the great avenue leading to the city. When the last banner disappeared from her sight, she returned exulting to her tower, for all her cares were over. To her surprise, a light Arabian steed pawed the ground at the wicket-gate of the garden;—to her horror, she saw through the thickets of roses a youth, in gaily embroidered dress, at the feet of her niece. At the sound of her footsteps he gave a tender adieu, bounded lightly over the barrier of reeds and myrtles, sprang upon his horse, and was out of sight in an instant. The tender Jacinta, in the agony of her grief, lost all thought of her aunt’s displeasure. Throwing herself into her arms, she broke forth into sobs and tears.—“Ay di mi!” cried she; “he’s gone!—he’s gone! and I shall never see him more!”—“Gone!—who is gone?—what youth is that I saw at your feet?”—“A queen’s page, aunt, who came to bid me farewell.”—“A queen’s page, child!” echoed the vigilant Fredeganda, faintly; “and when did you become acquainted with a queen’s page?”—“The morning that the ger-falcon came into the tower. It was the queen’s ger-falcon, and he came in pursuit of it.”—“Ay silly, silly girl!—know that there are no ger-falcons half so dangerous as those young pranking pages, and it is precisely such simple birds as thee that they pounce upon.” The aunt was at first indignant at learning that, in despite of her boasted vigilance, a tender intercourse had been carried on by the youthful lovers, almost beneath her eye; but when she found that her simple hearted niece, though thus exposed, without the protection of bolt or bar, to all the machinations of the opposite sex, had come forth unsinged from the fiery ordeal, she consoled herself with the persuasion

that it was owing to the chaste and cautious maxims in which she had, as it were, steeped her to the very lips. While the aunt laid this soothing unction to her pride, the niece treasured up the oft-repeated vows of fidelity of the page. But what is the love of restless, roving man? A vagrant stream that dallies for a time with each flower upon its bank, then passes on, and leaves them all in tears. Days, weeks, months elapsed, and nothing more was heard of the page. The pomegranate ripened, the vine yielded up its fruit, the autumnal rains descended in torrents from the mountains; the Sierra Nevada became covered with a snowy mantle, and wintry blasts howled through the halls of the Alhambra—still he came not. The winter passed away. Again the genial spring burst forth with songs and blossoms and zephyr; the snows melted from the mountains, until none remained but on the lofty summit of Nevada, glistening through the sultry summer air. Still nothing was heard of the forgetful page.

Poor Jacinta sits and weeps her time away beside a fountain in the hall.

As the bell in the distant watch-tower of the Alhambra struck the midnight hour, the fountain was again agitated; and bubble—bubble—bubble—it tossed about the waters, until the Moorish female again rose to view. She was young and beautiful; her dress was rich with jewels, and in her hand she held a silver lute. Jacinta trembled and was faint, but was reassured by the soft and plaintive voice of the apparition, and the sweet expression of her pale, melancholy countenance. "Daughter of mortality," said she, "what aileth thee? Why do thy tears trouble my fountain, and thy sighs and complaints disturb the quiet watches of the night?"—"I weep because of the faithlessness of man, and I bemoan my solitary and forsaken state."—"Take comfort; thy sorrows may yet have an end. Thou beholdest a Moorish Princess, who, like thee, was unhappy in her love. A Christian knight, thy ancestor, won my heart, and would have borne me to his native land and to the bosom of his church. I was a convert in my heart, but I lacked courage equal to my faith, and lingered till too late. For this the evil genii are permitted to have power over me, and I remain enchanted in this tower until some pure Christian will deign to break the magic spell. Wilt thou undertake the task?"—"I will," replied the damsel, trembling. "Come hither then, and fear not; dip thy hand in the fountain, sprinkle the water over me, and baptise me after the manner of thy faith; so shall the enchantment be dispelled, and my troubled spirit have repose." The damsel advanced with faltering steps, dipped her hand into the fountain, collected water in the palm, and sprinkled it over the pale face of the phantom. The latter smiled with ineffable benignity. She dropped her silver lute at the feet of Jacinta, crossed her white arms upon her bosom, and melted from sight, so that it seemed merely as if a shower of dew-drops had fallen into the fountain. Jacinta retired from the hall filled with awe and wonder. She scarcely closed

her eyes that night; but when she awoke at day-break out of a troubled slumber, the whole appeared to her like a distempered dream. On descending into the hall, however, the truth of the vision was established; for, beside the fountain, she beheld the silver lute glittering in the morning sunshine.

The music of this lute fairly enchants all the hearers, till at length its mistress is sent for to court, to try its influence over the hypochondriac monarch.

At the moment we treat of, however, a freak had come over the mind of this sapient and illustrious Bourbon that surpassed all former vagaries. After a long spell of imaginary illness, which set all the strains of Faranelli, and the consultations of a whole orchestra of court fiddlers at defiance, the monarch fairly, in idea, gave up the ghost, and considered himself absolutely dead. This would have been harmless enough, and even convenient both to his queen and courtiers, had he been content to remain in the quietude befitting a dead man; but to their annoyance he insisted upon having the funeral ceremonies performed over him, and, to their inexpressible perplexity, began to grow impatient and to revile bitterly at them for negligence and disrespect, in leaving him unburied. What was to be done? To disobey the king's positive commands was monstrous in the eyes of the obsequious courtiers of a punctilious court—but to obey him, and bury him alive, would be downright regicide! In the midst of this fearful dilemma a rumour reached the court of the female minstrel, who was turning the brains of all Andalusia. The queen despatched missions in all haste to summon her to St. Ildefonso, where the court at that time resided. Within a few days, as the queen, with her maids of honour, was walking in those stately gardens, intended, with their avenues, and terraces, and fountains, to eclipse the glories of Versailles, the far-famed minstrel was conducted into her presence. The imperial Elizabetha gazed with surprise at the youthful and unpretending appearance of the little being that had set the world madding. She was in her picturesque Andalusian dress; her silver lute was in her hand, and she stood with modest and downcast eyes, but with a simplicity and freshness of beauty that still bespoke her "the Rose of the Alhambra." As usual, she was accompanied by the ever-vigilant Fredeganda, who gave the whole history of her parentage and descent to the inquiring queen. If the stately Elizabetha had been interested by the appearance of Jacinta, she was still more pleased when she learnt that she was of a meritorious, though impoverished line, and that her father had bravely fallen in the service of the crown.

"If thy powers equal thy renown," said she, "and thou can'st cast forth this evil spirit that possesses thy sovereign, thy fortunes shall henceforth be my care, and honours and wealth attend thee."

Impatient to make trial of her skill, she led the way at once to the apartment of the moody

monarch. Jacinta followed, with downcast eyes, through files of guards and crowds of courtiers. They arrived, at length, at a great chamber hung in black. The windows were closed to exclude the light of day: a number of yellow wax tapers, in silver sconces, diffused a lugubrious light, and dimly revealed the figures of mutes in mourning dresses, and courtiers who glided about with noiseless step and wo-begone visage. On the midst of a funeral bed or bier, his hands folded on his breast, and the tip of his nose just visible, lay extended this would-be-buried monarch. The queen entered the chamber in silence, and, pointing to a footstool in an obscure corner, beckoned to Jacinta to sit down and commence. At first she touched her lute with a faltering hand, but gathering confidence and animation as she proceeded, drew forth such soft aerial harmony, that all present could scarce believe it mortal. As to the monarch, who had already considered himself in the world of spirits, he set it down for some angelic melody, or the music of the spheres. By degrees the theme was varied, and the voice of the minstrel accompanied the instrument. She poured forth one of the legendary ballads, treating of the ancient glories of the Alhambra, and the achievements of the Moors. Her whole soul entered into the theme, for with the recollection of the Alhambra was associated the story of her love. The funeral chamber resounded with the animating strain. It entered into the gloomy heart of the monarch. He raised his head and gazed around: he sat up on his couch; his eye began to kindle; at length, leaping upon the floor, he called for sword and buckler. The triumph of music, or rather of the enchanted lute, was complete; the demon of melancholy was cast forth, and, as it were, a dead man brought to life. The windows of the apartment were thrown open; the glorious effulgence of Spanish sunshine burst into the late lugubrious chamber; all eyes sought the lovely enchantress; but the lute had fallen from her hand, she had sunk upon the earth, and the next moment was clasped to the bosom of Ruyz de Alarcon. The nuptials of the happy couple were shortly after celebrated with great splendour; but hold—I hear the reader ask, how did Ruyz de Alarcon account for his long neglect? Oh! that was all owing to the opposition of a proud, pragmatical, old father: besides, young people who really like one another, soon come to an amicable understanding, and bury all past grievances when once they meet. But how was the proud, pragmatical old father reconciled to the match? Oh! his scruples were easily overcome by a word or two from the queen, especially as dignities and rewards were showered upon the blooming favourite of royalty. Besides, the lute of Jacinta, you know, possessed a magic power, and could control the most stubborn head and hardest breast. And what came of the enchanted lute? Oh! that is the most curious matter of all, and plainly proves the truth of all this story. That lute remained for some time in the family, but was purloined and carried off, as was supposed, by the great singer Faranelli, in pure

jealousy. At his death it passed into other hands in Italy, who were ignorant of its mystic powers, and melting down the silver, transferred the strings to an old Cremona fiddle. The strings retain something of their magic virtues. A word in the reader's ear, but let it go no further—that fiddle is now bewitching the whole world—it is the fiddle of Paganini!

“HELP YOURSELF.”

THE custom of *helping oneself* has its sanction in the remotest antiquity, and has been continued down to the present day in the highest places, and by those whom it especially behoves to set example to the world. It was clearly never designed that man should regulate his conduct for the good of others, for the first lesson taught to the first of men, was to take care of himself; had it been intended that men should study the good of each other, a number would surely have been simultaneously created for the exercise of the principle, instead of one, who, being alone, was essentially selfish. Adam was all the world to himself. With the addition of Eve, human society commenced; and the fault of our first mother furnishes a grand and terrible example of the mischief of thinking of the benefit of another. Satan suggested to her that Adam should partake of the fruit—an idea, having in it the taint of benevolence, so generally mistaken—whence sin and death came into the world. Had Eve been strictly selfish, she would wisely have kept the apples to herself, and the evil would have been avoided. Had Adam helped himself, he would have had no stomach for the helping of another—and so, on his part, the evil temptation had been obviated.

The *help yourself* principle has at no time been extinct in society, while it is seen to be a universal law of Nature. The wolf *helps himself* to the lamb, and the lamb to the grass. No animal assists another, excepting when in the relation of parent to young, when Nature could not dispense with the caprice of benevolence, which in this instance, be it observed, distresses the parties susceptible of the sentiment; for suckling creatures are always in poor condition. Appropriation is the great business of the universe. The institution of property is, on the other hand, artificial.

THE man who tenderly loves his wife will have the greater pleasure in lessening her care and heightening her enjoyment. The professions that he held out to engage her affections were all that language could express; his conduct that of the warmest attachment; can a woman, when she feels an increased cause for that attachment, bear the sad reverse? A Scotch ballad very prettily expresses the pleasure an affectionate wife feels at the approach of her husband:—

“His very foot has music in’t
When he comes up the stairs.”

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE avenues to learning of all kinds were planned and opened by Lord Bacon. The nature and most intimate recesses of the human mind were explained and unfolded by Locke—and the frame and constitution of the universe by Sir Isaac Newton, in a more perfect manner than ever was done or attempted by human skill, since the foundation of the world.

The senior Peerage on record in the three kingdoms is a Scotch one. The Earldom of Stafford, now enjoyed by the Marchioness of Stafford, was given by Malcolm II. in 1007.

We do indeed cleave the vast heaven of Truth with a weak and crippled wing: and often we are appalled in our way by a dread sense of the immensity around us, and of the inadequacy of our own strength.

In spite of all the sophistry that has been expended in defence of close-fistedness, says a periodical, the common feeling is correct—that a miser is both a rogue and a fool.

Dentatus fought 120 battles, was 30 times victorious in single combat, and received forty-five wounds in front.

There is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last, from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

"Oh! say not I have broken the faith, the faith I vowed to thee,
Change was made for all on earth, was it not made for me?
I vowed a vow of faith to thee, by the red rose of June,
I vowed it by the rainbow, and by the silver moon;
The red rose has departed, fresh ones are springing there,
The rainbow's hue has left no trace upon the azure air,
The crescent moon has swollen into a golden round,
The marks of chance and change on each and all are found—
Then say not I have broke the faith, the faith I vowed to thee,
Change was made for all on earth, was it not made for me?"

A man of sensibility is always either in the attic of ecstasies, or the cellar of sorrow; either jumping with joy, or groaning with grief. But pleasure and pain are like a cucumber—the extremes are good for nothing. I once heard a late minister compared to the same vegetable, "For," said the punster, "his ends are bad."

A witness was called upon to testify concerning the reputation of another witness for veracity.—"Why," said he, "I hardly know what to tell you. Mr. — sometimes jests and jokes, and then I don't believe him; but when he undertakes to tell any thing for a fact, I believe him about as much as I do the rest of my neighbours."

It is very remarkable that the New Zealanders attribute the creation of man to their three principal deities acting together; thus exhibiting in

their barbarous theology, something like a shadow of the Christian Trinity. What is still more extraordinary is, their tradition respecting the formation of the first woman who, they say, was made of one of the man's ribs; and their general term for bone is *hevee*, or, as Professor Lee gives it, *iwi*—a sound bearing a singular resemblance to the Hebrew name of our first mother.

Nobody ventures upon the high sea of public life without becoming sea sick sooner or later.

I do believe

That at our feet the tide of time flows on
In strong and rapid course; nor is one current
Or rippling eddy liker to the rest,
Than is one age unto its predecessor:
Men still are men, the stream is still a stream,
Through every change of changeable tide and time;
And 'tis, I fear, only our partial eye
That lends a brighter sunbeam to the wave
On which we launched our own adventurous bark.

Sleep, like an avaricious publican, forces us to spend with him one half of our lives.

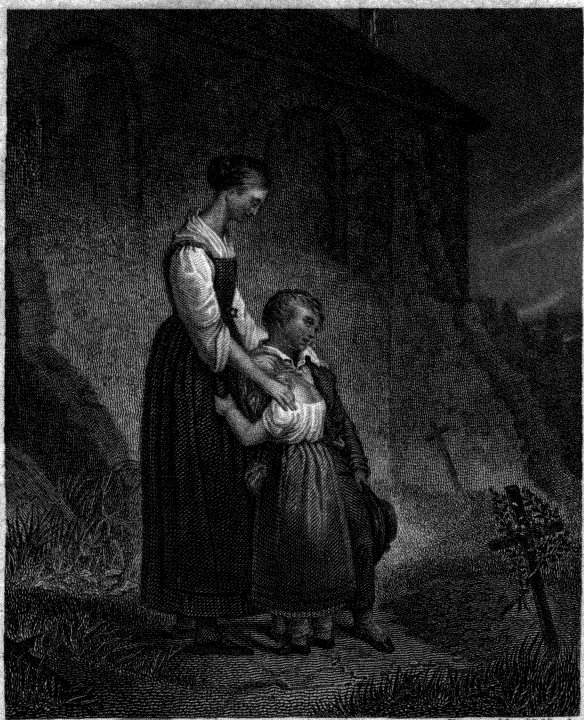
RECIPES.

TO DRY-CLEAN CLOTHES OF ANY COLOUR.

First, examining where the spots of grease are, dip your brush in warm gall, and strike over the greasy places, when the grease will immediately disappear; rinse it off in cold water; dry by the fire, then take sand, such as is bought at the oil shops, and laying your coat flat on a table, strew this sand over it, and knocking your brush on it, beat the sand into the cloth: the sand should be a little damp; then brush it out with a hard brush, and it will bring out all the filth with it. This does also for coach linings and gentlemen's clothes, &c. In the summer time, when the dust gets into clothes, &c. after they have been well shaken and brushed again, pour a drop or two of the oil of olives into the palm of your hand, rub this over your soft brush, strike your coat over with it, and this will brighten the colour if either blue, black, or green.

FOR SULPHURING WOOL, SILKS, STRAW BONNETS, &c.

Put into a chaffing dish some lighted charcoal; put this chaffing dish into a small close room, without a chimney, or into a closet or large box; then pound an ounce or two of brimstone, and strew it on the hot coals. Hang up the articles you would have bleached, make your door fast, and let them hang three hours, or all night, if you have time. This is what is called dry bleaching woollens; all fine coloured woollens should be sulphured in this way previously to their being dyed. Straw bonnets are likewise bleached in the same manner.



Painted by A. Schmitt

Engraved by J.B. Neagle

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, 1832.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Does thine eye, lady, rest on the picture of sadness? Does the tear tremble there, which never failed to flow at one scene of human sorrow? Does thy gentle heart throb for those who linger over the tomb, which contains the cold, the inanimate clay that was lately warm with the glowing vitality of a mother's love? And does hope, or belief kinder than hope, tell thee that the spirit, now fled from that cold clay, wanders in ethereal purity over the gentle beings whom it lately loved, with a human but scarcely earthly love?

Oh lady, well do I know the gushings of thy heart. How often, amid the vanity and splendour of the world, have I seen thy soft eye kindle with a lustre that splendour never brought there? How often has thy heart heaved with thoughts of hopes, of pleasures, of joys, far, far away? Thou mayest never look on this fleeting page; thou mayest never recal the memory of hours, now with those uncounted, which have been withered by the blighting hand of time that has passed; but not so will fade the recollection, with those who have seen thee, of thy gentle spirit, thy beauty, thy purity and thy truth. It has indeed been thine to dwell among the gay tribe that flutter in the sunshine of life, it has been thine to receive the homage which the world loves to offer to those whom it has enshrined. But though among them, thou wast not of them; purer and loftier were the objects that occupied thy thoughts, and all a woman's tenderness and goodness were for ever freshly springing up in the deep recesses of thy heart. How often have I listened to the music that flowed from thy lips! How often by thy side, wandering in the stillness of the summer evening, has the voice of charity, of benevolence, of all pervading love, fallen on my ear, more softly than the softest breezes that died among the scarcely moving groves around us! How often has the tranquillity of the heavens seemed yet more tranquil, and the lustre of the stars more surely the beacons of undiscovered worlds!

Oh lady, whithersoever may be thy wanderings, whatever may be to others the accidents of life, whatever storms may gather up the dark clouds to hang around the future, thine be it to enjoy, for long, long years, skies as unclouded as ever gladdened the heart with their summer serenity, and to find yet in store, worlds more pure than fancy has ever sought to fashion in the brightest and loveliest of the stars.

Original.

THE CITY OF THE PESTILENCE.

A SKETCH.

It was a scene of solitude, of lone
Sublimity, that dwells not where the hand
Of nature rears aloft the dizzy hill,
Or toppling crag, the soul to start, or bid
The eye to quail beneath her majesty:—
It was not solitude that deserts know
Mid burning sands, or the sirocco's rage,
Where bravest souls back on themselves do shrink,
From print of fellow mortal's wand'ring step
Stamped on a place so desolate and drear:—
'Twas not the loneliness of ocean's breast
Where sky and water seem to merge in one
Immeasurable cave of azure dome,
Studded with gems of rich and glitt'ring ray;
Where the tost mariner amid the shrouds,
His night watch holding o'er th' unbridled winds,
May face to face behold the God of heaven,
Who comes not in the thunder's awful peal,
The whirlwind's fury, or consuming fire,
But in the still, small voice, that breathes around
The ocean's sleep, and nature's solitude.
There thou art not alone, nor yet may'st feel
The ruling spirit of true solitude.
These may hold pleasing converse with the soul,
The thrilling tones of eloquence may pour,
And new harmonious numbers wake within.
But in the mighty homes of human kind,
Those far famed cities whose gigantic walls
Millions embrace within their flinty arms;
Where splendour fires with rage the envious heart,
And poverty contempt excites, where all
Toll from the rising of the morning sun
To balmy eve;—for what? some glitt'ring toy,
Some bubble, reputation, honour, wealth,

Dissolving at the touch;—whose life is formed
Of anguished efforts, or unyielding strife.
Oh wander *there*, at the dark midnight hour,
And listen to the echoes of thy tread
Among the silent ranges—let thy soul
Look inward on itself—and darkly muse
O'er some deep hidden and appalling thought:
Upon the homes of still and sleeping man
Cast thy despairing eye, and inly ask,
Who of all these, for me can feel or care,
Can share my sorrows, and partake my grief?
E'en from the senseless shores that mark the path
A cold and chilling answer seems to rise,
All echo—*none*!—thou art indeed alone.

The pall of night was spread, and half the world
Had sunk to slumber in the downy arms
Of sweet forgetfulness;—heav'n's opiate
On every sense had fallen, pouring balm
On wounded souls—diffusing happiness
Where'er the closed eye, and moveless lip,
The gentle breathing, and the holy calm,
The presence of the magic pow'r bespoke.
Yet all slept not—all sought not out
Oblivion of the past or present care;
But some did catch the hour, while others lay
To all of interest, unknowing, dead—
To breathe the ev'ning air, to cast a glance
On myriad fires that light the vault of heav'n.
To whisper gentle words, that suited not
The busy throng, the noisy restless hum
Of man—that ill became the glaring light
Of noonday splendour or of western glow;—
But soft and soothing as the rising breeze

That fans the timid aspen's quiv'ring leaf,
 Or ripples o'er with each fantastic form
 The glassy bosom of the gliding stream.
 The air was heavy with its odorous load,
 The rich and precious tribute of each flow'r,
 And of each loftier tree whose blossoms hung
 Clust'ring and drooping with their sweet perfume,
 Or scatt'ring garlands on the dewy sward.
 From founts of marble of Italia's clime
 The crystal waters gushed in many a stream,
 Gurgling, and flashing o'er the rocky way,
 Which Art, ambitious of her rival's skill,
 Had sought to imitate from Nature's hand.
 Here had the fairy foot in blithesome mood,
 Tripped in the mazy dance, to music's strain;
 Here had loud laughter, bursting from the heart,
 Echoed from lip to lip—and flashed again
 In ev'ry eye—and glowed in ev'ry cheek.
 The old aroused their waning souls to see
 How full were all of gay, luxurious life—
 How each heart bounded, and with transport thrilled,
 Where yet untainted dwelt sweet innocence,
 And blest content.

The hours passed on, and of the flight of time
 Warned the gay revellers by midnight chime.
 The labyrinth was still—the fountains poured
 Their grateful coolness on the air in vain,
 And onward as it flew, the zephyr sighed
 O'er the untenanted—deserted bow'rs,
 But far beyond, amid the cypress shades,
 A form advances and still nearer comes.
 But no—not one alone, two figures move
 In step harmonious through the moonlit scene;
 Their arms close intertwined—and each one's eye
 Reading the language of love's eloquence
 In those bright speaking mirrors, where the form
 Of each distinctly pictured from the heart,
 A faithful copy of the image there.
 They whispered—but the fountain's falling spray
 Mingled its murmurs—and the words escaped.
 The moon's pale crescent shed a holy light
 On the pure passion of the happy pair,
 Who pledged before that chaste and sacred fire
 Their mutual loves—their fortunes—and their all:—
 Defied e'en death to break the solid chain
 That linked in union strong their constant hearts;
 Pledged, and devoted each unbroken love,
 In health, in sickness, happiness, or woe,
 No chance should part—no evil disunite,
 But live together—undivided die.
 Words, deep and earnest, were the sacred bond;
 The witnesses—the sov'reign power of heav'n;
 The seal that ratified—the first long kiss
 Stamped warm and glowing on those virgin lips.
 Man's dignity of form, and gen'rous soul—
 The grace of woman—blended with a high
 A noble spirit, and an ardent love—
 All gave assurance of enduring faith.
 For soul in soul so intimately join'd,
 To separate appeared past mortal pow'r.
 As when two dew drops on some fragrant flow'r
 Their radiant beauties to each other send,
 A breath—a movement—with attractive pow'r
 May melt and mould them to a brighter gem.
 The troth was plighted, and the blissful goal
 Was full in view—a week, a few short hours
 Would into full fruition change their hope.
 They gazed around upon the silence deep,
 Where no sound fell, no music but their own,
 The words of love,
 Waked the lone echoes of th' enchanted scene.
 The parting steps rose fainter on the ear,
 And the dim passage shrouded them from sight.

From a deep-shaded nook stole forth a man,
 His step was noiseless—sneering was his smile,
 Pale was his lip—his cheek cadaverous,
 And the deep hollow of his restless eye

Gleamed with the lustre of his fiendish stare.
 He viewed the lovers till beyond his ken,
 And then he laughed—not loud, or joyously,
 But a hoarse murmur from his inmost breast,
 Did harshly grate along the arid path
 That bore it to the air—as if from hell
 Some damned spirit issued forth to light,
 To blast all living with its hideous roar.
 Uprose that horrid laugh, through clenched teeth
 That grinned—and gnashed—and grated o'er and o'er,
 While the fierce gesture, and contracted brow,
 The heaving chest, and ev'ry muscle set—
 Were indices of bitter—envious hate.
 The haunts of man had held him—and his heart,
 Once sympathetic, had rebounded high
 To joy or sorrow—wealth and friends had he.
 But his star, once so bright, faded and fell:—
 In evil hour, upon a brother's love
 In full confiding tenderness, he set
 His fortune and his fame—and all were lost,
 Wrecked at the moment of his highest hopes—
 Buried forever—sunk beneath the waves
 That roll above adversity's abyss.
 Then friends more distant grew—and servants bold—
 Unheard of debts encumbered him—respect
 Became familiar—some dared pity him.
 Madness was in his brain—his senses reeled—
 To heav'n he swore in words of import dire,
 Never to pity or to succour man,
 But blast his happiness—and o'er his woe
 Mock, taunt, and drive to uttermost despair—
 To fill the cup of pleasure high with pain—
 And gall infuse, where honey should have flowed.
 He looked upon the fire of youthful love,
 And longed to quench it—thirsted to revenge
 His seared and palsied feelings upon those
 Who ne'er had injured him. Ghostly he smiled,
 And lifting up in air his withered hands,
 On heav'n he called to blast all joy
 In ev'ry heart—all confidence—all love.
 He sought his lonely pallet—not to sleep—
 His soul was wakeful, and an undefined
 Yet pleasing vision floated o'er his sight.
 He dashed the mem'ry of his waking dream
 With furious oath far from him—for some fiend
 Muttered in whispered tones—"Thou hast thy wish!"
 Belief he could not yield—to think that he—
 The poor—despised—abhorred—the pitied wretch,
 That he should dream of hope, or wish fulfilled.
 But still he fondly hung upon that word—
 As children on a father's promised boon—
 Till morn had risen, and his frame oppressed
 Had sunk unconscious into slumber's arms.

Thrice had Diana's silver car careered
 Over the arch of buoyant clouds that spans
 Th' immensity of air—thrice had the sun
 Rushed flaming from the orient, to the wave
 Of western waters—thrice had man arisen
 Toiled, and slept; and now, 'twas ev'n again;
 Again the air was odorous—the stream
 Still purled and dashed along its pebbly bed.
 But whence this silence sad—these desert bow'rs?
 Has pleasure ceased, and has th' exulting voice
 Forgot its strains hilarious? Has some wand
 More potent than the Magi's fabled staff,
 Waved o'er the city, and to stone transformed
 The living—breathing—joyous multitude?
 The air is murky, and the sable clouds
 Flit on the pinions of the stormy wind;
 The moon's cold eye looks with a fitful glare,
 And ever and anon, the starving dogs
 Howl in discordance, and with madness tear
 Their fellows limb from limb: man heeds not them.
 The casement closed, the portal closely barred,
 No welcome to the wand'ring stranger give.
 Yet one is there: as if on wings he flies,
 His arms extended—tossing wild his hair
 From the wan, haggard temples on the storm.

Hark! as his shriek reverberates along
Th' unpeopled passages, he fiercely cries,
"The PLAGUE!—The PLAGUE!" and onward flies again.
Twirling upon its creaking hinge, a door
Opens with cautious hand—and from within
A few forms slowly glide—with pond'rous weight
O'erburdened. The madman cast one glance,
And bounding forward, quickly disappeared.
Within the gloomy mansion's silent walls,
The hand of heav'n on every soul was laid,
Heavy and grievous—if the awful groans,
Th' unhallowed curses, and the raving mind,
The cries, the supplications, and the threats,
That burst from ev'ry parched and fevered lip,
Can tell of anguish whose acutest pangs,
Imagination, in her wildest hour,
Has disbelieving mocked at as unreal.
On a low couch there lay a feeble man;
Time had not played a loser's game with him,
But at his touch, the tall and vig'rous form
Had bowed and tottered; palsied were his limbs,
And his white locks in wild confusion hung
Shading his brow, that throbbed as if to burst.
The sightless balls in agony upturned,
Livid and bloodshot, in their sockets rolled—
His wasted fingers dug his aching flesh,
That writhed a loathsome, and corrupted mass;
His lips were covered with a whitish foam,
And his unceasing cry was for a drop,
A single drop, to cool his burning tongue.
He called upon his child, a beauteous boy,
That far off stood, his agony to see,
And prayed a cup of water to assuage
The fire that ever on his vitals preyed.
The trembling, weeping child dared not come near
But shrieking hurried from the scene of death.

Then rang a peal of laughter through the halls,
The frantic maniac stood beside the bed,
Intently watching each convulsive throe,
Or startling quiver of the ag'd limbs,
As one by one the icy tides of death,
Advancing sluggishly along each vein,
Congealed the warmer and impetuous flow
That circled round the heart, and vainly strove
To stem the frozen torrent; and his laugh
Burst wildly forth to mock the solemn scene,
Too late to wound the spirit's parting sigh,
For the last lingering breath had gently passed
The opened portals—and the roving eye,
Rayless and glassy, stood forever fixed.
The piercing cry, the shout of deep despair,
Fell on a senseless and unconscious ear.
He bent him o'er a form of beauteous mould,
Whose horrid wailings rent the tainted air;
He ghastly smiled upon the pallid face
Of her who plighted once her sacred faith,
'Neath the o'erarching grove at the dead of night,
To him her heart's beloved—her bosom's lord.
On him heav'n's vengeance fearfully she called—
On his perfidious head—whose coward soul
Recolled in terror from his stricken bride—
Dared not her wants to tend, her head support,
With her to die—or still with honour live.
A voice was whispering in her sickened ear,
"This is the end of love—and this reward
All mortals bear—'tis thine to share it too."
She heard, and looked upon the hideous face,
That smiled in cool derision of her woe;
She thought the fiends of hell were even now
Profanely paltering with her loosened soul;
One shriek—one quivering groan—her spirit winged
its unknown way to worlds beyond the tomb. Y. P.

RACHAEL PARFETT.

ABOUT a year after Hosea Parfett,—once a flourishing farmer, and the last of a renowned race of wrestlers and cudgel-players, had, on account of his confirmed lameness, produced by a terrific in-lock from a Wiltshire giant, who had dared the whole village to a bout, in which Hosea, at the expense of a dislocated hip, threw him three complete pancakes—but more especially in consideration of his recent ruin by mildew, fly, murrain, and other disasters, been elected parish mole-catcher, Rachael, his seventh child, was born. Her eyes, when she first opened them to weep, were, as Brodie Bagster, the village song-maker, says, like little violets, filled with dew, peeping out of a spring snow. The same worthy, in a doggerel composition, which fits indifferently to the tune of Ally Croker, recording the story of her early life, observes that her hair was "silky soft and silvery bright" as the down of a nestling dove; her first tooth, a pearl plucked by a mermaid from some coral nook, in which its maker, the hermit-oyster—so he called the fish—had hid it; and her cheek a mark which the fairies had set up to pelt all day with rose-buds. Brodie said half a hundred other flowery things of Rachael, which it would have broken his heart to know had been better said, before he was born, of half a thousand others. Not-

withstanding the hyperbolic compliments of her rustic laureate,—which, unsupported, would perhaps have rendered the fact doubtful,—Rachael, from the testimony of all who saw her in the early part of her babyhood, appears to have been eminently beautiful. She was, it is said, a living similitude of some fine old picture of a wingless angel, in the antique library at Scroby Hall, which her mother had had frequent occasion to visit, while pregnant, for the purpose of receiving from Sir Ralph, who was churchwarden, the pittance per dozen allowed by the parish for the moles caught by Hosea, whose pride would not permit him to appear in person as a claimant of the parochial fees to which his industry, absurdly misdirected as it was, by custom and promise entitled him.

Rachael was scarcely able to run alone when some mysterious malady wrought an appalling change in her appearance, and she became again a nursing—hideous from her extreme haggardness. It was said, and steadfastly believed in the village, that Hosea Parfett's child had been stolen by the fairies, and that the creature which nestled in its place was an accursed changeling. Rachael's mother began to loathe the baby o which she had before most passionately doted and after pining for a few weeks, as Brodie Ba-

ster sings, turned from the sun like a drooping flower, and died. Shortly after this event, the good women of the village, at a council held, one winter's eve, round the blacksmith's forge, resolved on compelling the fairies to return. Rachael, and relieve Hosea Parfett of the changeling. The little creature was accordingly placed on a shovel, and exposed, the same night, at the back door of Hosea's house, to the cold gleam of the setting moon. The attendant ceremonies were conducted with such powerful precision, that, if Brodie may be believed, the fairies thought proper to refund; and, three months after, a young farmer's wife, who, having lost her first-born, had volunteered to become wet-nurse to the recent visitor in fairy-land, brought young Rachael back to the mole-catcher's cottage, even more beautiful than when she was born.

Hosea's time was fully occupied; and he had already, not so much from love as necessity, it is remarked in the ballad, married a second wife, in the hope of obtaining a second mother for his seven children. He soon had an eighth, which seeming ugly by the side of Rachael, its playmate, the latter, at an earlier age than even the bad circumstances of her father could warrant, was thrust into distant employment. Old Sir Ralph's bailiff undertook to give her food and lodging, with twopence per month as wages, to drive the birds from his master's crops; but Rachael soon lost her place, being endowed, as Brodie says, with so sweet a quality of voice, that she attracted the creatures she was hired to scare away. So it fared with her in all her subsequent youthful services, some natural perfection rendering her unfit for those occupations in which a child less pre-eminently gifted, but with equal zeal and industry, would doubtless have excelled. At length—so says Brodie in his ballad—she was actually turned out of the choir, in which she had only sung for a few Sabbaths, because, as Reuben Orton, the leader, observed, with a confident appeal to his coadjutor, the parish clerk, no less than three young tenors, and a middle-aged bass, lost time and marred all melody, by gazing into her innocent blue eyes with such heterodox enthrallment as though there had been no other heaven.

Yet, though admired by all, Rachael became an object of affection to none. The boldest of the young rustics looked up at her as she glode silently along, just, says Brodie, as they might at the moon, conscious of her beauty, but feeling no emotion of love; and, though she was known to be gentle as a lamb, rarely presuming to offer her a passing salutation. Except among the old and heart-broken, to whom she came as a ministering angel, Rachael had no companions, no, not even among such as were just emerging from their babyhood; for, on the lips of these their mother's milk was scarcely dry, before they heard the story of Hosea Parfett's changeling, and, as one who had been in fairy-land, and whose form and features seemed to retain some of its "lovely leaven"—we quote from Brodie—they deemed her awful, and quivered when she kissed them;

so that, says our respected authority, in a note to his ballad,—adopting a bold figure, Rachael's beauty shrouded her from joy.

She was still a girl when her father died, after a lingering illness brought on, after a lapse of twenty years, by the fatal in-lock of the Wiltshire giant. His wife, with her child, removed to a distant village, where she had many relatives; and of Rachael's six brothers three had long been in the grave, one had gone to sea, and the other two were bearing muskets in the east, so that young Rachael found herself a lone being among her village neighbours. Brodie says she took to peeling willows, and making various fancy articles in wicker work; but those about her either did not appreciate her taste, or felt no inclination to traffic with her; she was therefore compelled to carry the produce of her labours to a neighbouring town, where she stood like a statue in one corner of the market-place, asking no price, but silently receiving what those who passed thought fit to give her for her wares. None met her going forth, none beheld her return; she was rarely seen except on the Sabbath, when she modestly stole up one of the side aisles of the church, and took her place among the paupers on a stone-bench beneath the pulpit. Her decent neatness of attire on these occasions, and the care that was evidently, yet invisibly, bestowed on the little patch of rose-trees in front of her cottage, led the villagers to keep more aloof from her than ever; for no one could divine how, except it were by witchcraft, she obtained her means, it being allowed, even by the most slanderous gossips, that her reputation as a maiden was above impeachment. Gradually the old and heart-broken began to shrink from her charitable hand, and the paupers now made a large space at one end of the stone bench under the pulpit when she approached. Day by day Rachael was becoming more desolate.

At length the eldest son of old Sir Ralph, of Scroby Hall, while proceeding with his groom, at an early hour, to join a distant hunt, found Rachael sitting—the image of mute despair—among the fern on a small but lonely common, across which ran a foot path to the neighbouring market town. Some pieces of broken wicker-work, and one of her shoes, were lying near her. A small gold brooch, to which was attached a morsel of a shirt frill, appeared in the palm of her usually pure, but now begrimed hand; which, as the young squire and his groom approached to raise her, she suddenly clenched, and thrusting it into her bosom, sobbed hysterically, "Do not take it from me—you know not what it cost!"

With a humanity of which she seemed sensible, the young squire, assisted by his man, carried her by a back path to her cottage. The groom, with feelings less delicate than those of his master, was urgent for information, but he could elicit nothing from her except that she had been waylaid and ill-used by somebody; but by whom, she either would not reveal, or, as it appeared from her manner, she did not know. He then suggested a minute inspection of the brooch;

which, however, she held so sullenly in her bosom, that his master at length told him, not to distress her further on the subject.

The patch of rose-trees in front of Rachael's cottage soon became a little wilderness; and the paupers occupied the stone bench beneath the pulpit at their ease—fearless of her coming; for Rachael's Sabbath visits to the house of God had evidently terminated. Months passed on, and at length a cow-boy, coming from a neighbouring revel, heard an infant's wail in Rachael's cottage. Some days after a little boy was found exposed, beneath the lofty porch of Scroby Hall, in a cradle of exquisite wicker-work, and protected with motherly care from the inclemency of the season. The child was however dead. The neatness of its baby blanketing, the beauty of its willow coffin, and the cow-boy's story, instantly brought a strong suspicion on Rachael. Reuben Orton, who was now constable, wished, he said, to confront her with the little corpse: but she entreated to be spared that pang, for it was needless. The child she would own at once was hers. She had gazed on him all night, and frolicked with him all day: work she could not, and want, bitter want, had come on her. Though few had longer, or perhaps brighter tresses, the Scotch pedlar, she said, had refused to purchase them, because he had been told she was uncannie. The child had driven her to despair by crying for that nourishment, which she had lost the power to give it. A wicked thought stole into her mind, and while frantic, she had accomplished it. "On my way back," she continued, "I knelt on the stepping-stone, and drank from the brook. Before I had risen from my knees, I grew calm enough to pray for my child. My very heart seemed to open—I felt a gush in my bosom and flew back. The mile betwixt us seemed to be a thousand. The shadow of his cradle was still on the steps—I hurried on—clutched him up to my breast—and for a moment felt the full joy of being a mother! He fell like a lump of lead from my arms, for his lips had come to my burning cheek, cold—cold as a stone! He had perished!"

At the next assizes for the county, when most of the foregoing facts came out in observation and evidence, Rachael Parfett's name stood first in the calendar; but with a humanity usual in cases where a conviction for the most terrible crimes is expected, her trial, instead of being taken on the opening day, was postponed until the Friday, so that if she were found guilty, the intervention of the Sabbath, a *dies non*, might so far cheat the law, as to add one day to the little sum of life—forty-eight hours—allotted to the criminal after sentence. Notwithstanding all the ingenuity of the two leading counsel on the circuit, who had received briefs and unusually large fees on her behalf, from some unknown hand, the jury, without retiring, had, after a brief consultation, faced about in their box, evidently about to pronounce her guilty,—the dapper, slim associate of his relative, the judge, had already nibbed the pen intended to record her doom, and, in a tone of pert-

ness, asked that awful question at which so many hearts have quailed, "Gentlemen, are you agreed in your verdict?" when a loud shriek interrupted the business of the Court. It did not come from Rachael—she had scarcely heard it; for her senses were dead to the world, and her soul, as the writer before quoted says, was apparently half way to Heaven. The sound, at the moment of its utterance, had so completely filled the court-house, that many an auditor, in different situations, turned round to some pallid female by his side, and thought the shriek was hers.

After a brief but agonizing pause, a noble-looking woman, gorgeously clad, on whose brow, according to our rustic poet, the very dew of death seemed freezing, rose from her seat by the Judge's side, and, though her lips quivered between the utterance of every word, in a firm clear voice, tendered evidence on Rachael's behalf. While a carriage rolled by the court-house, shattering, as it did, at a moment of such intense interest, even the nerves of those who were not more than ordinarily sensitive, the venerable judge rose and offered to support the agitated witness. She briefly declined his courtesy; but he still stood gazing at her, with an emotion in which every spectator partook. It was the wife of old Sir Ralph's eldest son, who had now succeeded to his father's titles and estates. "Make way," said she, in a tone of authority, and taking what Brodie calls a radiant cherub from her attendant's arms, "this," she added, after having crossed the dock and placed the child on Rachael's bosom, "this, my Lord, is hers:—we must not see her murdered!"

Rachael held forth her hands half unconsciously, to receive the babe, which, as Brodie says, lay playing with her disheveled locks, the image of young Joy in the arms of Sorrow, while the lady told her tale. Her own child, she said, had suddenly expired in convulsions, and while she was still weeping over its little corpse, the great bell of Scroby Hall seemed voluntarily to toll its knell. It was long past midnight, and her attendant, proof against all supernatural ideas, had boldly opened the entrance door. A baby, in its cradle, was on the threshold. Knowing her husband's deep anxiety to have an heir, she had been prevailed on to substitute the corpse of her own for Rachael's living child. Shame had hitherto prevented her from confessing the fraud; but now that an innocent fellow-creature's life was at stake, she could not hesitate to avow the error into which she had been betrayed. "The blooming boy," she added, with an energy that seemed to be mingled with some indignation and more sorrow, "whom I have this day brought into Court, is not mine, but Rachael Parfett's; here is a brooch, which I found on its breast, I feel convinced it is my husband's. That brooch I gave him only a week before our marriage; it was a fatal relic, to which superstition had affixed a charm; and I felt hurt that I did not wear it on his wedding day. It was then Rachael Parfett's."

The story of the Human Cuckoo may be concluded with the following extract—at which

many may laugh—from Brodie Bagster's second ballad on the same subject, written to a melody which he is said to have patiently coaxed out of his own fiddle:—

"And so, with that, this lady proud,
Plucked up her damask gown,

And sailed out of Court, like an evening cloud,
When the sun has just gone down
And when she died—which soon befell—
Sir Ralph of Scroby Hall—
He married the lass he'd not used well,
And made amends for all."

ANECDOTES OF GERMAN COURTS.

THE various tongued denizens of earth who had crowded Frankfort during the great fair were fast returning to their distant homes, the well filled *table d'hôte* at the Romischer Kaiser was now reduced to a few members of the *corps diplomatique*. "See that my passport is *en règle* for Vienna," said I to the Kellner, "for Frankfort has now become intolerably dull."

As the traveller journeys towards Saxony, the face of the country undergoes a marked change; the vine clad heights of the Mein gave place to the dark ridges of the Thuringian forest, between which and the foot of the Ezegebirge, extend the dominions of a crowd of petty princes, who by their family influence or political services, have saved their insignificant independencies from the mediatising ban of the German confederation.

My travelling companion was an old Dutch colonel, the Baron Van S——. He had made thirty campaigns, and the wild uncertainty of a camp life had given to him that happy constitutional indifference which philosophy in vain aspires to. A vein of military pedantry ran through his conversation, but this was enlivened by such shrewd and profound observations on men and things, such a fund of anecdote, as taught me that the Baron had moved no inattentive observer on the great theatre of events on which he had played his part. "In whose dominions are we at present," said I to the post-master at Lebenstein, for in the course of our morning's ride, we had passed through half-a-dozen states. "In those of his Serene Highness of Saxe Meinengen," was the reply. I confess I felt a little curious to visit the state that was likely to have the honour of one day giving a Queen to England. We therefore proceeded straight to the capital, and little time it took us to get there.

The town of Saxe Meinengen is situated on the right bank of the Warre, beautifully embosomed in hills; it is rather handsomely built, and is poetically called the *City of the Harp*. The population of the whole state is about 40,000 souls, its revenue 30,000*l.*, and as a member of the German confederation it has *one fifth of a vote*. I gathered this important statistical knowledge from the Court Almanack. What a ridiculous "*spectacle politique*" do these little petty German states present, with their standing armies and all the *attirail* of a court. Here is the duchy of Saxe Meinengen—its whole population is inferior to that of a moderately sized

English town, and its entire revenue considerably less than the pin money of our Queen. Such is the fact; an English town, considered unworthy of being represented in parliament, has double the population, and centuple the wealth and intelligence of the duchy of Saxe Meinengen, that has given to us a Queen who has shewn so much elevated contempt for our Manchesters and Birminghams. An English hunter would gallop round its territory in an hour; an English nobleman must be a skilful financier to subsist on its paltry revenue without running in debt.

"You are right," said the Baron, "but it was still worse in the time of the old German confederation. In fact the state we are now in is a mighty empire compared to the Lilliputian dominions of many of these princes, whose military contingent to the confederation was fixed at *half a man each*! The whole extent of their territory might have been ranged by an eighteen pounder. On the formation of the confederation of the Rhine, eighty *de ces Messieurs* were mediatized at one *coup de plume*, an arrangement which was confirmed by the congress of Vienna in 1815, who I believe would fain have extended to a few more this mediatising principle; an act that would have gained for that assembly the eternal gratitude of the subjects of these petty sovereigns, who are borne to the earth by the weight of taxes to support their beggarly pride and ridiculous pretensions. To give you an idea,"—continued the Baron, "shortly after Holland was overrun by the French, I was in garrison at Breda." Now at the words "*J'étais et garnison*," I filled out a bumper of Rhudesheimer, for I expected the relation of a whole campaign at least, and I foresaw it would be far past midnight ere we got into winter quarters; but for once I was mistaken.

"Tired of the monotony of a garrison life, I resolved to make an excursion into some of the little states of the right bank of the Rhine; they were crowded at the time with French emigrants, and I need not tell you there was no lack of amusement. I directed my steps to the nearest of these, the dominions of the Hereditary Prince of Bentheim Steinfurth, and took up my quarters at the Hotel de la Cour,—immediately opposite the parade. This was fortunate, for it afforded me an opportunity of reviewing the standing army of the state, which consisted of *six hussars and twenty grenadiers*.

"On the second day of my arrival I waited upon the Grand Chamberlain, in order to make *le premier pas* towards an introduction at court. Letters of nobility proving three descents at least, were indispensable to procure the honour of an *entree*. 'I am a Baron born,' said I, in reply to the chamberlain, 'but the *revolution a change tout cela*.' I had, however, brought with me some old musty parchments, though not without the apprehensions of compromising myself with my own government by figuring away under my old title. These I handed to him. Never shall I forget the satisfaction he displayed; he capered about the room, singing the old romance

'Aux bons temps de la chevalerie,'

and darted off to lay them before his Highness in person.

"On the following Sunday I was invited to the *grand couvert du prince*. On being ushered into the banqueting hall, I was rather surprised to observe that all the lacqueys wore enormous mustaches. It was," said the Baron, "a decoration *de lacquai* which I had never before seen, and I accordingly testified my astonishment to the Prince de B——i, who sat next to me. "If you look more attentively at them," said the Prince, smiling at my observation, "you will perceive *que ces droles la* are the grenadiers of the guard, who on these occasions throw off the uniform of the soldiers to assume the livery of the footman. To be serious, this little state plays the part of an Italian buffoon, and affords food for merriment from morning to night. To begin with the Prince himself. He is one of the most worthy men of his estate, dominions, I should say, but a perfect imbecile on the subject of his nobility, which he pretends has descended to him in a direct line from Charlemagne. The court genealogist goes farther, and pretends that without difficulty it might be proved that the blood of Arminius

*"———tout pur ainsi que sa noblesse,
Est descendu jusqu'a lui de Lucrece en Lucrece."*

"With respect to the Princess," continued the Prince, "she goes many lengths beyond her lord. She fancies herself another Marie Therese, in fact the tone of the court is aristocratic on *n'y pent plus*. Two parties at present divide the state, an Austrian and a Prussian, who hate each other as much as the Guelphs and the Ghebelines of the middle ages. The court inclines to the Austrian faction, for you must know that the Prussian government has seized a village which lay conveniently on their boundary line which produced a revenue to the Prince of about 80*l.* annually. The consequence of this serious defalcation in the revenue has been an appeal to the German diet, which however is too prudent to shew its impotency by ordering Prussia to make the *amende honorable*.

"Observe," said the Prince, "that man be-dizened like an English General. On gala days he officiates as commander-in-chief; on others, *'il fait les fonctions*,'—of architect to the court, director of bridges and highways, and intendant of police. The other on his right is the Minister

of Foreign Affairs, in his own opinion—a second Alberoni. His sagacity has already led him to discover that you are charged with an important diplomatic mission from a foreign power. You may amuse yourself at his expense. And now mark more particularly that old cavalier in earnest conversation with the Countess Von S——g, it is the Baron Von H——g; he has gambled away an immense fortune, and now lives by his wits; he generally contrives to lay under contributions every stranger who arrives at court. You he has already booked for a *vingtaine de Louis* at least. Beware of him, for he is an able tactician, with the effrontery of Beelzebub himself, as the following anecdote will show. He was playing a few days ago at Boston with the Countess Von S., and my cousin the Chevalier B. The Baron lost three thalers and the Chevalier one, who threw down half a Frederick d'or to discharge his debt. This the Baron immediately pocketed, saying to the Countess, this makes my debt to you, Madam, seven thalers; three that I lost, and four that I now borrow of you; so that the Countess, independently of her winnings, lost four thalers, for he has never paid her, and never will!" In truth," said my friend the Baron, "I observed the old fellow hovering on my flanks during the whole of the evening; but he was forestalled by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, drawing me aside, dilated profoundly on the then political state of Europe. War he deemed inevitable, and he took an opportunity of adroitly alluding to the subject of the village, on which would pend the policy of the state. Indeed, Sir, said he, we are on the eve of great events. And so we were, much nearer than his Excellency had any idea of; for while he was so eloquently discoursing on the state of Europe, four of the "Hussars of the Guard" were committing some outrage on the adjoining Prussian territory.

"Now, it happened that the commandant of the district was Blucher, at that time a colonel. And," added the Baron, with military frankness, "he was a *'matin'* not to be trifled with. He accordingly ordered a corporal and four file to invade the territory of the Prince, and seize the delinquents. He might have sent, it is true, a larger force, but then the difficulty of subsisting them! The corporal set out, and executing a march *a-la Seidlitz*, he surprised the hussars in their cantonments, and carried them prisoners to Blucher's head-quarters. The sensation produced by the invasion on the court and the minds of the people, was astonishing. The Prince carried his hand to his sword, but the rage of the Princess and the ladies of her train was sublime; it was the wrath of Juno!

Flectere si nec non superos Acheronta movebo.

The only *cafe* in the little capital was crowded with politicians. A general war was deemed inevitable; an alliance with Austria, and above all, a subsidy from England was the obvious policy of the state. Every horse in the Prince's stables was impressed into the service of the *estafette*. At the expiration of a week, murmurs of discon-

tent began to be heard; an alarming deficiency in the revenue, caused by the enormous consumption of stationery in the department of foreign affairs, was foretold, and a few fierce spirits pronounced the word republic! What would have been the result heaven only knows, had not his Prussian Majesty made due reparation to the wounded honour of his Highness of Bentheim Steinfurth, an event which was celebrated at court by a grand *fete*.

"My *conge* was expired, and I returned to Breda. A few years afterwards I met this ex-sovereign Prince in Paris, where he was living upon a pension from the French government, his principality having been converted into a parochial *arrondissement* of the newly formed kingdom of Westphalia."

I was highly amused with these anecdotes, which were rendered more piquant by the Baron's *art de raconter*, a talent he possessed to a degree that would have pleased the fastidious taste of Louis Quatorze himself.

It is these political territorial divisions that are the curse of Germany. Among her children we see much to admire,—a depth of thought—a love of science—a martial independence of character that elevates the personal dignity of man; but we nowhere find the virtues of the citizen—their love of father-land is not a political aspiration, and in fact how should it be so—a German but seldom dies the subject of the prince under whose dominion he first drew breath; he may have been born a Prussian, lived an Austrian, and died a Bavarian. Or it may have been his worst fate to have been the subject of some petty independent prince, to support whose beggarly pride, and aristocratic, nay autocratic pretensions, his industry, his energies, his manly pride, have been borne to the earth.

But a change is fast coming over this state of things, the vibrations of the political substratum

have already foretold the coming earthquake; one, if we are not mistaken, that will not stay its fury until it has swept from the face of the land the race of pigmy despots, who have so long disgraced it with their tyranny and oppression.

THE WIFE.

WOMAN's love, like the rose blossoming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all around it is black and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of women appear more beautiful than in that of WIFE; parents, brethren, and friends, have claims upon the affections; but the LOVE of a WIFE is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother; but the feelings which induce her to this conduct are not such as those which lead a WIFE to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him; to watch over him in danger; to cheer him in adversity, and ever remain unalterable at his side in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hapless husband; when we behold her in her domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of an enjoyment; an intellectual toy, brightening the family circle with her endearments, and prized for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being who seems to hold her existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should maintain her pristine powers of delight, and with words of comfort and patience, lead the distracted murmurer to peace and resignation.

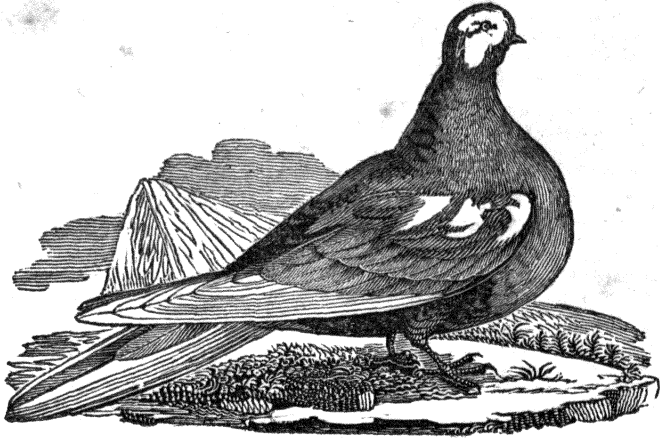
THE TUMBLER PIGEON.

THE Tumbler is a small Pigeon, with a thin neck, full breast, round head, and small beak. The eyes of the better sort of Tumblers are usually of a fine pearly hue. These birds display a variety of beautiful colours. The Almond, or Ermine Tumbler, is particularly conspicuous for the richness and variety of tints of its plumage. The head, tips of the wings, and tail, of the Bald-pated Tumbler, are white. There is another variety called Bearded Tumblers: the plumage of these is either blue or black, except on the upper part of the throat and the cheeks, which are ornamented with a dash of white. The Tumblers are very excellent birds for flying: they possess a peculiarity, of throwing themselves completely over when in the air, and in an instant resuming their flight. They are very hardy birds, and may be classed among the prettiest of the Pigeon tribe.

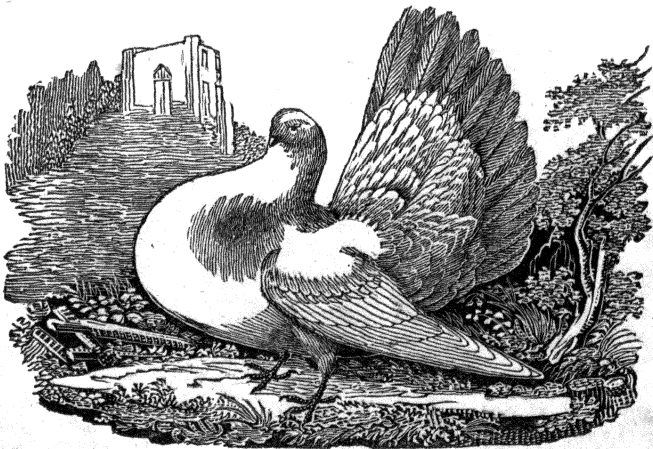
THE FANTAIL PIGEON.

THE Fantails are particularly elegant birds: they have a frequent, peculiar, tremulous motion in the neck; from this circumstance they are sometimes called Shakers. The tail of these birds is spread out, and so raised, that it nearly touches the head. The Fantail has a full projecting breast, a thin neck, and a very small beak. It is generally supposed that these birds are always white: this is not the case, as there are Fantails of various colours. The white birds are, however, not only the most common, but, deservedly, the greatest favourites. There is a variety of the Fantail, called the Narrow-tailed Shakers; the necks of which are shorter and thicker, their backs longer, and their tails, as the name imports, narrower than those of the true Fantails.

THE TUMBLER PIGEON.



THE FANTAIL PIGEON.



THE SONG OF THE SYREN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Then gentle winds arose
 With many a mingled close,
 Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odour keen;
 Where the clear Baian ocean
 Welters with air-like motion
 Within, above, around its bowers of starry green.

SHELLEY.

Still is the Syren warbling on thy shore,
 Bright City of the Waves!—her magic song,
 Still, with a dreamy sense of ecstasy,
 Fills thy soft summer's air:—and while my glance
 Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that lay
 Floats thus o'er Fancy's ear; and thus to thee,
 Daughter of Sunshine! doth the Syren sing.

“Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,
 Thine is the laugh of the golden day,
 The golden day and the glorious night,
 And the vine with its clusters all bathed in light!
 —Forget, forget, that thou art not free!
 Queen of the summer sea!

“Favoured and crowned of the earth and sky!
 Thine are all voices of melody,
 Wandering in moonlight through fane and tower,
 Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower;
 Hark! now they melt o'er thy glittering sea;
 —Forget that thou art not free!

“Let the wine flow in thy marble halls!
 Let the lute answer thy fountain falls!
 And deck thy beach with the myrtle bough,
 And cover with roses thy glowing brow!
 Queen of the day and the summer sea,
 Forget that thou art not free!”

* * * * *

So doth the Syren sing, while sparkling waves
 Dance to her chaunt.—But sternly, mournfully,
 O city of the deep! from Sybil grots
 And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy shore
 Take up the cadence of her strain alone,
 Murmuring—“Thou art not free!”

* Naples.

AN INVITATION.

If she be not fair to me,
 What care I how fair she be.
 SUCKLING.

Wherefore, Fanny, look so lovely,
 In your anger, in your glee?—
 Laughing, weeping, fair, capricious!
 If you will look so delicious,
 Pr'ythee, look at me!

Wherefore, Fanny, sing so sweetly?
 Like the bird upon the tree—
 Hearts in dozens round you bringing?
 Syren! if you must be singing,
 Pr'ythee sing to me!

Wherefore, Fanny, dance so lightly,
 Like the wave upon the sea?
 Motion every charm enhancing—
 Fanny! if you will be dancing,
 Pr'ythee, dance with me!

Wherefore smile so like an angel,
 Angel-like although you be?
 Head and heart at once beguiling—
 Dearest! if you will be smiling,
 Pr'ythee, smile on me!

Wherefore flirt, and aim your arrows
 At each harmless fop you see?
 Coxcombs, hardly worth the hurting—
 Tyrant! if you must be flirting,
 Pr'ythee, flirt with me!

Wherefore, Fanny! kiss and fondle
 Half the ugly brats you see?
 Waste not love among so many—
 Sweetest! if you fondle any,
 Pr'ythee fondle me!

Wherefore wedlock's lottery enter?
 Chances for you, one to three!—
 Richest ventures oft miscarry—
 Fanny, Fanny! if you marry,
 Pr'ythee, marry me!

FERDINANDO EBOLI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

DURING this quiet time of peace, we are fast forgetting the excitements and astonishing events of the last war; and the very names of Europe's conquerors are becoming antiquated to the ears of our children. Those were more romantic days than these; for the revulsions occasioned by revolution or invasion were full of romance; and travellers in those countries in which these scenes had place, hear strange and wonderful stories, whose truth so much resembles fiction, that, while interested in the narration, we never give implicit credence to the narrator. Of this kind is a tale I heard at Naples. The fortunes of war perhaps did not influence its actors; yet it appears improbable that any circumstances so out of the usual routine could have had place under the garish daylight that peace sheds upon the world.

When Murat, then called Gioacchino, king of Naples, raised his Italian regiments, several young nobles, who had before been scarcely more than vine-dressers on the soil, were inspired with a love of arms, and presented themselves as candidates for military honours. Among these was the young Count Eboli. The father of this youthful noble had followed Ferdinand to Sicily; but his estates lay principally near Salerno, and he was naturally desirous of preserving them; while the hopes that the French government held out of glory and prosperity to his country made him often regret that he had followed his legitimate but imbecile king to exile. When he died, therefore, he recommended his son to return to Naples, to present himself to his old and tried friend, the Marchese Spina, who held a high office in Murat's government, and through his means to

reconcile himself to the new king. All this was easily achieved. The young and gallant Count was permitted to possess his patrimony; and, as a further pledge of good fortune, he was betrothed to the only child of the Marchese Spina. The nuptials were deferred till the end of the ensuing campaign.

Meanwhile the army was put in motion, and Count Eboli only obtained such short leave of absence as permitted him to visit for a few hours the villa of his future father-in-law, there to take leave of him and his affianced bride. The villa was situated on one of the Apennines to the north of Salerno, and looked down, over the plain of Calabria, in which Pæstum is situated, on to the blue Mediterranean. A precipice on one side, a brawling mountain torrent, and a thick grove of Ilex, added beauty to the sublimity of its site. Count Eboli ascended the mountain path in all the joy of youth and hope. His stay was brief. An exhortation and a blessing from the Marchese, a tender farewell, graced by gentle tears, from the fair Adalinda, were the recollections he was to bear with him, to inspire him with courage and hope in danger and absence. The sun had just sunk behind the distant isle of Istria, when, kissing his lady's hand, he said a last "Addio," and with slower steps, and more melancholy mien, rode down the mountain on his road to Naples.

That same night Adalinda retired early to her apartment, dismissing her attendants; and then, restless from mingled fear and hope, she threw open the glass door that led to a balcony looking over the edge of the hill upon the torrent, whose loud rushing often lulled her to sleep; but whose waters were concealed from sight by the ilex trees, which lifted their topmost branches above the guarding parapet of the balcony.

Leaning her cheek upon her hand, she thought of the dangers her lover would encounter, of her loneliness the while, of his letters, and of his return. A rustling sound now caught her ear: was it the breeze among the ilex trees? her own veil was unwaved by every wind, her tresses even, heavy in their own rich beauty only, were not lifted from her cheek. Again those sounds. Her blood retreated to her heart, and her limbs trembled. What could it mean? Suddenly the upper branches of the nearest tree were disturbed; they opened, and the faint starlight showed a man's figure among them. He prepared to spring from his hold, on to the wall. It was a feat of peril. First the soft voice of her lover bade her "Fear not," and on the next instant he was at her side, calming her terrors, and recalling her spirits, that almost left her gentle frame, from mingled surprise, dread, and joy. He encircled her waist with his arm, and pouring forth a thousand passionate expressions of love, she leant on his shoulder, and wept from agitation; while he covered her hands with kisses, and gazed on her with ardent adoration.

Then in calmer mood they sat together; triumph and joy lighted up his eyes, and a modest blush glowed on her cheek; for never before had

she sat alone with him, nor heard unrestrained his impassioned assurances of affection. It was indeed Love's own hour. The stars trembled on the roof of his eternal temple; the dashing of the torrent, the mild summer atmosphere, and the mysterious aspect of the darkened scenery, were all in unison, to inspire security and voluptuous hope. They talked of how their hearts, through the medium of divine nature, might hold commune during absence; of the joys of re-union, and of their prospect of perfect happiness.

The moment at last arrived when he must depart. "One tress of this silken hair," said he, raising one of the many curls that clustered on her neck. "I will place it on my heart, a shield to protect me against the swords and balls of the enemy." He drew his keen-edged dagger from its sheath. "Ill weapon for so gentle a deed," he said, severing the lock, and at the same moment many drops of blood fell fast on the fair arm of the lady. He answered her fearful inquiries by showing a gash he had awkwardly inflicted on his left hand. First he insisted on securing his prize, and then he permitted her to bind up his wound, which she did half laughing, half in sorrow, winding round his hand a riband loosened from her own arm. "Now farewell," cried he; "I must ride twenty miles ere dawn, and the descending Bear shows that midnight is past." His descent was difficult, but he achieved it happily, and the stave of a song, whose soft sounds rose like the smoke of incense from an altar, from the dell below, to her impatient ear, assured her of his safety.

It is always the case when an account is gathered from eye-witnesses, I never could ascertain the exact date of these events. They occurred however while Murat was king of Naples, and when he raised his Italian regiments, Count Eboli, as aforesaid, became a junior officer in them, and served with much distinction; though I cannot name either the country, or the battle in which he acted so conspicuous a part, that he was on the spot promoted to a troop.

Not long after this event, and while he was stationed in the north of Italy, Gioacchino, sending for him to head-quarters late one evening, intrusted him with a confidential mission, across a country occupied by the enemy's troops, to a town possessed by the French. It was necessary to undertake the expedition during the night, and he was expected to return on that, succeeding the following day. The king himself gave him his despatches and the word; and the noble youth, with modest firmness, protested that he would succeed, or die, in the fulfilment of his trust.

It was already night, and the crescent moon was low in the west, when Count Ferdinando Eboli, mounted his favourite horse, at a quick gallop, cleared the streets of the town, and then, following the directions given him, crossed the country among the fields planted with vines, carefully avoiding the main road. It was a beauteous and still night; calm, and sleep, occupied the earth; war, the blood-hound, slumbered;

the spirit of love alone had life at that silent hour. Exulting in the hope of glory, our young hero commenced his journey, and visions of aggrandizement and love formed his reveries. A distant sound roused him; he checked his horse and listened; voices approached; when recognising the speech of a German, he turned from the path he was following, to a still straighter way. But again the tone of an enemy was heard, and the trampling of horses. Eboli did not hesitate; he dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and, skirting along the enclosure of the field, trusted to escape thus unobserved. He succeeded after an hour's painful progress, and arrived on the borders of a stream, which, as the boundary between two states, was the mark of his having finally escaped danger. Descending the steep bank of the river, which, with his horse, he might perhaps have forded, he now prepared to swim. He held his despatch in one hand, threw away his cloak, and was about to plunge into the water, when from under the dark shade of the *argine*, which had concealed them, he was suddenly arrested by unseen hands, cast on the ground, bound, gagged and blinded, and then placed in a little boat, which was sculled with infinite rapidity down the stream.

There seemed so much of premeditation in the act that it baffled conjecture, yet he must believe himself a prisoner to the Austrian. While, however, he still vainly reflected, the boat was moored, he was lifted out, and the change of atmosphere made him aware that they entered some house. With extreme care and celerity, yet in the utmost silence, he was stripped of his clothes, and two rings he wore, drawn from his fingers; other habiliments were thrown over him; and then no departing footstep was audible: but soon he heard the splash of a single oar, and he felt himself alone. He lay perfectly unable to move: the only relief his captor or captors had afforded him being the exchange of the gag for a tightly bound handkerchief. For hours he thus remained, with a tortured mind, bursting with rage, impatience, and disappointment; now writhing, as well as he could, in his endeavours to free himself, now still, in despair. His despatches were taken away, and the period was swiftly passing when he could by his presence have remedied in some degree this evil. The morning dawned; and though the full glare of the sun could not visit his eyes, he felt it play upon his limbs. As the day advanced, hunger preyed on him, and though amidst the visitation of mightier, he at first disdained this minor, evil; towards evening, it became, in spite of himself, the predominant sensation. Night approached, and the fear that he should remain, and even starve, in this unvisited solitude had more than once thrilled through his frame, when feminine voices and a child's gay laugh met his ear. He heard persons enter the apartment, and he was asked in his native language, while the ligature was taken from his mouth, the cause of his present situation. He attributed it to banditti: his bonds were quickly cut, and his banded eyes restored to sight. It

was long before he recovered himself. Water brought from the stream, however, was some refreshment, and by degrees he resumed the use of his senses, and saw that he was in a dilapidated shepherd's cot; with no one near him save the peasant girl and a child who had liberated him. They rubbed his ankles and wrists, and the little fellow offered him some bread, and eggs; after which refreshment, and an hour's repose, Ferdinando felt himself sufficiently restored to revolve his adventure in his mind, and to determine on the conduct he was to pursue.

He looked at the dress which had been given him in exchange for that which he had worn. It was of the plainest and meanest description. Still no time was to be lost, and he felt assured that the only step he could take was to return with all speed to the head-quarters of the Neapolitan army, and inform the king of his disasters and his loss.

It were long to follow his backward steps, and to tell all of indignation and disappointment that swelled his heart. He walked painfully but resolutely all night, and by three in the morning entered the town where Gioacchino then was. He was challenged by the sentinels; he gave the word confided to him by Murat, and was instantly made prisoner by the soldiers. He declared to them his name and rank, and the necessity he was under of immediately seeing the king. He was taken to the guard-house, and the officer on duty there listened with contempt to his representations, telling him that Count Ferdinando Eboli had returned three hours before, ordering him to be confined for further examination as a spy. Eboli loudly insisted that some impostor had taken his name; and while he related the story of his capture, another officer came in, who recognised his person; other individuals acquainted with him joined the party; and as the impostor had been seen by none but the officer of the night, his tale gained ground.

A young Frenchman of superior rank, who had orders to attend the king early in the morning, carried a report of what was going forward to Murat himself. The tale was so strange that the king sent for the young Count; and then, in spite of having seen and believed in his counterfeit a few hours before, and having received from him an account of his mission, which had been faithfully executed, the appearance of the youth staggered him, and he commanded the presence of him who, as Count Eboli, had appeared before him a few hours previously. As Ferdinand stood beside the king, his eye glanced at a large and splendid mirror. His matted hair, his blood-shot eyes, his haggard looks, and torn and mean dress, derogated from the nobility of his appearance; and still less did he appear like the magnificent Count Eboli, when, to his utter confusion and astonishment, his counterfeit stood beside him.

He was perfect in all the outward signs that denoted high birth; and so like him whom he represented, that it would have been impossible to discern one from the other apart. The same chestnut hair clustered on his brow; the sweet

and animated hazel eyes were the same; the one voice was the echo of the other. The composure and dignity of the pretender gained the suffrages of those around. When he was told of the strange appearance of another Count Eboli, he laughed in a frank good humoured manner, and turning to Ferdinand, said, "You honour me much; in selecting me for your personation; but there are two or three things I like about myself so well, that you must excuse my unwillingness to exchange myself for you." Ferdinand would have answered, but the false Count, with greater haughtiness, turning to the king, said, "Will your majesty decide between us? I cannot bandy words with a fellow of this sort." Irritated by scorn, Ferdinand demanded leave to challenge the pretender; who said, that if the king and his brother officers did not think that he should degrade himself and disgrace the army by going out with a common vagabond, he was willing to chastise him, even at the peril of his own life. But the king, after a few more questions, feeling assured that the unhappy noble was an impostor, in severe and menacing terms reprehended him for his insolence, telling him that he owed it to his mercy alone that he was not executed as a spy, ordering him instantly to be conducted without the walls of the town, with threats of weighty punishment if he ever dared to subject his impostures to further trial.

It requires a strong imagination, and the experience of much misery, fully to enter into Ferdinand's feelings. From high rank, glory, hope and love, he was hurled to utter beggary and disgrace. The insulting words of his triumphant rival, and the degrading menaces of his so lately gracious sovereign, rang in his ears; every nerve in his frame writhed with agony. But, fortunately for the endurance of human life, the worst misery in early youth is often but a painful dream, which we cast off when slumber quits our eyes. After a struggle with intolerable anguish, hope and courage revived in his heart. His resolution was quickly made. He would return to Naples, relate his story to the Marchese Spina, and through his influence obtain at least an impartial hearing from the king. It was not, however, in his peculiar situation, an easy task to put his determination into effect. He was penniless; his dress bespoke poverty; he had neither friend nor kinsman near, but such as would behold in him the most impudent of swindlers. Still his courage did not fail him. The kind Italian soil, in the autumnal season now advanced, furnished him with chesnuts, arbutus berries, and grapes. He took the most direct road over the hills, avoiding towns, and indeed every habitation; travelling principally in the night, when, except in cities, the officers of government had retired from their stations. How he succeeded in getting from one end of Italy to the other it is difficult to say; but certain it is, that, after the interval of a few weeks, he presented himself at the Villa Spina.

With considerable difficulty he obtained admission to the presence of the Marchese, who

received him standing, with an inquiring look, not at all recognising the noble youth. Ferdinand requested a private interview, for there were several visitors present. His voice startled the Marchese, who complied, taking him into another apartment. Here Ferdinand disclosed himself, and, with rapid and agitated utterance, was relating the history of his misfortunes, when the tramp of horses was heard, the great bell rang, and a domestic announced "Count Ferdinando Eboli." "It is himself," cried the youth, turning pale. The words were strange, and they appeared still more so, when the person announced entered; the perfect semblance of the young noble, whose name he assumed, as he had appeared, when last, at his departure, he trod the pavement of the hall. He inclined his head gracefully to the baron, turning with a glance of some surprise, but more disdain, towards Ferdinand, exclaiming, "Thou here!"

Ferdinand drew himself up to his full height. In spite of fatigue, ill fare, and coarse garments, his manner was full of dignity. The Marchese looked at him fixedly, and started as he marked his proud mien, and saw in his expressive features the very face of Eboli. But again he was perplexed when he turned and discerned, as in a mirror, the same countenance reflected by the new comer, who underwent this scrutiny somewhat impatiently. In brief and scornful words, he told the Marchese that this was a second attempt in the intruder to impose himself as Count Eboli; that the trick had failed before, and would again; adding, laughing, that it was hard to be brought to prove himself to be himself, against the assertion of a *briccone*, whose likeness to him, and matchless impudence, were his whole stock in trade.

"Why, my good fellow," continued he, sneeringly, "you put me out of conceit with myself, to think that one apparently so like me, should get on no better in the world."

The blood mounted into Ferdinand's cheeks on his enemy's bitter taunts; with difficulty he restrained himself from closing with his foe, while the words "traitorous impostor!" burst from his lips. The baron commanded the fierce youth to be silent, and, moved by a look that he remembered to be Ferdinand's, he said, gently—"By your respect for me, I adjure you to be patient; fear not but that I will deal impartially." Then turning to the pretended Eboli, he added that he could not doubt but that he was the true Count, and asked excuse for his previous indecision. At first the latter appeared angry, but at length he burst into a laugh, and then, apologizing for his ill breeding, continued laughing heartily at the perplexity of the Marchese. It is certain, his gaiety gained more credit with his auditor than the indignant glances of poor Ferdinand. The false Count then said, that, after the king's menaces, he had entertained no expectation that the farce was to be played over again. He had obtained leave of absence, of which he profited to visit his future father-in-law, after having spent a few days in his own palazzo at Naples.

Until now, Ferdinand had listened silently with a feeling of curiosity, anxious to learn all he could of the actions and motives of his rival; but at these last words he could no longer contain himself. "What!" cried he, "hast thou usurped my place in my own father's house, and dared assume my power in my ancestral halls?" A gush of tears overpowered the youth; he hid his face in his hands. Fierceness and pride lit up the countenance of the pretender. "By the eternal God and the sacred cross, I swear," he exclaimed, "that palace is my father's palace; those halls the halls of my ancestors!" Ferdinand looked up with surprise; "And the earth opens not," he said, "to swallow the perjured man." He then, at the call of the Marchese, related his adventures, while scorn mantled on the features of his rival. The Marchese, looking at both, could not free himself from doubt. He turned from one to the other: in spite of the wild and disordered appearance of poor Ferdinand, there was something in him that forbade his friend to condemn him as the impostor; but then it was utterly impossible to pronounce such the gallant and noble-looking youth, who could only be acknowledged as the real Count by the disbelief of the other's tale. The Marchese, calling an attendant, sent for his fair daughter. "This decision," said he, "shall be made over to the subtle judgment of a woman, and the keen penetration of one who loves." Both the youths now smiled—the same smile; the same expression—that, of anticipated triumph. The baron was more perplexed than ever.

Adalinda had heard of the arrival of Count Eboli, and entered, resplendent in youth and happiness. She turned quickly towards him who resembled most the person she expected to see; when a well-known voice pronounced her name, and she gazed aghast on the double appearance of the lover. Her father, taking her hand, briefly explained the mystery, and bade her assure herself which was her affianced husband. "Signorina," said Ferdinand, "disdain me not because I appear before you thus in disgrace and misery. Your love, your goodness will restore me to prosperity and happiness."

"I know not by what means," said the wondering girl, "but surely you are Count Eboli."

"Adalinda," said the rival youth, "waste not your words on a villain. Lovely and deceived one, I trust, trembling I say it, that I can with one word assure you that I am Eboli."

"Adalinda," said Ferdinand, "I placed the nuptial ring on your finger; before God your vows were given to me."

The false Count approached the lady, and bending one knee, took from his heart a locket, enclosing hair tied with a green riband, which she recognised to have worn, and pointed to a slight scar on his left hand.

Adalinda blushed deeply, and turned to her father, said, motioning towards the kneeling youth,

"He is Ferdinand."

All protestations now from the unhappy Eboli

were vain. The Marchese would have cast him into a dungeon; but, at the earnest request of his rival, he was not detained, but thrust ignominiously from the village. The rage of a wild beast newly chained was less than the tempest of indignation that now filled the heart of Ferdinand. Physical suffering, from fatigue and fast, was added to his internal anguish; for some hours madness, if that were madness which never forgets its ill, possessed him. In a tumult of feelings there was one predominant idea: it was, to take possession of his father's house, and to try, by ameliorating the fortuitous circumstances of his lot, to gain the upper hand of his adversary. He expended his remaining strength in reaching Naples, entered his family palace, and was received and acknowledged by his astonished domestics.

One of his first acts was to take from a cabinet a miniature of his father encircled with jewels, and to invoke the aid of the paternal spirit. Refreshment and a bath restored him to some of his usual strength; and he looked forward with almost childish delight to one night to be spent in peace under the roof his father's house. This was not permitted. Ere midnight the great bell sounded: his rival entered as master, with the Marchese Spina. The result may be divined. The Marchese appeared more indignant than the false Eboli. He insisted that the unfortunate youth should be imprisoned. The portrait, whose setting was costly, found on him, proved him guilty of robbery. He was given into the hands of the police, and thrown into a dungeon. I will not dwell on the subsequent scenes. He was tried by the tribunal, condemned as guilty, and sentenced to the galleys for life.

On the eve of the day when he was to be removed from the Neapolitan prison to work on the roads in Calabria, his rival visited him in his dungeon. For some moments both looked at the other in silence. The impostor gazed on the prisoner with mingled pride and compassion: there was evidently a struggle in his heart. The answering glance of Ferdinand was calm, free, and dignified. He was not resigned to his hard fate, but he disdained to make any exhibition of despair to his cruel and successful foe! A spasm of pain seemed to wrench the bosom of the false one; and he turned aside, striving to recover the hardness of heart which had hitherto supported him in the prosecution of his guilty enterprise. Ferdinand spoke first.

"What would the triumphant criminal with his innocent victim?"

His visitant replied haughtily, "Do not address such epithets to me, or I leave you to your fate; I am that which I say I am."

"To me this boast," cried Ferdinand, scornfully; "but perhaps these walls have ears."

"Heaven, at least, is not deaf," said the deceiver; "favouring Heaven, which knows and admits my claim. But a truce to this idle discussion. Compassion—a distaste to see any one so very like myself in such ill condition—a foolish whim, perhaps, on which you may congratulate

yourself—has led me hither. The bolts of your dungeon are drawn; here is a purse of gold; fulfil one easy condition, and you are free.”

“And that condition?”

“Sign this paper.”

He gave to Ferdinand a writing, containing a confession of his imputed crimes. The hand of the guilty youth trembled as he gave it; there was confusion in his mien, and a restless uneasy rolling of his eye. Ferdinand wished in one mighty word, potent as lightning, loud as thunder, to convey his burning disdain of this proposal: but expression is weak, and calm is more full of power than storm. Without a word, he tore the paper in two pieces, and threw them at the feet of his enemy.

With a sudden change of manner, his visitant conjured him, in voluble and impetuous terms, to comply. Ferdinand answered only by requesting to be left alone. Now and then a half word broke uncontrollably from his lips; but he curbed himself. Yet he could not hide his agitation when, as an argument to make him yield, the false Count assured him that he was already married to Adalinda. Bitter agony thrilled poor Ferdinand's frame; but he preserved a calm mien, and an unaltered resolution. Having exhausted every menace and every persuasion, his rival left him, the purpose for which he came unaccomplished. On the morrow, with many others, the refuse of mankind, Count Ferdinando Eboli was led in chains to the unwholesome plains of Calabria, to work there at the roads.

I must hurry over some of the subsequent events; for a detailed account of them would fill volumes. The assertion of the usurper of Ferdinand's right, that he was already married to Adalinda, was, like all else he said, false. The day was, however, fixed for their union, when the illness and subsequent death of the Marchese Spina delayed its celebration. Adalinda retired, during the first months of mourning, to a castle belonging to her father not far from Arpino, a town of the kingdom of Naples, in the midst of the Apennines, about fifty miles from the capital. Before she went, the deceiver tried to persuade her to consent to a private marriage. He was probably afraid that, in the long interval that was about to ensue before he could secure her, she would discover his imposture. Besides, a rumour had gone abroad that one of the fellow-prisoners of Ferdinand, a noted bandit, had escaped, and that the young Count was his companion in flight. Adalinda, however, refused to comply with her lover's entreaties, and retired to her seclusion with an old aunt, who was blind and deaf, but an excellent duenna.

The false Eboli seldom visited his mistress; but he was a master in his art, and subsequent events showed that he must have spent all his time disguised in the vicinity of the castle. He contrived by various means, unsuspected at the moment, to have all Adalinda's servants changed for creatures of his own; so that, without her being aware of the restraint, she was, in fact, a prisoner in her own house. It is impossible to

say what first awakened her suspicions concerning the deception put upon her. She was an Italian, with all the habitual quiescence and lassitude of her countrywomen in the ordinary routine of life, and with all their energy and passion when roused. The moment the doubt darted into her mind, she resolved to be assured; a few questions relative to scenes that had passed between poor Ferdinand and herself sufficed for this. They were asked so suddenly and pointedly that the pretender was thrown off his guard; he looked confused, and stammered in his replies. Their eyes met, he felt that he was detected, and she saw that he perceived her now confirmed suspicions. A look such as is peculiar to an impostor, a glance that deformed his beauty, and filled his usually noble countenance with the hideous lines of cunning and cruel triumph, completed her faith in her own discernment. “How,” she thought, “could I have mistaken this man for my own gentle Eboli?” Again their eyes met: the peculiar expression of his terrified her, and she hastily quitted the apartment.

Her resolution was quickly formed. It was of no use to attempt to explain her situation to her old aunt. She determined to depart immediately for Naples, throw herself at the feet of Gioacchino, and to relate and obtain credit for her strange history. But the time was already lost when she could have executed this design. The contrivances of the deceiver were complete—she found herself a prisoner. Excess of fear gave her boldness, if not courage. She sought her jailor. A few minutes before, she had been a young and thoughtless girl, docile as a child, and as unsuspecting. Now she felt as if she had suddenly grown old in wisdom, and that the experience of years had been gained in that of a few seconds.

During their interview, she was wary and firm, while the instinctive power of innocence over guilt gave majesty to her demeanour. The contriver of her ills for a moment cowered beneath her eye. At first he would by no means allow that he was not the person he pretended to be: but the energy and eloquence of truth bore down his artifice, so that, at length driven into a corner, he turned—a stag at bay. Then it was her turn to quail; for the superior energy of a man gave him the mastery. He declared the truth. He was the elder brother of Ferdinand, a natural son of the old Count Eboli. His mother, who had been wronged, never forgave her injurer, and bred her son in deadly hate for his parent, and a belief that the advantages enjoyed by his more fortunate brother were rightfully his own. His education was rude; but he had an Italian's subtle talents, swiftness of perception, and guileful arts.

“It would blanch your cheek,” he said to his trembling audress, “could I describe all that I have suffered to achieve my purpose. I would trust to none—I executed all myself. It was a glorious triumph, but due to my perseverance and my fortitude, when I and my usurping bro-

ther stood, I, the noble, he, the degraded outcast before our sovereign."

Having rapidly detailed his history, he now sought to win the favourable ear of Adalinda, who stood with averted and angry looks. He tried by the varied shows of passion and tenderness to move her heart. Was he not, in truth, the object of her love? Was it not he who scaled her balcony at Villa Spina? He recalled scenes of mutual overflow of feeling to her mind, thus urging arguments the most potent with a delicate woman: pure blushes tinged her cheek, but horror of the deceiver predominated over every other sentiment. He swore that as soon as they should be united he would free Ferdinand, and bestow competency, nay, if so she willed it, half his possessions, on him. She coolly replied, that she would rather share the chains of the innocent and misery, than link herself with imposture and crime. She demanded her liberty, but the untamed and even ferocious nature that had borne the deceiver through his career of crime now broke forth, and he invoked fearful imprecations on his head, if she ever quitted the castle except as his wife. His look of conscious power and unbridled wickedness terrified her; her flashing eyes spoke abhorrence: it would have been far easier for her to have died than have yielded the smallest point to a man who made her feel for one moment his irresistible power, arising from her being an unprotected woman, wholly in his hands. She left him, feeling as if she had just escaped from the impending sword of an assassin.

One hour's deliberation suggested to her a method of escape from her terrible situation. In a wardrobe at the castle lay in their pristine gloss the habiliments of a page of her mother, who had died suddenly, leaving these unworn relics of his station. Dressing herself in these, she tied up her dark shining hair, and even, with a somewhat bitter feeling, girded on the slight sword that appertained to the costume. Then, through a private passage leading from her own apartment to the chapel of the castle, she glided with noiseless steps, long after the Ave Maria sounded at twenty-four o'clock, had, on a November night, given token that half an hour had passed since the setting of the sun. She possessed the key of the chapel door—it opened at her touch; she closed it behind her, and she was free. The pathless hills were around her, the starry heavens above, and a cold wintry breeze murmured around the castle walls; but fear of her enemy conquered every other fear, and she tripped lightly on, in a kind of ecstasy, for many a long hour over the stony mountain path—she, who had never before walked more than a mile or two at any time in her life—till her feet were blistered, her slight shoes cut through, her way utterly lost. At morning's dawn she found herself in the midst of the wild ilex-covered Apennines, and neither habitation nor human being apparent.

She was hungry and weary. She had brought gold and jewels with her; but here were no means of exchanging these for food. She remembered stories of banditti; but none could be so

ruffian-like and cruel as him from whom she fled. This thought, a little rest, and a draught of water from a pure mountain spring, restored her to some portion of courage, and she continued her journey. Noonday approached; and, in the south of Italy, the noonday sun, when unclouded, even in November, is oppressively warm, especially to an Italian woman, who never exposes herself to its beams. Faintness came over her. There appeared recesses in the mountain-side along which she was travelling, grown over with bay and arbutus: she entered one of these, there to repose. It was deep, and led to another that opened into a spacious cavern lighted from above: there were cates, grapes, and a flagon of wine, on a rough hewn table. She looked fearfully around, but no inhabitant appeared. She placed herself at the table, and, half in dread, ate of the food presented to her, and then sat, her elbow on the table, her head resting on her little snow-white hand; her dark hair shading her brow and clustering round her throat. An appearance of languor and fatigue diffused through her attitude, while her soft black eyes filled at intervals with large tears, as pitying herself, she recurred to the cruel circumstances of her lot. Her fanciful but elegant dress, her feminine form, her beauty and her grace, as she sat pensive and alone in the rough unhewn cavern, formed a picture a poet would describe with delight, an artist love to paint.

"She seemed a being of another world; a seraph, all light and beauty; a Ganymede, escaped from his thrall above to his natal Ida. It was long before I recognised, looking down on her from the opening hill, my lost Adalinda." Thus spoke the young Count Eboli, when he related this story; for its end was as romantic as its commencement.

When Ferdinand had arrived a galley-slave in Calabria, he found himself coupled with a bandit, a brave fellow, who abhorred his chains, from love of freedom, as much as his fellow-prisoner did, from all the combination of disgrace and misery they brought upon him. Together they devised a plan of escape, and succeeded in effecting it. On their road, Ferdinand related his story to the outlaw, who encouraged him to hope a favourable turn of fate; and meanwhile invited and persuaded the desperate man to share his fortunes as a robber among the wild hills of Calabria.

The cavern where Adalinda had taken refuge was one of their fastnesses, whither they betook themselves at periods of imminent danger for safety only, as no booty could be collected in that unpeopled solitude; and there, one afternoon, returning from the chase, they found the wandering, fearful, solitary, fugitive girl; and never was lighthouse more welcome to tempest-tost sailor than was her own Ferdinand to his lady-love.

Fortune, now tired of persecuting the young noble, favoured him still further. The story of the lovers interested the bandit chief, and promise of reward secured him. Ferdinand persuaded Adalinda to remain one night in the cave,

and on the following morning they prepared to proceed to Naples; but at the moment of their departure they were surprised by an unexpected visitant: the robbers brought in a prisoner—it was the impostor. Missing on the morrow her who was the pledge of his safety and success, but assured that she could not have wandered far, he despatched emissaries in all directions to seek her; and himself, joining in the pursuit, followed the road she had taken, and was captured by these lawless men, who expected rich ransom from one whose appearance denoted rank and wealth. When they discovered who their prisoner was, they generously delivered him up into his brother's hands.

Ferdinand and Adalinda proceeded to Naples. On their arrival, she presented herself to Queen Caroline; and, through her, Murat heard with astonishment the device that had been practised on him. The young Count was restored to his honours and possessions, and within a few months afterwards was united to his betrothed bride.

The compassionate nature of the Count and Countess led them to interest themselves warmly in the fate of Ludovico, whose subsequent career was more honourable but less fortunate. At the intercession of his relative, Gioacchino permitted him to enter the army, where he distinguished himself, and obtained promotion. The brothers were at Moscow together, and mutually assisted each other during the horrors of the retreat. At one time overcome by drowsiness, the mortal symptom resulting from excessive cold, Ferdinand lingered behind his comrades; but Ludovico refusing to leave him, dragged him on in spite of himself, till, entering a village, food and fire restored him, and his life was saved. On another evening, when wind and sleet added to the horror of their situation, Ludovico, after many ineffective struggles, slid from his horse lifeless; Ferdinand was at his side, and, dismounting, endeavoured by every means in his power to bring back pulsation to his stagnant blood. His comrades went forward, and the young Count was left alone with his dying brother in the white boundless waste. Once Ludovico opened his eyes and recognised him; he pressed his hand, and his lips moved to utter a blessing as he died. At that moment the welcome sounds of the enemy's approach roused Ferdinand from the despair into which his dreadful situation plunged him. He was taken prisoner, and his life was thus saved. When Napoleon went to Elba, he, with many others of his countrymen, was liberated, and returned to Naples.

DEATH.

OH God! what a difference throughout the whole of this various and teeming earth a single DEATH can effect! Sky, sun, air, the eloquent waters, the inspiring mountain-tops, the murmuring and glossy wood, the very

Glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower, do these hold over us an eternal spell? Are they as a part and property of an unvarying

course of nature? Have they aught which is unfailling, steady—same in its effect? Alas! their attraction is the creature of an accident. One gap, invisible to all but ourself in the crowd and turmoil of the world, and every thing is changed. In a single hour the whole process of thought, the whole ebb and flow of emotion, may be revulsed for the rest of an existence. Nothing can ever seem to us as it did: it is a blow upon the fine mechanism by which we think, and move, and have our being—the pendulum vibrates aright no more—the dial hath no account with time—the process goes on, but it knows no symmetry or order;—it was a single stroke that marred it, but the harmony is gone for ever!

And yet I often think that that shock which jarred on the mental, renders yet softer the moral nature. A death that is connected with love unites us by a thousand remembrances to all who have mourned: it builds a bridge between the young and the old; it gives them in common the most touching of human sympathies; it steals from nature its glory and its exhilaration—not its tenderness. And what, perhaps, is better than all, to mourn deeply for the death of another, loosens from ourself the petty desire for, and the animal adherence to, life. We have gained the end of the philosopher, and view, without shrinking, the coffin and the pall.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

HAYDN AND HIS PUPIL PLEYEL.

It was a custom of Haydn, as soon as he had finished any new work, to lay it aside for some time before he again looked at it, for the purpose of retouching and correcting. It happened that, under the influence of low spirits and chagrin, this great master had written six quartetts, all in a minor key. According to custom, he left the manuscript on his piano, and, as was also usual with him whenever he had finished a new work, he dismissed it from his mind, and forgot entirely the subjects and ideas on which he had been working. Some time afterwards Haydn felt inclined to revise these quartetts, of which he thought favourably, but he sought for them in vain; they had disappeared, were nowhere to be found, and all attempts to recover them ended only in disappointment. Pleyel, who alone had access to Haydn's house and apartment, was suspected by him of having stolen the missing quartetts; and notwithstanding all the protestations of his pupil to the contrary, he continued for a long time firm in that opinion. At length, however, the sincere and devoted attachment of his young pupil convinced Haydn that his suspicions must be unfounded: he restored him to his friendship, and thought no more of the circumstance, except occasionally to regret the disappearance of what he considered one of his best productions. The most singular part of the whole affair is, that the thief, whoever he may have been, did not attempt to derive any advantage from his robbery; these stolen quartetts never saw the light.—*Memoir of Pleyel.*

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

BY LAURA PERCY.

Mark me—there is a prophecy in dreams.

SHEIL'S *Apostate*.

She dreamed that the treasures of earth and of sea,
Gold and jewels around her were lying;
She dreamed that from boughs and the leaves of each tree,
The soft notes of music were sighing.

She dreamed that the flowers around her were bright,
As bright as earth's flowers could be;
She dreamed that the skies poured a flood of sun-light,
And sparkled the foam of the sea.

She dreamed that the vessel, aye that too was there,
To bear her away from the shore;
Dancing light on the waters so brilliant and fair,
And Hope's aspect each flowing wave wore.

And oh! at that moment, a gush of delight,
Pervaded her innocent heart;
She dreamed—all her dreaming was happy and bright,
Joy-tears from her dark eye-lash start:

For she viewed once again the dear land of her birth,
She pictured her childhood's glad home;
The parents endearing that loved spot of earth,
The friends that to greet her would come.

And she dwelt on the thought, for 'twas bliss thus to dwell,
And 'twas blissful to gaze on the scene;
For the vessel was there on the waves' sparkling swell,
And the sea and the sky were serene.

Then she dreamed of her lover, she dreamed that he came,
Disguised, and in silence, alone;
He bore her away from the fierce tyrant's power,
And swam with her through the white foam.

But alas, ere the light-bounding bark they could reach,
Clouds and darkness o'erspread the blue sky;
And thunders were heard, and the clouds shot their fires,
And they heard, loud, the seaman's cry!

She heard too the shouting—she saw the frail boat,
Engulfed in the broad-bursting wave;
She saw it close o'er them, and heard the last shriek,
And the sea was the mariner's grave!

And she screamed as she felt her own true-one sink too,
Life's powers exhausted and broke;
She screamed, and sleep fled from her eyelids again
She, trembling and tearful awoke.

"Ah Juan," she cried, "this dreaming foretels
What has e'er been the cause of my fears;
Thou hast given me pearls too, bright pearls for my hair,
And pearls are the emblems of tears!"

'Twas the moment resolved on, and young Juan came,
Warm and glowing, and fixed on success;
His lips press her cold cheek, her motionless eyes,
But no impulse returns the caress.

"Ah Clara, dear Clara, why thus cold and chill,
This hour when all should be fair?
Come, banish thy sorrows, away love with me,
And affection shall chase away care.

"The boat too is waiting upon the blue wave,
The bark too is on the blue sea;
I have hastened my own one, my Clara to save,
Then Clara, love, come love with me."

She trembled as through the thick foliage they passed,
She sighed, and reclined on his arm,
Not daring one last, parting look back to cast—
The leaves were all fraught with alarm.

Those fears were not idle, not vain was her dream,
For ere they could reach to the shore,
Red torch-lights swift shot through the grove their broad
gleam—

'Twas her tyrants the torches that bore:

"Ah, infidels!" cried the infuriate band,
As they rushed on the innocent pair;
"Apostates to honour, bear infamy's brand,
And die in thy soul's worst despair!"

Then perished the youth and the maid,
On the green shore their blood thus was spilled;
Their flight had been seen and betrayed,
And the dream of the maiden fulfilled!

LINES TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.

BY LORD BYRON—in early life.

"Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy, that as the tree flourished, so should he. On revisiting the abbey, during Lord Grey de Ruthven's residence there, he found the oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed;—hence these lines. Shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor, took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant who was with him, 'Here is a fine young oak; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place.'—'I hope not, sir,' replied the man; 'for it's the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself.' The Colonel has, of course, taken every possible care of it. It is already inquired after, by strangers, as 'the Byron oak,' and promises to share, in after-times, the celebrity of Shakespeare's mulberry, and Pope's willow."

"Young oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy the trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
On the land of my fathers I reared thee with pride:
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears—
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my oak, and, since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,
But his whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert—even now little care
Might revive thy young head, and thy wound gently heal:
But thou wert not fated affection to share—
For who could suppose that a stranger would feel?

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a while;
Ere twice round yon glory this planet shall run,
The hand of thy master will teach thee to smile,
When infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tower aloft from the weeds
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,
Though I shall lie low in the cavern of death,
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
O'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread—
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here will they say, when in life's glowing prime,
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day."

NAPOLÉON'S WIVES.

JOSEPHINE.*

MARIE-JOSEPHINE-ROSE, daughter of Joseph Gaspard Tascher de la Pagerie, by Rose Claire des Verges de Sanois, his wife, was born in the island of Martinique, on the 23d of June, 1763. Before she had reached her fifteenth year she quitted the island, and resided for some time at Paris, under the care of an aunt of the name of Renaudin, who superintended the household concerns of the Marquis de Beauharnais. At this period few remarked any thing about Josephine, except that she had a tall, fine figure, and an extremely small foot: she was, however, simple, modest, and of a sweet and amiable temper.

Viscount Alexander Beauharnais, second son of the marquis, suddenly became enamoured of the young Creole; and Josephine, on her part, could not be insensible to the blandishments and handsome person of her youthful lover. The parties were united at Noisy-le-Grand, on the 13th of December, 1779. The lovely bride was introduced at the court of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, whose successor on the throne of France she was one day destined to become; and such were her wit and vivacity, that she was soon accounted one of its ornaments. This circumstance was, however, a misfortune for Josephine; since it imparted to her character a taint of levity which even her subsequent heavy afflictions could not entirely remove, and led her into habits of improvidence with which all Napoleon's liberality was unable to keep pace.

The marriage was not a felicitous one. Certain suspicions took place on the part of the husband, and a separation was demanded; the tribunals, however, adjudged that the proofs were not sufficiently conclusive to warrant a process of so serious a nature, and the husband and wife were prevailed on to resume their former cordiality. But shortly after the reconciliation, the conduct of M. de Beauharnais himself gave Josephine serious cause for jealousy. At first, she complained with gentleness; but finding that, so far from altering his conduct, he affected a violent passion for the woman who interfered with her happiness, she infused into her reproaches a degree of bitterness which alienated the affections of her husband, and a separation became necessary.

The revolution ensued. Viscount de Beauharnais, who had for some time been a field-officer, was denounced as an aristocrat, by his own troops, deprived of his commission, and confined in the prison of the Carmelites. As soon as Josephine was apprized of his situation, forgetful of her wrongs, she adopted every possible mode, through the medium of friends and her own personal solicitations, to obtain his release.

The viscount, on his part, was deeply moved by the attachment and assiduity of his wife; who was soon after not only denied the melancholy happiness of attending on her unhappy spouse, but deprived of her own liberty.

In the course of a few weeks, the unfortunate viscount was dragged before the revolutionary tribunal, which instantly condemned him to death. He suffered with great courage, on the 23d of July, 1794, and on the evening before his execution wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, recommending their two children to her maternal attentions, and expressing an earnest hope that justice would be done to his memory.

On learning the sad news, the disconsolate Josephine became insensible, and was for a time confined to her bed. Her jailer, having been desired to call in medical assistance, coolly replied, that there was no occasion for a physician, as on the morrow it would be her turn to experience the fate of her husband. Indeed, so confident was she that such would be her lot, that her beautiful tresses had been cut off, with the view of being transmitted to her children, as the last and only present she could make them; but, in six days, the death of Robespierre restored her to liberty.

Josephine appeared, however, to have escaped proscription only to be exposed to new misfortunes. All the family fortune in Europe had been seized on, and the conflagrations and massacres in the West Indies had bereaved her of the possibility of receiving a supply from that quarter of the world. So cheerless was her prospect, that her son Eugene, afterward Viceroy of Italy, was bound apprentice to a joiner; while his sister Hortense, the future Queen of Holland, was sent to learn the business of a sempstress.†

During her imprisonment, Josephine had formed a close intimacy with the celebrated Theresa Cabarus, then Madame Fontenai, and when this lady married Tallien, she partook largely in the advantages of her changed fortune. Both these ladies were at that period conspicuous, on account of the Grecian costume which they adopted. Thus attired, they were generally present at the civic feasts, the theatres, and the directorial circles. They were the first to proscribe the revolutionary manners: they held in detestation all who delighted in blood, and seized every opportunity of saving those whom the existing government wished to immolate.

Barras, now at the head of the Directory, himself an ex-noble, and remarkably fond of show and pleasure, began at this time to hold a sort of court at his apartments in the Luxembourg. These two beautiful women formed the soul of his assemblies, and it is generally supposed

* See "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. By John E. Memes, LL.D."—*Family Library*.

† Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 301.

that Josephine possessed great influence over him. Certain it is, that he interested himself warmly in her favour, and that, under the title of indemnification, she re-obtained a small portion of her late husband's property, including the villa of Malmaison, to which she now occasionally retired. Here she began to embellish the garden with rare and expensive plants, cultivated her taste for botany, and occupied her time in acquiring a variety of useful knowledge.

Napoleon has himself explained the circumstance which first brought about his acquaintance with Josephine. While he commanded in Paris, and shortly after the disarming of the sections in October, 1795, a fine youth, about twelve years of age, presented himself to the staff, to solicit the return of a sword which had belonged to his father, a general in the service of the republic, who had been murdered by Robespierre. This youth was Eugene Beauharnais. Bonaparte caused the request to be complied with; and the tears of the boy on beholding the relic excited his interest. He treated him so kindly, that next day his mother, Josephine, waited on the general to thank him. Napoleon was struck with the singular gracefulness of her manners: the acquaintance became intimate and tender; and on the 6th of March, 1796, they were married.

Josephine was one of those who put faith in presentiments and prophecies. There is a tradition at Martinique, that during her childhood it was predicted by a celebrated negro sorceress, named David, that she would one day rise to a dignity higher than that of a queen, and yet outlive it.* A lady of rank, who resided for some time in the same convent at Paris where Josephine was also a pensioner, or boarder, heard her mention the prophecy, and told it herself to Sir Walter Scott just about the period of the Italian expedition;† and after Josephine became the wife of Bonaparte, she frequently assured him, that her heart beat high when she first heard Eugene describe him, and that she then caught a glimpse of her future greatness, and the accomplishment of the prediction respecting her.‡

On his marriage with Josephine, Napoleon promised to adopt her children, and treat them as his own; and it is well known with what fidelity he adhered to the engagement. The dowry of the bride has generally been supposed to have been the command of the army of Italy; but Louis Bonaparte, the ex-king of Holland, in a recent publication, pronounces this to be "an absurdity gathered from various libels of the time."§

Napoleon quitted his wife ten days after the marriage. Some of the letters which he wrote to her during his absence in Italy have been published, and present a curious picture of a temperament as fiery in love as in war. The following is an extract from one of them:—

"By what art is it that you have been able to

captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my moral existence? It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine—there is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you—I am dying to be near you. Fool that I am, I do not perceive that I increase the distance between us. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these weak expressions of a troubled soul in which you reign! Ah! my adorable wife, I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me much longer from you, it will be insupportable. I stop, my sweet love: my soul is sad—my body is fatigued—my head is giddy—men disgust me—I ought to hate them—they separate me from my beloved.

"I am at Port Maurice, near Oneille: to-morrow I shall be at Albegno: the two armies are in motion. We are endeavouring to deceive each other. Victory to the most skilful. I am pretty well satisfied with Beaulieu. If he alarm me much, he is a better man than his predecessor. I shall beat him in good style. Do not be uneasy—love me as your eyes—but that is not enough—as yourself, more than yourself, your mind, your sight, your all. Sweet love, forgive me—I am sinking. Nature is weak for him who feels strongly—for him whom you love!"||

Having rejoined her husband in August, at the commencement of the campaign against Wurmser, Josephine witnessed at Verona the first shots that were fired. When she returned to Castel Nuovo, and saw the wounded as they passed, she was desirous of being at Brescia, but found herself stopped by the enemy. In the agitation of the moment, she was seized with fear, and wept bitterly on quitting Napoleon, who exclaimed—"Wurmser shall pay dearly for the tears he causes you to shed!"

In December, she was at Genoa, where she was received with studied magnificence by those of that ancient state who adhered to the French interest. After settling the affairs of Venice and establishing the new Ligurian republic, Napoleon took up his residence at the beautiful palace of Montebello; where ladies of the highest rank, as well as those celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, were daily seen paying their homage to Josephine, who received them with a felicity of address which excited universal admiration.

In December, 1797, Napoleon returned to Paris, and took up his abode in the same modest house which he formerly occupied in the Rue Chanteraine. To lessen the influence which Josephine possessed from the love of her husband, more than one of his brothers endeavoured to excite his jealousy; and they so far succeeded, that previously to his departure for Egypt in the May following, his distrust of her had shown itself on several occasions. He nevertheless continued passionately fond of her. To enjoy

|| Published in a Tour through the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, and France, in the years 1821 and 1822, by Charles Tennant, Esq., member of Parliament. Autographs of the letters are given, and there is no doubt whatever of their authenticity.

* Description of Martinique, par M. Traversay.

† Life of Napoleon, vol. iii. p. 82.

‡ Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 300.

§ Response a Sir Walter Scott, p. 18.

the pleasure of her society up to the last moment, he took her with him to Toulon, and nothing could be more affecting than their parting.

While Napoleon was at Cairo, his jealousy was again powerfully excited by the reports of Junot, who pretended to have received from Paris positive accounts of Josephine's coquetry. "I know not what I would give," he said one day to Bourrienne, "if what Junot has been telling me should be untrue, so greatly do I love that woman. If Josephine be really guilty, a divorce shall separate us for ever. I will not submit to be the laughing-stock of the imbeciles of Paris. I will write to Joseph." He accordingly did write to Joseph on the 25th of July; but the letter, instead of reaching its destination, was intercepted by the British fleet under the command of Lord Nelson. The following extract from it shows the agitated state of Napoleon's mind at this time. Like all his writings, it abounds in errors of orthography:—

"Je pense etre en France dans 2 mois. Je te recomande mes interets. J'ai beaup, beaup de chagrin domestique, cor le voile est entierement levee. Toi seul me reste sur la terre; ton amitie m'est bien chere: il ne me reste plus pour devenir misanthrope qu'a te perdre, et te voir me trahir. C'est ma triste position que d'avoir a la fois tous les sentimens pour une meme personne dans son cœur. Tu m'entend! Fais ensorte que j'aye une campagne a mon arrivee, soit pres de Paris ou en Burgogne: je compte y passer l'hiver et m'y enserrer. Je suis annue de la nature humaine! j'ai besoin de solitude et deisolement: la grandeur m'annue, le sentimen es deseches, la gloire est fade: a 29 ans j'ai tou epuise; il ne me reste plus qu'a devenir bien vraiment egoiste. Adieu, mon unique ami, je n'ai jamais ete injuste envers toi! tu m'entend!"*

On Napoleon's return to France in October, 1799, he received Josephine with studied severity and an air of cold indifference; but after three days of conjugal misunderstanding, a complete reconciliation was brought about, and from that hour their happiness was never disturbed by a similar cause.

Josephine had, however, one great failing,

* "I think of being in France in two months. I recommend my interests to thee. I have much, much domestic chagrin, for the veil is entirely removed. Thou only remainest to me on earth: thy friendship is ever dear to me. To make me a mere misanthrope nothing more is wanting but to lose thee, and see thee betray me. It is my sad position to have at the same time all the sentiments for the same person in my heart. Thou understandest me! Arrange it so that I may have a country-seat at my arrival, either in the neighbourhood of Paris or in Burgundy. I reckon on passing the winter there, and shutting myself up. I am weary of human nature! I have need for solitude and retirement. Grandeur is irksome; feeling is dried up; glory is insipid; at nine-and-twenty years of age, I have exhausted every thing; it only remains for me to become in sad sincerity a creature wrapped up in selfishness. Adieu, my old friend! I have never been unjust towards thee! Thou understandest me!"

The original of this very singular production, endorsed with the words, "Found on the person of the Courier," in the handwriting of Lord Nelson, is in the valuable collection of Dawson Turner, Esq.

which led to many violent reproaches on the part of her husband; and this was incurable. It was impossible to regulate her expenditure. She plunged into debt without at all reflecting how that debt was to be discharged; and thus there was always a grand dispute when the day of payment came. At one time, during the consulate, she owed no less than 1,200,000 francs (£50,000); but, fearing her husband's violence, she would not allow the secretary to mention more than half that sum. "The anger of the First Consul," says Bourrienne, "may be conceived. He said, 'Take the 600,000 francs, but let that sum suffice; let me be pestered no more with her debts. Threaten the creditors with the loss of their accounts, if they do not forego their enormous profits.' These accounts Madame Bonaparte laid before me. The exorbitant price of every article was incredible, and many were charged which had never been delivered. In one bill, for instance, thirty-eight hats of a very high price were supplied in one month; the feathers alone were eighteen hundred francs. I asked Josephine, whether she wore two hats a-day; she said, 'It must be an error.' I followed the consul's advice, and spared neither reproaches nor threats; and I am ashamed to say, that the greater part of the tradesmen were satisfied with one-half of their bills." At a later period she had quite a passion for shawls, and at one time possessed no fewer than one hundred and fifty, all extremely beautiful and high-priced. When after her death they were disposed of by auction at Malmaison, nearly all Paris went to the sale.

But whatever might be Josephine's failing on this score, the First Consul was really attached to no other woman; and she answered with her whole heart to the fondness of her husband, and constantly proved herself his sincerest friend. Whenever she could, she would accompany Napoleon on his journeys. Neither fatigue nor privation could deter her from following him. If he stepped into his carriage at midnight, to set out on the longest journey, he found her all ready prepared. "But," he would say, "you cannot possibly go; the journey will be too fatiguing for you."—"Not at all," she would reply.—"Besides, I must set out instantly."—"Well, I am quite ready."—"But you must take a great deal of luggage."—"Oh, no; every thing is packed up;" and Napoleon was generally obliged to yield.

Josephine could talk on any subject, and on all agreeably. Napoleon used to call her his memorandum-book; and, in relating an anecdote, would frequently pretend to have forgotten the date, in order to give her an opportunity of correcting him. She was known for a peacemaker upon all occasions, and frequently restored harmony in a domestic circle too often agitated by the slightest preference shown by its chief. Her gentle and engaging manners generally succeeded in reconciling the pretensions and interests of all parties.

She was a great patroness of the fine arts. All the fashions emanated from her, and every thing

she put on appeared elegant. Her husband used to say, that she was grace personified. "If I gain battles, it is she who wins hearts." She hated every kind of restraint and ostentation, and would often say, "How all this fatigues and annoys me! I have not a moment to myself." Nor was this simplicity of character confined to matters of etiquette: she manifested the same unaffected modesty and good sense in restraining the encroachments of power, and appears to have been kept in continual alarm by the projects at this time in agitation for declaring Napoleon Chief Consul for life. As far back as the explosion of the infernal machine in 1800, she observed that "those were Bonaparte's worst enemies who wished to inspire him with ideas of hereditary succession." While these discussions were pending she fluttered about, trembling with apprehension, listening to every breath, and uttering her dissatisfaction and doubts to all whom she could interest in her behalf. She seemed to shrink instinctively from this new and pathless career, of which she only saw the danger, and held her husband from it as from the edge of a precipice.

Her kindness and condescension to every one remained the same after she became empress. She was profuse of her bounties, and bestowed them with such good grace, that the partakers of them would have deemed it an act of incivility to refuse her. Charity was, indeed, the brightest trait in her character; but she took so much pains to conceal her acts of benevolence, that the greater part are buried in oblivion. Her maid of honour, Madame de la Rochefaucault, superintended the application of them; while two honest and respectable men were appointed to seek out deserving objects, and to inquire into the situation of those who solicited relief. A small sum thus judiciously dealt out, has restored many a family to life and happiness. Party-spirit never stood in the way of her relieving the distressed: her very enemies found in her a protectress. On the discovery of Georges' conspiracy, she exerted her interest in favour of Prince Polignac and his brother; and when the sentence of death was pronounced, she obtained a commutation of the punishment to imprisonment. Rapp, Savary, De Bourrienne, Montgaillard, all agree, that but for Josephine's intercession the late prime minister of France would have ended his days on the scaffold in 1804. At times she suffered much from Napoleon's ill temper, kindled in consequence of her remonstrances against his violent measures: till at last the courage of goodness, which she long maintained, gave way, and she became afraid to apply to him. The murder of the Duke d'Enghien was a blow which she seems never to have recovered.

It was Fouché who first ventured to touch the fatal string of the imperial divorce. One Sunday, at Fontainebleau, he drew Josephine aside into a recess of a window, and, after dwelling on the necessities of the empire, gave the hint of a separation; which he represented as the most sublime of sacrifices. Josephine instantly ordered him

out of her presence, and went to demand of Napoleon whether the minister had any authority for this proceeding. The emperor answered in the negative; but when Josephine went on to ask the dismissal of Fouché, he refused to comply. From that hour she must have been convinced that her doom was fixed. "The apartments of Napoleon and those of his wife, at the Tuileries, had communication by means of a private staircase: it was the custom of the emperor to signify by a tap on the door of her sitting room his desire to converse with her in her cabinet, and it was not unusual for them to remain shut up for hours. Soon after his return from Schoenbrunn the ladies in attendance remarked that the emperor's knock was heard more frequently than it had used to be, and that their mistress did not obey the signal with her accustomed alacrity. One evening Napoleon surprised them by carrying Josephine into the midst of them, pale, apparently lifeless. She was but awaking from a long swoon into which she had fallen, on hearing him at last pronounce the decree which terminated their connexion."*

This was on the 5th of December, 1809. On the 15th Napoleon summoned the imperial council, and announced to them, that at the expense of the sweetest affections of his heart, he, devoted wholly to the welfare of the state, had resolved to separate from his well-beloved consort. Josephine then appeared among them, and, in a speech which was interrupted by her repeated sobs, expressed her acquiescence. A decree of the senate assured to her the rank of empress during her life, and a dowry of two millions of francs, to which Napoleon added a third million out of his privy purse, that she might feel no inconvenience from those habits of expense which had by this time become quite incurable. On the following morning she withdrew from the Tuileries to her villa of Malmaison; and in quitting the court she drew the hearts of all its votaries after her, for she had endeared herself to all by a kindness of disposition almost without parallel.

But, notwithstanding the attractions with which she was surrounded, the ex-empress was a prey to grief. To change the scene she took a journey to Navarre, where she had a noble residence that had been presented to her by Napoleon; and as it was out of repair, he advanced her a million of francs to cover all expenses. This sum, in addition to her revenue, enabled her to do much good. Every thing speedily assumed a new aspect at the ancient domain of the house of Bouillon. She directed the roads of the forest of Evreux to be repaired, raised many plantations, caused the marshes to be dried up, public buildings to be erected, and, by procuring employment for the peasantry, substituted a state of comfort for that of frightful misery which had previously prevailed.

Napoleon treated the ex-empress with great respect after the divorce. He never came back

* Napoleon Bonaparte, vol. ii.—*Family Library*, No. 7.

from his wars without paying her a visit, and he uniformly bade her farewell before he set out. He used to grasp her arm familiarly and say—"Come along and show me your pictures," which request he knew would afford her pleasure.

Josephine saw Napoleon for the last time in May, 1812, previous to his departure for Moscow. On his reverses all her affection for him seems to have returned. The disasters of the Russian expedition, and still more the melancholy termination of the Saxon campaign, made her tremble for his fate. On the approach of the allies in March, 1814, she retired to Navarre; but being assured of their friendly protection, returned to Malmaison. On expressing herself much gratified by a visit from the Emperor of Russia, he replied, that it was a homage gratifying to his feelings, for that in entering every house and cottage he had heard the praise of her goodness. When she was made acquainted with Napoleon's abdication her distress was unspeakable. Alexander endeavoured to soothe her affliction; but the reverses of "her Achilles," "her Cid," as she now again called Napoleon, had entered deep into her heart. Her interests were amply attended to in the treaty of Fontainebleau; but, as if the prophecy of the sorceress of Martinique was to be accomplished, she did not survive to reap any benefit from its provisions.

On the 24th of May she became indisposed with a sore throat. The King of Prussia dined with

her, and advised her to keep her room, but she persisted in doing the honours of the table, and retired late, as there was an evening party. On the 26th the Emperor Alexander paid her a visit. On the 27th a blister was applied, but it was too late. M. Redoute, the celebrated flower-painter, having called, she insisted on seeing him, but told him not to approach her bed, as he might catch her sore throat. She spoke of two plants which were then in flower, and desired him to make drawings of them, expressing a hope that she should soon be well enough to visit her greenhouse. On the 29th, at ten in the morning, her English housekeeper, Mrs. Edat, who had lived with her many years, came into the room with Josephine's favourite little dog, which she caressed, and desired it might be taken great care of. A few minutes before twelve this benevolent and accomplished woman breathed her last.

On the 2d of June her funeral took place with great pomp in the parish church of Ruel. Her two grandsons walked as chief mourners; and in the procession were Prince Nesselrode, Generals Sacken and Czernicheff, several other generals of the allied army, some French marshals and generals, and many private individuals who had formerly been in her service, or who considered themselves under personal obligations to her. The body has since been placed in a magnificent tomb of white marble, erected by her two children, with the simple inscription,

"EUGÈNE ET HORTENSE A JOSEPHINE."

MARIA LOUISA.

HAVING repudiated Josephine, Napoleon bent his thoughts upon forming a fresh union, which would be the means of drawing closer the ties of an alliance productive of advantages to France, and might at the same time present him with an heir. There was not at this period any princess of a marriageable age among the great reigning families of the Continent, except the grand-duchess, sister to the Emperor of Russia, and her imperial highness the Arch-duchess Maria Louisa of Austria.

On the 1st of February, 1810, Napoleon summoned a grand council to assist him in the selection of a new spouse; and at the breaking up of the meeting, Eugene, the son of the ex-empress, was commissioned to propose to the Austrian ambassador a marriage between Napoleon and Maria Louisa. Prince Schwartzberg had already received his instructions on the subject; so that the match was proposed, determined, and adjusted in the space of four-and-twenty hours. On the 27th Napoleon communicated his determination to the senate. "The shining qualities," he said, "which distinguish the arch-duchess have secured her the affections of the people of Austria. They have gained our regard. Our subjects will love this princess out of affection to us, until, after witnessing all those virtues that have

placed her so high in our esteem, they love her for herself."

Maria Louisa, the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Austria and Maria Theresa of Naples, was born on the 12th of December, 1791. From her earliest infancy she was distinguished for modesty, sweetness of disposition, and every amiable quality. When, in the war of 1809, Vienna was bombarded by the French, the arch-duchess, being too ill to be removed, was the only member of the imperial family who remained in the capital. Of this circumstance Napoleon was informed, and he immediately issued orders for the firing to be discontinued in the direction of her residence.* He made constant inquiries respecting her, and it is not improbable that he thus early revolved in his mind the possibility of her one day replacing Josephine on the throne of France.

The espousals of the imperial pair were celebrated at Vienna on the 11th of March. The person of the bridegroom was represented by his favourite marshal, Berthier; and a few days after the youthful bride set out for France. At Brannau she was met by Napoleon's sister, the queen of Naples, where the ceremony took place of

* De Bourrienne, tom. viii. p. 190.

delivering up the arch-duchess by the officers whom her father had appointed to accompany her. As soon as she had been attired in the garments brought in the wardrobe from Paris, she passed over the frontier, and took an affectionate leave of those who had accompanied her from Vienna. Of all her Austrian retinue she retained only her governess; and of her new household she did not know a single individual. At Munich, Augsburg, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and Strasburg, she was received with great splendour and enthusiasm. So many hopes were interwoven with the marriage, that her arrival was sincerely greeted by all.

Napoleon had gone as far as Compeigne to receive the new Empress. From this chateau he wrote to her every day by a page who went off at full speed with his letters, and as quickly returned with her replies. Maria Louisa daily manifested more and more interest in reading his billets-doux. She looked for them with impatience; and if any circumstance retarded the arrival of the page, she repeatedly asked what accident could have detained him. In the mean while Napoleon burned with impatience to behold his bride, and really appeared love-stricken. On the day upon which she was expected he had directed his brother Louis to go and meet her. The latter accordingly repaired to Soissons; but while he was stopping in that city, Napoleon, unable to conquer his impatience, set out in a calash, passed his brother, and travelled on the road between Soissons and Rheims, until he met the carriage of Maria Louisa, whereupon he alighted, ran up to the door, opened it himself, and rushed rather than stepped into it. The first compliments being passed, a moment of gazing and silence succeeded, which the empress interrupted in a way highly complimentary to the emperor, by saying, "Your Majesty's picture has not done you justice." They proceeded to Compeigne, where they arrived in the evening, and where Napoleon, following the precedent of Henry IV., on his marriage with Mary de Medicis, passed the night with his bride.*

The entry of the princess into Paris took place on the 1st of April. The day was unusually beautiful. Nothing could be more magnificent, nor could anything exceed the respect, the enthusiasm exhibited universally on the occasion. The court set off immediately to St. Cloud, where the civil ceremony was gone through, and on the following day the nuptial benediction was given by Cardinal Fesch. The most splendid illuminations, concerts, and festivals ensued. All Paris for a time appeared to revel in a delight bordering upon phrenzy; but, in the midst of these rejoicings, the fete given by Prince Schwartzenberg in the name of the Emperor of Austria presented a sinister omen. The dancing-room, which was temporary and erected in the garden, unhappily took fire, and several persons perished, among whom was the sister-in-law of the ambassador. The melancholy conclusion of this

festival, given to celebrate the alliance of two nations, struck a damp on the public mind, and did not fail to recal the catastrophe which had marked the fete on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette. The most unfortunate presages were drawn from this occurrence; and Fouché says, that Napoleon himself regarded it with a superstitious dread.

At this period Maria Louisa was little more than eighteen years of age. Her stature was sufficiently majestic, her complexion fresh and blooming, her eyes blue and animated, her hair light, and her hand and foot so beautiful that they might have served as models for the sculptor. Her person would by some have been deemed rather too much *en-bon-point*, but that defect speedily disappeared after her arrival in France.

The ceremonies being all over, Napoleon took the empress on an excursion to Belgium, where her singular modesty of demeanour won every heart; and the emperor's assiduous attentions to her were the theme of general admiration. The journey was one continued triumph; and they returned surfeited with pleasures and public ceremonies. From the following occurrence, which took place in the course of it, it would appear that Maria Louisa had some turn for humour. A mayor of a small town between Mons and Brussels having placed the following inscription on a triumphal arch of turf erected on the high road—

"En épousant Marie Louise,
Napoleon n'a pas fait une sottise,"—

she was so amused with its simplicity that she would not allow Napoleon a moment's rest until he had consented to bestow the cross of the Legion of Honour on the author.

The empress now began to familiarize herself with a country in which the present was to her a flattering augury of a long life of uninterrupted enjoyments. She was already inspiring the French with a warm attachment to her person, and it was a source of congratulation to all that they had a sovereign free from the influence of intrigues, disposed to think well of every one, and deaf to all idle court-gossip. Those who only appeared now and then at court, and who therefore saw less of her character, mistook for a frigid disposition that natural timidity which never left her while she remained on the French soil. Another circumstance which contributed to heighten this timidity was, that she spoke French less fluently at this early period than she afterwards did. "She never discovered," says the Duke of Rovigo, "how greatly this slight but visible embarrassment enhanced the graces of her person in the eyes of every beholder."

On one occasion Maria Louisa made a very amusing misapplication of a French term. About a twelvemonth after her marriage a conversation took place respecting some measures adopted by the Austrian court, which not exactly meeting the views of Napoleon, he, in his hasty manner, called the Emperor Francis "*un ganache*," a stupid old blockhead. As the empress happened not to understand the expression, she requested

* Memoires du Duc de Rovigo, tom. iv. p. 196.

to know its meaning. Her attendants, who could not venture to explain its real signification, told her that the word was used to designate "a serious, reflecting man." The empress forgot neither the term nor the definition. During the time she was intrusted with the regency an important question one day came under discussion at the council. Having remarked that Cambaceres, the archchancellor, was silent, she turned towards him and said, "I should like to have your opinion, sir, for I know you are a *ganache*." At this compliment Cambaceres stared with astonishment, and repeated the word in a low tone of voice. "Yes," replied the empress, "a *ganache*, a serious, reflecting man; is not that the meaning of it?" No one made any reply, and the discussion proceeded.

On the 20th March, 1811, Maria Louisa presented her husband with a son. The birth was a difficult one, and the agitation of the medical attendant was very great. Napoleon, who was present, encouraged him. "She is but a woman," he said; "forget that she is an empress, and treat her as you would the wife of a citizen of the Rue St. Dennis." The accoucheur demanded whether, in case one life must be sacrificed, he should prefer the mother's or the child's. "The mother's," he answered, "it is her right." The child at length appeared, but without any sign of life; and it is said that the young King of Rome only recovered from his lethargy by the effect of the concussion and agitation produced by the hundred and one pieces of cannon fired at his birth. The public impatience greeted the announcement by rending the air with cries of—"Long live the emperor!" Paris had never before presented so uniform a picture of joy. A balloon suddenly rose up, carrying into the clouds a car containing the aerial traveller Madame Blanchard, with thousands of printed notices of the auspicious event, which, by following the direction of the winds, she scattered all over the environs of the capital.

In May, 1812, Maria Louisa accompanied the emperor to Dresden, where she was received with great distinction by the court of sovereigns which he had assembled around him. As Napoleon was much occupied in business, the empress, anxious to avail herself of the smallest intervals of leisure to be with her husband, scarcely ever went out lest she should miss them.

In 1813, on leaving Paris for the army, Napoleon appointed Maria Louisa regent, and constituted a council for her guidance; as St. Louis, on setting out for the Holy Land, had deposited his power in the hands of Queen Blanche. The government of the empress was mild, and well calculated for the unfortunate circumstances in which the country was placed. She presided at the council, guided by the archchancellor. She gave orders that the department of the grand judge, whence she received the reports of the proceedings of the tribunals, should not lay before her the cases of unpardonable offenders, as she was unwilling to sign her name to any judgment, except for purposes of mercy. She granted nu-

merous pardons, and she did so without ostentation. No pains were taken to trumpet forth her praises; her merits were, nevertheless, appreciated by all who surrounded her. She was simple and natural, and made no effort to gain admiration. She received all who sought to approach her; but she never tried to attract those who were not drawn to her by sentiments of esteem.

On the approach of the allies towards Paris, in March 1814, she removed, with her son and the Council of Regency, to Blois. During the first days of her residence there, she was very desirous of joining her husband, and following him and the army. On being told by Colonel Galbois, one of Napoleon's aids-de-camp, that this was impossible, she said, with warmth, "My proper place is near the emperor, at a moment when he must be so truly unhappy. I insist upon going to him."

It was while the empress was at Blois that Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte formed the design of carrying her off beyond the Loire, hoping that through her they might be enabled to make better terms with the victors. On Good Friday, the eighth of April, having ordered two carriages to the gate of the prefecture, they entered Maria Louisa's apartment, and informed her that she must go with them. Upon this she inquired, whither and why? for, added she, "I am very well here." Jerome replied, "That we cannot tell you." She then asked, if it was by order of the emperor that they acted? and, on their answering in the negative, she said, "In that case I will not go."—"We will force you," replied Jerome. She then burst into tears, which did not, however, prevent their dragging her roughly towards the door; upon which she cried out, and several of her attendants coming to her assistance, the two brothers retired.*

On the following morning, all her inferior domestics, except one, abandoned her, and returned to Paris. However, by means of the authority of Count Schuwaloff, the empress, the King of Rome, and the court attendants were enabled to reach Orleans. She here took leave of the members of the government who had accompanied her, as well as of the great officers of the crown: she begged each of them to retain some recollection of her, and expressed her anxiety for their happiness. She also sent several small tokens to different persons at Paris. To Gerard, the painter, she presented her mahogany easel; while to Isabey, the eminent miniature painter, who had been her drawing-master, she gave a little memorandum-book, which she carried in her pocket, in which she wrote, "Donne a Isabey, par une de ses cleves, qui aura toujours de la reconnaissance pour les peines il s'est donne pour elle.—LOUISE."

On the 12th, attended by Prince Esterhazy, she set out for Rambouillet, where she had an affecting interview with her father, and a reluc-

* *Histoire de la Regence a Blois*, p. 62; and *Narrative of an English Detenu*, p. 282.

tant one with the Emperor of Russia. A few days after this visit, she bent her course towards Vienna, travelling under an escort of Austrian troops, through the departments of a country in which, just four years before, triumphal arches had been erected on her passage, and the road had been strewn with flowers. How aptly do the following lines apply to the situation of the youthful empress!—

" Au bonheur des mortels esclaves immoles;
Sur un trône étranger avec pompe exilées,
De la paix des états si nous sommes les nœuds,
Souvent nous payons cher cet honneur dangereux; *and*
Et, quand sur notre Hymen le bien public se fonde,
Nous perdons le repos que nous donnons au monde." *revue*

When the treaty of Paris was signed, Maria Louisa returned to her father's court; where she was compelled to lay aside her imperial titles, and assume that of Grand Duchess of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, with the sovereignty of which fiefs she was invested by the allies. Thus, by the strange caprice of fortune, did the little principality conferred on Cambaceres, become the refuge of an Austrian arch-duchess—the consort of the mighty Napoleon!

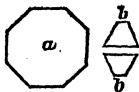
Maria Louisa was of a very charitable disposition. She deducted from the allowance granted for her toilet a certain sum monthly for the relief of the poor; and she never was told of a case of distress which she did not immediately endeavour to relieve.

Napoleon conducted himself towards her with the most marked politeness, and she was unquestionably, very fond of her husband; in speaking of him, she always termed him "mon ange." It has been remarked, that in the account to be adjusted between them, the balance will appear considerably in his favour. Napoleon, however, does Maria Louisa ample justice on this head. After her forced separation from him, he says, she avowed, in the most feeling terms, her ardent desire to join him. On a person expressing to him his surprise that she had not made any exertions on his behalf, he replied, "I believe her to be just as much a state prisoner as I am, and that it is totally out of her power to assist me." He understood that she had been surprised and threatened into an oath, to communicate all the letters she might receive that had any relation to her husband.†

Between the two wives of Napoleon there existed a striking contrast. Josephine possessed all the advantages of art and grace; Maria Louisa the charms of simple modesty and innocence. The former loved to influence and to guide her husband; the latter to please and to obey him. Both were excellent women, of great sweetness of temper, and fondly attached to Napoleon. "It is certainly singular," says Sir Walter Scott, "that the artificial character should have belonged to the daughter of the West Indian planter; the one marked by nature and simplicity, to a princess of the proudest court in Europe."‡

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

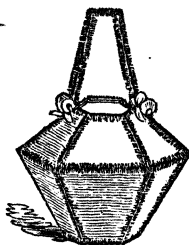
3



A BASKET of a more difficult construction may be made in the following manner:—Procure for the top and bottom, two octagon pieces, as *a* (Fig. 3); and for the sides, which are

formed of an upper and a lower series, sixteen pieces, as *b b*; the narrow edges of all these must be equal to the several sides of the top and bottom pieces, *a*: being first separately bound with narrow riband, they are to be tacked in pairs by their wide ends, and then fastened together by the sides of each pair; the bottom piece is also to be bound and fixed in the usual manner to the ends of the lower series of side pieces. The top must be fastened with silk riband or wire hinges, by its binding, in such a manner that it may

4



fall upon and rest on the inside of the edges of the upper series of side pieces. The handle may be formed of pasteboard and wire, covered with silk, and sewn firmly to the edges of the basket. (Fig. 4.) The whole of the binding, and the sides of the handles, may then be ornamented in the same manner as those of the basket first described; the glass may be either plain, ground, painted, or transparent, with small paintings on velvet inside; the lining may be puffed or plain, according to the fancy of the maker.

FRENCH WOMEN.

THE women of France are gifted with so redundant a share of genius and energy, that in them common sentiments become passions: of this nature was Du Doffand's friendship for Walpole, and the love of De Sevigne for her daughter. For near two centuries, France was embellished by a succession of resplendent women; their decay was indeed "impregnated with divinity," which shone with great lustre; as life's frail taper waned; their youth was crowned with wit and gaiety—their age consoled by devotion or philosophy, brilliant recollections, and above all, by the early acquired habit of happiness: the friendships of youth were retained and matured by these amiable old people, and youth sought admittance to their venerable coteries as to the repositories of the wit and grace of other days. In our land, old people have no influence over sentiment and fashion, custom prescribes to them a dull, cloistered monotonous life, which withers the mind ere the frame loses its vigour; there exists no good without its attendant evil, and our happy government, which ensures to youthful industry the certainty of independence, re-acts on age in the form of cold neglect or reluctant obedience.

* Lemierre. † Fleury de Chaboulon, vol. ii. p. 77.

‡ Life of Bonaparte, vol. vii. p. 20.

THE BIRTH OF THE MESSIAH.

GREAT GOD! thy voice the wondering nations hear;
 At thy command they flourish, or decay;
 Thy judgments shake the guilty earth with fear,
 And worlds unnumber'd bow beneath thy mighty sway—
 Long the world in ruin stood,
 Sunk in sorrow, dy'd in blood;—
 Vice far stretch'd her tyrant reign,
 Millions groan'd beneath her chain,
 Reason trembled at her nod,
 Idols claim'd the throne of God;
 Hail'd as majesty divine,
 The world fell prostrate at her shrine.

See in the East the darken'd world to cheer,
 And gild the nations with his heavenly ray,
 The Mystic STAR with light divine appear,
 And speak the glad approach of pure Religion's day.
 Opens now the radiant morn,
 Christ the Son of God is born!
 To the watchful Shepherd throng,
 Angels bear the heavenly song;—
 Joy and gladness spread around,
 To the earth's remotest bound;
 Songs of triumph rend the sky—
 " All glory be to God on high."

MEETING AGAIN.

Yes, we shall meet again, my cherished friend,
 Not in the beautiful autumnal bowers,
 Where we have seen the waving corn-fields bend,
 And twin'd bright garlands of the harvest flowers,
 And watched the gleaners with their golden store—
 There we shall meet no more.

Not in the well-remembered hall of mirth,
 Where at the evening hour each heart rejoices,
 And friends and kindred crowd the social hearth,
 And the glad breathings of young happy voices,
 Strains of sweet melody in concert pour—
 There we shall meet no more.

Not in the haunts of busy strife, which bind
 The soaring spirit to base Mammon's toll,
 Where the revealings of thy gifted mind
 Exhaust their glories on a barren soil,
 With few to praise, to wonder, or deplore—
 There we shall meet no more.

Yet mourn not thus—in realms of changeless gladness,
 Where friendship's ties are never crushed and broken,
 We still may meet—Heaven, who beholds our sadness,
 Hath to the trusting heart assurance spoken
 Of that blest land, where, free from care and pain,
 Fond friends unite again.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

It is not our place to account for the perversity of the human heart, or our intention to excuse the inconstancy of human nature. As for the fickleness of love, it is the old woman's axiom, time out of mind; as if love, to prove that it is so, ought necessarily to evince itself incapable of the changes to which all the material and immaterial world around us is alike liable. We say no such thing. We have seen, we have known, we can imagine; and, without further argument on the passion or no passion—the affection or no affection which produced this or that consequence, we are content to draw our own conclusions. Therefore, without any sweeping denunciation against the race of man—without any libel against the law of love—without raising one man to the elevation of greater or better spirits—without degrading the species to the level of this one—we shall sketch a simple picture, in a simple way, and let the moral, if there be any, rest with the reader.

The precepts scattered to the young are as seeds sown on the bosom of the earth; time shall roll on, but the season shall come round to show that the husbandman has been there; and so it was with Delacour. Wealth, emolument, and self-interest, had been the lessons of his youth, and he had profited by them. On the death of his father, a respectable tradesman, he found himself in fair circumstances; and—by aid of his profession—for he was a lawyer—on the high road to reputation, and, it might be, to riches. Possessed of a fine person, a graceful demeanour, a majestic figure, pleasing voice, lively conversation, and easy vivacity, it is no wonder he got

into good society, and, from thence, into some notice as a professional man. He was now turned thirty, and in the full career of fortune; still unmarried, still sought by anxious mothers, and wooed by forward daughters; but he was not in love, or scarcely dared believe it himself. The father of Emily Sidney was a merchant, who had been mainly instrumental in the good fortune to which Delacour had attained; she was the heiress of a supposed large property, and the beauty of her circle. This was enough to depress a less ardent admirer or a more calculating man; but Delacour had owed much to chance, and perceiving, as he thought, something not altogether unpropitious to him, he commenced his secret suit.

Ah! I remember her as yesterday. She was then eighteen—youth scarce mellowed into early womanhood. The face, as it peeped from the chastening chesnut ringlets around it, was worthy the hand of the painter, though the smile that played on the lip might have defied his skill; the small and well-rounded figure vied with sculpture, but marble had vainly essayed to express the grace and dignity of that demeanour. And this was the least part of all. She knew what was kindness and charity, and practised what she knew. She—but let her story delineate her character.

It must be presumed that Delacour was, in his way, ambitious, and this was the object at which he now aimed. He had imagined beauty; here was beauty unrivalled, unexcelled; virtue—here was virtue the most alluring; modesty, simplicity, truth, love all combined in one; and for fortune,

here was such as he could never have anticipated; connexions the most to be desired, and influence the most to be coveted. But why reason upon it!—She should be his in any condition of life—her beauty were alone dowry fit for a prince. In all stations alike lovely, alike to be desired. In such ecstasies he passed his hours; when a new suitor appeared, in the person of a young baronet of considerable fortune. Money was nothing to him, and happiness every thing. Equally handsome and agreeable, and more rich than Delacour, he was, in every respect, no common rival; besides which, all the arts of a true lover were devised to secure the treasure to himself. About this time, Mr. Sidney incurred a great loss of property by an unlucky speculation. The affair was stated to the baronet—the carriage was put down—but he was not to be changed by time or place; the same accomplished suitor, the same unchanged admirer—nor did he fail to show the preference he felt. But what will love not effect! Emily Sidney was an only child, and with all the sweet ignorance of affluence, she wondered what riches had to do with content. The old question of “love in a cottage, or a palace without,” this eternal young girl’s theme, was pondered upon, but all thoughts leaned to the same side—the predilection she felt, happily or unhappily, for Delacour. He protested disinterested affection—total disregard of all future or present expectations—and could she do less than believe him! The father consulted, the mother advised—but Emily wept, and it ended in the refusal of the baronet. A week after, Delacour made his offer and was accepted; and who could fail to be flattered by the preference! From that time they were all the world to one another—for ever together—he the most attentive of lovers, she the happiest of women.

As no man, by looking in the glass is likely to form a just estimate of his own defects, or his peculiar perfections; so no man discovers his true character by gazing, however intently, in that inward mirror of the mind—his own imagination. For as our shadows, seen in the sun, are most defective representations of our own forms, so are these mental likenesses like the bright shape of fancy, too airy and too heavenly, and too perfect to be aught but ideal types of what we would fain believe. Delacour had his vanity. He had hitherto been a happy and prosperous man; he was much sought, and, moreover, was beloved by one whose opinion most men had been pleased to have gained. And if he deceived himself, or believed too firmly in himself, what are not the deceptions that we practice on ourselves, and on others—and this, when we would be true to all parties. It was, however, no deceit that he was in love, though the manner of his loving might be another thing. Here his heart was fixed. The world might go round, and the seasons change, but each and the other could not affect him. All his feelings, his associations were here combined, and nature must change ere he could. But why descant upon, or question, his emotions? Who, in a dream, ever

dreamed that he should awake again in five minutes, or five hours, or ages, or centuries! For us, we have oftentimes stood on the utmost height of a green and glorious hill, and there have seen nature’s most awful might spread out around us. The vale, the sloping mead, the verdant lawn, the bloomy garden ground, the river, the lake, the slender stream, all blessing and giving glory to the darkness of our thoughts within; and when the golden sun broke out, we hailed the earth as joyous and happy. We do not know that the cloud was noticed, or the tempest heard to mourn, though in the deep forest its voice might have been heard deploring. We must confess, that when the rain came down, we were taken unawares. Our thoughts were leading on hope, not treading after servile despair. And when the landscape was effaced, the brightness of the heavens gone away, then we could have wept, but that tears were denied. So Delacour had before his eyes some such gorgeous scene; it was still bright, and without shadow, as if never meant to fade.—

It was a delightful evening at the latter end of summer when, mounting his horse, he took his usual way to the mansion of the Sidneys. His easy and fashionable lounge, his fine person, set off by the splendour of his attire, as well as by the beauty of true content there depicted, might alone have attracted the passengers; but then his steed, as if proud of his duty, contrived by certain coquettish knaveries and ambling graces, to fix the attention. Delacour was born to be admired, “the observed of all observers,” and many were the remarks as he passed onward. He had been riding thus for some time, when he was overtaken by an acquaintance.

“What! Delacour, on the old road again, in spite of the news. Why, Sidney is in the gazette.”

“Impossible,” cried Delacour, “I would have wagered my life against it—you joke.” “Incredulous as a lover,” replied the other, “look and be satisfied.”

The paper was handed to him, a glance was sufficient, and, murmuring a hasty adieu, he set spurs to his horse, and was quickly lost to the view; the cloud of dust that followed his flight, alone told of his passage; and those who now saw him, pale, agitated, and flying desperately forward, might have well mistaken him for the messenger of more than common woe. A dagger, indeed, could scarcely have caused a greater revulsion of the heart.

He no sooner entered the house, than the voice of the domestic proclaimed that something had happened; he met Mrs. Sidney on the stairs.

“You will find Emily,” said she, “in the drawing-room. This affair has agitated us all—you will excuse Mr. Sidney to-night.”

He whispered a polite reply, and hastened forward, but was, for the first time, unheard. Emily was seated at the table, lights were in the room; she was gazing at something—it was his picture, the one he had himself given her; he drew nearer—the lip quivered, and tears were trembling in the eyelids; she sighed and sighed

again; he advanced a step farther, a slight cry escaped her.

"Oh! it is you," she exclaimed, but there was something tremulous in the voice, half joy, half anguish: "I knew you would come, that is, I thought you would." "How could I do less than come, when I have so often come before," was the answer. "You are very good," she sighed, "but my father's misfortunes, oh! Delacour, you can guess my feelings."

"Your feelings are perhaps peculiar to you," he returned, somewhat coldly, "you are very suspicious to-night."

"I hope not," she replied meekly, "but you are tired, we will have some refreshment, and tune the harp: you were always fond of that."

The refreshments were brought, she helped him with her own hands; but when she turned to the instrument, the full and surcharged eyes—the flushed face—the heaving of the bosom—the trembling speech—the look wandering to and fro on the face of her lover, too plainly indicated that she had perceived something more or less than usual in the manner of his address. She seemed to Delacour, as she touched the strings, to have the finest figure in the world, and indeed her soul was on the chords. She felt that she needed some other person to make all he had once been to her; she was a gentle and excellent girl, and Delacour, who was an admirer of all excellence, was quickly won to her side. She had never played with such execution, and now attentive, and now wavering, he listened, and was now impassioned, and now as cold as ever—and now he dreamed himself back to all his former adoration of her. At length he snatched a kiss—said something of forgiveness, and all was forgotten; but another hour was over—he was silent and more cold than death, at least, to the heart of Emily. It was now getting late, and he declined, on plea of business, staying the night, which was his usual custom. She sunk into silence and despondency.

"You are sad, Miss Sidney," said he, "or angry, but my Emily used not to be either." "I am sad," she murmured, "but not angry—you are full of mistakes to-night." She smiled faintly.

"I am surely not mistaken," he returned, "not a word has been spoken this half hour; but some people mistake temper for feeling."

"Excuse me," she cried, and as she was seated by his side, she placed her hand gently upon his shoulder: "you do not understand me; there is no temper in me but sorrow. I am not angry," but he arose and hinted that he must depart.

"Good night, Miss Sidney," said he, "good night, Emily—we shall meet to-morrow."

His hand was upon the door—she looked up—blushed—and advanced towards him. "I am not angry," she added, "you mistake me. Let us be friends." The last gush of feeling burst from his heart—and he caught her in his arms. A scarcely audible "God bless you," came from his lips—an instant—and he was gone.

In her bosom was left sorrow—and anguish—and repining; the red blush was on her brow, but she sighed not, neither did she weep. The

next day she received an apology for not waiting on her, as his business was urgent, but a promise so to do as quickly as possible. But day after day past on, and he came not—she watched in vain. It was late one evening, she thought she saw him leaning as usual against the garden gate. She went to the window, but it was delusion—she looked more intently, answered incoherently some questions addressed to her, and fell senseless to the ground.

Let us pass over the rest. It has been said that the father waited on Delacour, but all that could be elicited was, that his views were changed, his mind, but not his affections, altered. With these words he left him: "Young man," said he, "may the sorrows of this young creature fall a hundred fold on your head!"

* * * * *

How strangely we decide our destiny! Led by appearances, even misled by truth. Yet why arraign the Providence of Heaven! For we walk like the wayfarer of the desert, when no star is out to guide us. With the blessing of happiness in our hands, we cast it aside and determine on misery; and when weighed down by the burden of care, we would still seek to be happy: and this, because nothing is desirable we possess, and all to be coveted we can never hope to obtain. Vile weakness of human nature; that we who would, in truth, believe ourselves perfect, should yet allow ourselves, wilfully and willingly, to be so base! One would think that "the wisdom of the serpent"—the cunning of true selfishness, might teach us selfish peace: if "the gentleness of the dove"—the artlessness of true nature, might not teach us disinterested love. As for Delacour, he resolved to be wretched, because he feared to be so, and then sought to be happy, even while resigning his greatest of human good. But what if the affections we feel, or others feel for us, be true or false: the falsehood or the truth may be equally miserable—time can alone show us the reverse. In the mean time the world goes on, and we must go likewise, lest, thrown from the channel—broken on the rock of hope—while catching at some other or firmer hold than the reed within our grasp—lest, finally, we be drifted down the tide of time—and left to perish: So Delacour pursued his avocations—rushed into society—and believed himself contented. But the canker of the heart eats not away so soon. If he had any feelings—any sentiments—he had sworn the better part. As it is never too late for a man to grow wise, so it is never too late to love honour. Had he then lived for this! He remembered his debts of obligation of gratitude to his old friend; but then he recalled, also, the prospects that might yet be open to him—the increase of wealth—his expectations of the future, he thought but once and no more; he hastened into amusements, into dissipation, and, while he forgot his affection, he forgot himself. Some have remarked that his person became altered, his spirits changed, that it was natural depression, and forced hilarity; but if he ever experienced wretchedness, or sighed in the full

emotion of regret, he was the last to believe that his sorrows, his vexation, his self-reproaches, were of his own creation.

But a few months had gone by, and another lady caught his attention, of his own years—handsome, accomplished, and of desired wealth. He soon imagined himself to be in love, for in false hearts no flame is so easily kindled as false passion; and the lady was in love with him, just such love as a calculating woman may bestow, who thinks more of herself than of the world beside. She knew, indeed, of no feelings out of the sphere of a drawing-room, or any emotion, but such as might lie in the compass of a carriage. Again family, future, friends and connexions, were canvassed, and were found fitting; again he pictured uninterrupted peace, unclouded days; again he was in possession of all his dreams; again hoped, was again happy; again constant, again, in fact, a lover.

Time rolled on and on, and he saw no reason to regret his choice. He became restless, for others were in pursuit of the same prize as himself, and then he grew impatient and more impatient, and, at length, made his offer, and was successful. He was now more gay than ever—more fashionable—more splendid. In all public places and private parties he was the acknowledged suitor, and congratulated by his friends on the fortune he would acquire—on the conquest he had made; he was not backward in boasting the favour in which he found himself, in exhibiting the influence he had over her, and in talking of the brilliant prospects that he anticipated in the future.

It was with this lady hanging on his arm, that he first again beheld Emily Sidney. The bloom of youth was gone, the form wasted, the ringlets confined beneath a gauze cap; the figure no longer joyous with content, but shackled by despondency and disappointment. She arose as she beheld him—the young Baronet was at her side.

"I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well," said Delacour, with his unchanging eye fixed full upon her face. She blushed, faltered, and murmured an assent. "I beg your pardon," he added, "but I hear you only indistinctly. You say that you are well, surely." She fixed her expressive look reproachfully upon him. "I am better than I have been," she returned, "indeed—quite well," and so they parted. The words that had been spoken were the common compliments of the day: but oh! the manner said every thing. On that night she burnt a little likeness she had drawn of him from memory; she cast aside all embarrassment, she quitted her sick room, dressed, sung, laughed, danced and played as she was used to do; she hurried into company, into amusement, was as much admired as ever, as usual sought as when she had a fortune: but her parents saw the dark side of the picture—the young girl's heart was broken.

Can it be possible that Delacour went home that night in remorseless complacency? That no compunction dwelt within his breast—that no

conscience visited his thoughts—that the faded form of nature's loveliness—the sweet confusion that pleaded, like the tongue of mercy and of truth—that, last of all, that look—had spoken nothing! It is impossible. He knew he was to blame—he writhed under the infliction of secret regret—he thought he had not acted quite honourably—quite tenderly—but for all that he would have started at the name of villain. Yet it was for his good he should act as he had done; she would marry the baronet; his destiny, and not himself, was to be reproached, and, shifting from any further argument, he hastened to conclude affairs with the lady in question.

Now came the confusion of preparation. Parties were given and received, and the round of reciprocal introduction took place, and, in the sudden rush of coming events, Delacour lost all recollection of the past, and sacrificed its memory for ever on the altar of futurity. The world was determined to make him pleased, and he was resolute to be so. The house was taken, furniture, table-linen, the elegances of a lady's comforts, all were procured, and all in the exact taste that might best suit both parties. Business was no longer attended to, for Delacour was at each and every hour of the day prosecuting his love suit, and the lady was, at all times, his attentive listener. The marriage deeds and the settlement were next talked about, for marriages, at least such marriages as these, generally end as they begin, in a very business-like manner. But now, on the exposure of the absolute property, on the explanation of the contingent prospects of Mr. Delacour, he was found by the father, or, might it be by the lady?—he was found deficient, that is, not quite the exact bargain that was expected. They told that the lady, hearing he had boasted of her preference, fearing too easy a conquest, adopted this pretty piece of coquetry, in hopes of being over-persuaded. Be this as it may; at the moment of doubt and denial, at the moment when the lady hinted that her decision had been entirely in obedience to her parents, not that she had in the least changed, then it was that Delacour perceived he had been a dupe—cheated, betrayed, and made the very ridicule of fortune. He rushed from the house, where he had passed two years in the pursuit of a shadow, as worthless as it was frail, and hastened homeward.

He had pride, he was not quite without feeling, at least for himself; but when he recollected the heaven he had cast away, how he had smote upon the heart that loved him, to be smitten in return, conscience was his accuser. The affair of Miss Sidney was known to his acquaintances; he himself had given publicity to this; here was the deceiver himself deceived, the betrayer himself betrayed—and he heard the laugh of derision go round about him.

It is hard for the brave and the good to part with the lasting hope—the living impression—the unfading aspirations of their every-day existence; but how much more difficult for the calculating—the base, to separate, upon even terms, with their desires. This one expectation, this aggran-

dizement, perhaps, the lady herself, had been the stamina of Delacour's late actions and life. To have been climbing, with struggles and anguish, the steep of fortune—bewildered among the brushwood—torn and defaced amid the brambles—to find one's foot upon the last elevation our wondering gaze might discover, and no sooner to find ourself there than the foundation gives way, the basement is scattered, and we and all our tiny hopes hurled headlong into the abyss, or into the humble vale from which we first up-sprung—this may well demand patience; but when inflicted on the strong, when suffered by the proud, then comes the sting of madness—the writhing of passion—the gnawing of the heart—and all that despair may suffer under, and philosophy deride.

While torn by conflicting emotions, there seemed no resting-place whereon the thoughts of Delacour might repose. He had held himself above the world, as one whom no storm might reach, no breath might touch: he had walked in pride, he was therefore more open to scorn. He looked around him, and one fair form, and one alone, was seen in the far expanse, and to her he turned. To this being he vowed to resign all false ambitions, all theories of self-emolument, all speculations of self-interest. He had grown in riches within the last two years; she might still love him—he had lost honour in losing her—well, he must repair the loss—but then her reproaches and scorn—he deserved them, and humbly and faithfully he could avow it. He thought of her angel ways—her maiden kindness; he thought, and wondered at the monster he had been. But the mind forms schemes, after the body is tired of action, incapable of impulse. A fatal malady, the effect of his disturbed spirits, now made its appearance. Day after day passed in ineffectual attempts to obtain an interview with the being he had injured. The wretched young lady, on whom their last meeting had made a lasting impression, suspicious of his advances, fearing to avow her real sentiments; her delicacy offended and pride wounded, fled his secret approaches, or with cold insensibility met his more open attentions. It was enough for her to know that he was on the point of marriage with another, and though he was evidently an object of horror, yet, more eager than ever for some explanation, something to subdue or excite the anguish within him, he continued his vain pursuit. Effailed at all points, and sick in body and mind, he yielded to his depression, undetermined in what way to act that might yet amend the past. A fortnight was over, and he was the shadow of his former self, the wreck of his own weakness and folly. He now determined, cost what it would, to see her and to speak to her. Was it reason or was it madness that led him to act thus?

It was a fine and sunny afternoon, when he quitted his sick chamber, in the wild and neglected attire of one who had, indeed, forgotten himself; and jumping on the top of a passing stage, he quickly found himself in the neighbour-

hood of the cottage where they now dwelt. This was his last attempt, and he was resolved it should not be unsuccessful. Some time he lingered, till, growing impatient, he sprung over a small fence at the bottom of the garden, and made his way, stealthily, to an arbour that was near. His hand touched the foliage round the entrance ere he perceived, reclining on a seat, the figure of Emily herself. An involuntary sigh escaped him, but her thoughts were elsewhere, and it was unheard. He gave one fatal glance, and, in another instant, rushing forward, he clasped her in his arms. It was not a shriek, or a groan, but something more terrible than either, that burst from her lips, the living sound of anguish and of sorrow. In vain he called upon her in all the desperation of agony, repentance, and affection; in vain, with presumptuous lips, he dared the purer touch of hers; she lay insensible, or only recovered to give back a blind look of horror, as he embraced her. Here then was the consummation of his villany—the height of all his despair. At this moment he heard a footstep. Scorn, contumely, and insult, were all he could expect; he felt himself a wretch who merited no more; and, with one last embrace—one last respectful pressure—he fled he scarcely knew where, and the morning had risen before he found himself at home.

And now he would write to her, reveal all his heart, and rely upon her generosity, and in the energy of desperation the epistle was penned. But vain the designs of man! On that very day he heard that she had acquired a large fortune, by the death of a distant relation. Thus then the barrier was placed for ever between them. To return was now denied him. Fortune had been the aim of his life, and it now stood, for ever, between him and all he valued from this to the grave. How, without the imputation of the meanest of motives, how dare he now return? What had once been generous, would now be base.—No—no—the spring of life was over, the wilderness of the world gone through, and death lay alone open to him.

The tide of feelings will have way, but with Delacour it now bore upon its passage the freshness and the vigour of life. It might be truly said of him, that, from this time, he was a broken-spirited man—one not to be reconciled to himself—one who condemned himself beyond aught or all in the world beside. His happiness he had cast away, his wealth he had rendered worthless to him, and the malicious have said (and the best of us are not free from malice) that what his own folly and emotions might have failed to effect, his dissipation—his recklessness—shall it be said—the profligacy of a wounded mind—more easily contrived. Disease had now laid hold upon him. His friends came round him, all attentions were paid him, and he received a note from the last lady of his choice; she had heard of his illness, she would receive him again. Delacour could just afford a smile, and with hands chilled in the coldness of coming dissolution, he tore the paper and scattered it around.

At length the hour and the moment drew nigh that was to give him freedom; his thoughts had truly become a burden to him, and he was happy to resign them. He had made peace with earth, and pleaded for peace with heaven; and now he could willingly go his way. "This is the last bitter pang, my dear girl," said he, as his favourite sister drew near, "but it is the last, and let us pass through it bravely." It was after he had blessed her, and kissed her, and bade her adieu, that he called her back again. His noble face was changed to the marble of the grave, and those eyes shone with the last burning flame of nature and of life. He dashed away the tears that gathered till they flowed, and dashed them away again. The impressiveness of death was on his tongue. "If ever you see *her*," he sighed, "if ever you meet, tell her—but no—I can say nothing. If she knew all she would know too much—my silence is enough." With this he sank backward, and lay calmly; a long drawn sigh was heard—and Delacour was dead. But the sorrow he had caused neither was ended or died with him. His faults had been without extenuation, his errors without excuse, and the world had not been backward to censure him; yet one heart was found that could pardon, one soft enough to pity his frailties. All the mercy he could hope was there, and tenderness that surpassed all he might imagine. The shriek that burst from Emily Sidney while reading the news of his decease, was the knell of another untimely end. The woe of years was ended, the link of past emotions broken. He was then gone—for ever and irrevocably gone. The pride of her thoughts—the friend of her heart—the lover of youth. No scorn or maidenly reserve could now uphold her. Modesty might fear to reveal the last fond truth, but death wipes away all blushes.

If sighs might speak of grief, or tears, or inward sorrowing, a broken sleep, a restless and unenjoyed existence—if all these were the emblem of woe, all this had been past, though in the last few years, and it was over. "Mourn not, my child," urged the mother, "he is happy, and has long been a stranger to us."—"I am sensible of no grief," was the answer; "yes, he has long been a stranger, at least to me—yes, yes—to me he has been a stranger." This was the last time she ever spoke of him; but the thoughts will utter what the tongue never tells. She dreamed upon the scene in the garden, that faint and indistinct recollection of something most blissful and most wretched. He had thought of her, had returned to her, it was enough, he was forgiven; yet why had she not spoken to him and soothed him, and parted in friendship, if not in love? The idea was fraught with madness, and here the fatality of all her misery was seen. In the meantime she evinced no more than common grief. The day of his funeral she took her usual walk; she saw the sad procession pass, speechless, tearless, and without a murmur. And yet after this she was seen in company, and, to the same eyes, the same as ever. Is woman's pride so delicate,

or is it so unconquerable that it may feign all this! Yes—sad necessity, that the last humility of disappointed affections can only stoop thus low.

At many public places, scenes of fashionable resort, or haunts of fashionable invalids, she was afterwards met. The baronet was in constant attendance, the parents hinted their hopes. She had never, willingly, given sorrow to any one; she consented to accept him, received meekly his attentions, smiled at the delighted congratulations of her friends, and seemed happy.—The sober twilight of morning just shadowed the apartment where she lay; it was her accustomed attitude; her arm gently supporting her head, the long hair hanging luxuriously on the bosom and veiling the hands. Her mother drew near and stooped to kiss her. Enough; what would you more! That cry might have well told the rest.

THE BLUSH OF MODESTY.

"PAINT us, dear Zeuxis," said some of the chief inhabitants of Cortona, "paint us a portrait of the Grecian Helen, and in her, the beau ideal of female loveliness."—"I consent," replied the artist, "on condition that you send to me, as models, six of the most beautiful maidens of your city, in order that I may select from each some particular charm."—On the morrow they came, so beautiful in youth and gracefulness, that now for the first time the painter mistrusted the power of his art.—"Ye are indeed fair, my charming maids," he said; "but it is indispensable that you should sit to me unveiled."—"Unveiled!" they all exclaimed in surprise:—"unveiled! never! never!" was echoed from mouth to mouth. By dint, however, of entreaties, but more by flattery, the courteous artist succeeded in allaying the scruples of five of them, but the constancy of the sixth remained unshaken.—"Though it were to be Venus herself," she cried, indignantly, "I would not consent."—All expostulation was vain—she fled blushing. Zeuxis took his pencil and colours—studied his models, and after a few weeks of incessant labour, produced his "*Helen*," the glory of his art, and the admiration of the world. The day of public exhibition arrived; the applause was unanimous—the candid and unprejudiced were enraptured—the jealous and the envious reclaimed or overawed. But alone dissatisfied amidst the universal triumph, the artist exhibited on his wrinkled brow the marks of discontent.—"Ever prone as thou art," said his friend Aretus, "to discover faults in thy own performances where none exist, what can now be thy subject of regret?"—"The drawing," replied Zeuxis, "is perfect, the subject faultless, and I might indeed write underneath it, 'henceforward it will be easier to criticise this picture than to imitate it;' but there is still one thing wanting to its perfection."—"And what can that be?"—"The blush of the sixth maiden."—*La Belle Assemblée*.

TO MY CANARY.

Oh! sweet little captive, how sad is thy strain!
What is it can prompt thee like this to complain?
All these little murmurs I justly may chide;
For daily, thou knowest, thy wants are supplied.

Do the shady trees tempt thee to quit thy abode?
Do the beauties of nature invite thee abroad?
If instinct informs thee 'tis summer's bright day,
I then do not wonder that thou wouldst away.

But where, pretty captive, oh! where wouldst thou go,
When mountains and valleys are buried in snow,
When groves are dismantled and cold the sun's beam,
And winter's chill breath binds each sweet gliding stream?

So pray be contented, my sweet little bird,
For I can assure thee thy fate is not hard;
Though Nature's inviting in summer's gay form;
Know, that after the sunshine there follows the storm.

THE LITTLE VOICE.

Once there was a little Voice
Merry as the month of May,
That did cry "Rejoice! Rejoice!
Now—'tis flown away!

Sweet it was, and very clear,
Chasing every thought of pain:
Summer! shall I ever hear
Such a voice again?

I have pondered all night long,
Listening for as soft a sound;
But so sweet and clear a song,
Never have I found!

I would give a mine of gold,
Could I hear that little Voice—
Could I, as in days of old,
At a sound rejoice!

THE COFFIN MAKER.

THE first few weeks of my employment passed pleasantly enough; my master was satisfied with me, and on Sunday evenings I was able to enjoy a walk in company with my sister and Henry Richards, who was a remarkably free spirited and kind hearted youth, with much of that gaiety for which I was myself distinguished. We soon became great friends; he discussed his hopes of one day being independent enough to support a wife, and that wife my sister Sally; and I told him the story of Violet Wells. But my spirits soon became less buoyant, and even my health began to suffer; I entirely lost the florid look which was my poor mother's admiration; my very step grew slower, and there were Sundays when I declined the evening walk which had been my only recreation, merely because the happy laugh and continued jests of Henry Richards annoyed and distressed me while contrasted with my own heart. Evening after evening, sometimes through a whole dismal night, I worked at my melancholy employment; and as my master was poor, and employed no other journeyman, I worked most commonly alone. Frequently as the heavy hammer descended, breaking at intervals the peaceful silence of the night, I recalled some scene of sorrow and agony that I had witnessed in the day; and as the echo of some shriek or stifled groan struck in fancy on my ear, I would pause to wipe the dew from my brow and curse the trade of a coffin maker. Every day some fresh cause appeared to arise for loathing my occupation; whilst all were alike strangers to me in the town where my master lived, I worked cheerfully and wrote merrily home; but now that I began to know every one, to be acquainted with the number of members which composed the different families, to hear of their sicknesses and misfortunes; now that link after link bound me as it were to feel for those around me and to belong to them, my cheerfulness was over. The mother

turned her eyes from me with a shuddering sigh, and gazed on the dear circle of little ones as if she thought to penetrate futurity, and guess which of the young things, now rosy in health, was to follow her long lost and still lamented one. The doating father pressed the arm of his pale consumptive girl nearer to his heart; friends who were yet sorrowing for their bereavement, gave up the attempt at cheerfulness, and relapsed into melancholy silence at my approach. If I attempted (as I often did, at first) to converse gaily with such of the townspeople as were of my master's rank in life, I was checked by a bitter smile, or a sudden sigh; which told me that while I was giving way to levity, the thoughts of my heart had wandered back to the heavy hours when their houses were last darkened by the shadow of death. I carried about with me an unceasing curse; an imaginary barrier separated between me and my fellow men. I felt like an executioner from whose bloody touch men shrink, not so much from loathing of the *man*, who is but the instrument of death, as from horror at the image of that death itself—death sudden, appalling, and inevitable. Like him, I brought the presence of death too vividly before them; like him, I was connected with the infliction of a doom I had no power to avert. Men withheld from me their affection, refused me their sympathy, as if I were not like themselves. My very mortality seemed less obvious to their imaginations when contrasted with the hundred for whom my hands prepared the last dwelling house, which was to shroud forever their altered faces from sorrowful eyes. Where I came, there came heaviness of heart, mournfulness and weeping. Laughter was hushed at my approach; conversation ceased; darkness and silence fell around my steps—the darkness and the silence of death. Gradually I became awake to my situation. I no longer attempted to hold free converse with my fellow men. I suffered

the gloom of their hearts to overshadow mine. My step crept slowly and stealthily into their dwellings; my voice lowered itself to sadness and monotony; I pressed no hand in token of companionship; no hand pressed mine, except when wrung with agony, some wretch, whose burden was more than he could bear, retained me for a few moments of maddened and convulsive grief, from putting the last finishing stroke to my work, and held me back to gaze yet again on features which I was about to cover from his sight. It is well that God in his unsearchable wisdom hath made death loathsome to us. It is well that an undefined and instinctive shrinking within us, makes what we have loved for long years, in a few hours

"That lifeless thing, the living fear."

It is well that the soul hath scarcely quitted the body ere the work of corruption is begun. For if, even thus, mortality clings to the remnants of mortality, with "love stronger than death;" if, as I have seen it, warm and living lips are pressed to features where the gradually sinking eye and hollow cheek speak horribly of departed life; what would it be if the winged soul left its tenement of clay, to be resolved only into a marble death; to remain cold, beautiful, and imperishable; every day to greet our eyes; every night to be watered with our tears? The bonds which held men together would be broken; the future would lose its interest in our minds; we should remain sinfully mourning the idols of departed love, whose presence forbade oblivion of their loveliness; and a thin and scattered population would wander through the world as through the valley of the shadow of death! How often have I been interrupted when about to nail down a coffin, by the agonized entreaties of some wretch to whom the discoloured clay bore yet the trace of beauty, and the darkened lid seemed only closed in slumber! How often have I said—"Surely that heart will break with its woe!" and yet, in a little while, the bowed spirit rose again, the eye sparkled, and the lip smiled *because the dead were covered from their sight*; and that which is present to a man's senses is destined to affect him far more powerfully than either the dreams of the imagination or memory. How often too have I seen the reverse of the picture I have just drawn; when the pale unconscious corse has lain abandoned in its loveliness, and grudging hands have scarcely dealt out a portion of its superfluity, to obtain the last rights for one who so lately moved, spoke, smiled, and walked amongst them! And I have felt even then that there were those, to whom that neglected being had been far more precious than heaps of gold, and I have mourned for them who perished among strangers. One horrible scene has chased another from my mind through a succession of years; and some of those, which, perhaps, deeply affected me at the time, are, by the mercy of heaven, forgotten. But enough remains to enable me to give a faint outline of the causes which have changed me from what I was, to the gloomy, joyless being I am at length become. There is

one scene indelibly impressed upon my memory. I was summoned late at night to the house of a respectable merchant, who had been reduced, in a great measure, by the wilful extravagance of his only son, from comparative wealth to ruin and distress. I was met by the widow, on whose worn and weary face the calm of despair had settled. She spoke to me for a few moments and begged me to use despatch and caution in the exercise of my calling:—"For indeed," said she, "I have watched my living son with a sorrow, that has almost made me forget grief for the departed. For five days and five nights I have watched, and his blood-shot eye has not closed, no, not for a moment, from its horrible task of gazing on the dead face of the father that cursed him. He sleeps now, if sleep it can be called that is rather the torpor of exhaustion; but his rest is taken on that father's death-bed. Oh! young man, feel for me! Do your task in such a manner, that my wretched boy may not awake till it is over, and the blessings of the widow be on you forever!" To this strange prayer I could only offer a solemn assurance that I would do my utmost to obey her; and with slow, creeping steps we ascended the narrow stairs which led to the chamber of death. It was a dark, wretched looking, ill-furnished room, and a drizzling November rain pattered unceasingly at the latticed window, which was shaken from time to time by the fitful gusts of a moaning wind. A damp chillness pervaded the atmosphere, and rotted the falling paper from the walls; and, as I looked towards the hearth (for there was no grate,) I felt painfully convinced that the old man had died without the common comforts his situation imperiously demanded. The whitewashed sides of the narrow fire-place were encrusted with a green damp, and the chimney vent was stuffed with straw and fragments of old carpet, to prevent the cold wind from whistling through the aperture. The common expression, "He has seen better days," never so forcibly occurred to me as that moment. He *had* seen better days: he had toiled cheerfully through the day, and sat down to a comfortable evening meal.

The wine cup had gone round; and the voice of laughter had been heard at his table for many a year; and yet here he had crept to die like a beggar! The corpse of a man apparently about sixty, lay stretched upon it, and on his hollow and emaciated features the hand of death had printed the ravages of many days. The veins had ceased to give, even the appearance of life to the discoloured skin; the eyelids were deep sunken and the whole countenance was (and none but those accustomed to gaze on the face of the dead can understand me) utterly expressionless. But if a sight like this was sickening and horrible, what shall I say of the miserable being to whom a temporary oblivion was giving strength for a renewed agony? He had apparently been sitting at the foot of the corpse, and, as the torpor of heavy slumber stole over him, had sunk forward, his hand still retaining the hand of the dead man. His face was hid; but his figure and the thick

curls of dark hair bespoke early youth. I judged him at most to be two and twenty. I began my task of measuring the body, and few can tell the shudder which thrilled my frame as the carpenter's rule passed those locked hands—the vain effort of the living still to claim kindred with the dead! It was over, and I stole from the room cautiously and silently as I entered. Once, and only once, I turned to gaze at the melancholy group. There lay the corpse stiff and unconscious; there sat the son in an unconsciousness yet more terrible, since it could not last. There, pale and cheerless, stood the wife of him, who, in his dying hour, cursed her child and his. How little she dreamed of such a scene when her meek lips first replied to his vows of affection!—How little she dreamed of such a scene when she first led that father to the cradle of his sleeping boy! when they bent together with smiles of affection, to watch his quiet slumber, and catch the gentle breathings of his parted lips: I had scarcely reached the landing place before the wretched woman's hand was laid lightly on my arm to arrest its progress. Her noiseless step had followed me without my being aware of it. "How soon will your work be done?" said she, in a suffocated voice. "To-morrow I could be here again," answered I. "To-morrow! and what am I to do if my boy awakes before that time?" and her voice became louder and hoarse with fear. "He will go mad, I am sure he will; his brain will not hold against these horrors. Oh! that God would hear me!—that God would hear me! and let that slumber sit on his senses till the sight of the father that cursed him is no longer present to us! Heaven be merciful to me!" and with her last words she clasped her hands convulsively and gazed upwards. I had known opiates administered to sufferers whose grief for their bereavements almost amounted to madness. I mentioned this hesitatingly to the widow, and she eagerly caught at it. "Yes! that would do," exclaimed she; "that would do if I could but get him past that horrible moment! But stay; I dare not leave him alone as he is even for a little while:—what will become of me!" I offered to procure the medicine for her and soon returned with it. I gave it into her hands, and her vehement expressions of thankfulness wrung my heart. I had attempted to move the pity of the apothecary at whose shop I had obtained the drug, by an account of the scene I had witnessed, in order to induce him to pay a visit to the house of mourning; but in vain. To him who had not witnessed it, it was nothing but a tale of every day distress. All that long night I worked at the merchant's coffin: and the dim gray light of the wintry morning found me still toiling on. Often during the hours passed thus heavily, that picture of wretchedness rose before me. Again I saw the leaning and exhausted form of the young man buried in slumber, on his father's death-bed: again my carpenter's rule almost touched the clasped hands of the dead and the living, and a cold shudder mingled with the chill of the dawning day and froze my blood. I had just com-

pleted my work and the afternoon was far advanced, when the loud clear voice of Henry Richards struck my ear, as he bounded up stairs, and flinging open the door of the workroom, invited me to come and spend the rest of the day at his father's dwelling, that Sarah would promise to come too, if I would be there to see her home. I turned away from him with a peevish sigh, and pointing to my work, replied that I was obliged to finish and carry it home in an hour. "I should have thought," said he, "that the people you worked for were less likely to be inconvenienced by delay, than any I know, being past all feeling for themselves." At any other time or in any other situation, I might perhaps have thought less of this speech, but in the mood in which I then was, it struck me as arising, not from thoughtlessness, but from the most brutal and unfeeling levity. "Richards," said I, striking the coffin with my hammer, "God only can tell how soon one of us may need such a couch as this, instead of resting our heads on our pillows, as we do now." "Pshaw!" answered the young man, with a half laugh, "you are really growing quite gloomy, Tom. It's three weeks to-day since you and I, and Sarah, have had a walk, or drank tea together; and now, just as she and I have agreed to make a holiday of it, you make a solemn speech and refuse to be one of the party. Come, come, lay by your work, and listen for an hour or two to her voice, which is as sweet as a blackbird's. Why, the very sight of her smile will do you good—come." I resisted this pressing invitation, however, and Henry Richards left me to my own reflections. As I passed up one of the streets which led to the merchant's lodgings, my head bending under the weight of the coffin I was carrying, I saw my sister Sarah and her young lover a little way before me. I could even hear the sound of her laugh, which was clear and pleasant, and see her pretty face shaded by her dark hair, when she turned to answer her companion. At every step I took, the air seemed to grow more thick around me, and at length overcome by weariness, both of body and mind, I stopped, loosed the straps which steadied my melancholy burden, and placing it in an upright position, against the wall, wiped the dew from my forehead, and (shall I confess it?) the tears from my eyes. I was endeavouring to combat the depression of my feelings by the reflection that I was the support and comfort of my poor old mother's life, when my attention was roused by the evident compassion of a young lady, who, after passing me with a hesitating step, withdrew her arm from that of her more elderly companion, and pausing for an instant put a shilling into my hand saying, "You look very weary, my poor man, pray get something to drink with that." A more lovely countenance, if by lovely be meant that which engages love, was never moulded by nature; the sweetness and compassion of her pale face and soft innocent eyes, and the kindness of her gentle voice, made an impression on my memory too strong to be effaced. *I saw her once again.* I reached the merchant's lodgings and

my knock was answered as on the former occasion, by the widow herself. She sighed heavily as she saw me, and after one or two attempts to speak, informed me that her son was awake, but it was impossible for her to administer the opiate, as he refused to let the smallest nourishment pass his lips; but that he was quiet, indeed had never spoken since he woke, except to ask her how she felt; and she thought I might proceed without fear of interruption. I entered accordingly, followed by a lad, son to the landlady who kept the lodgings, and with his assistance I proceeded to lift the corpse, and lay it in the coffin. The widow's son remained motionless, and, as it were, stupefied, during this operation; but the moment he saw me prepare the lid of the coffin so as to be screwed down, he started up with the energy and gestures of a madman. His glazed eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and his upper lip, leaving his teeth bare, gave his mouth the appearance of a horrible and convulsive smile. He seized my arm with his whole strength; and, as I felt his grasp, and saw him struggling for words, I expected to hear curses and execrations, or the wild howl of an infuriated madman. I was mistaken; the wail of a sickly child who dreads its mother's departure, was the only sound to which I could compare that wretched man's voice. He held me with a force almost supernatural; but his tongue uttered supplications in a feeble monotonous tone, and with the most humble and beseeching manner. "Leave him," exclaimed he, "leave him a little while longer. He will forgive me; I know he will. He spoke that horrible word to rouse my conscience. But I heard him and came back to him. I would have toiled and bled for him; he knows that well. Hush! hush! I cannot hear his voice for my mother's sobs; but I know he will forgive me. Oh! father, do not refuse! I am humble—I am penitent. Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee—father, I have sinned! Oh, mother, he is cursing me again. He is lifting his hand to curse me—his right hand. Look, mother, look! Save me, O God! my father curses me on his dying bed! Save me, oh!—" The unfinished word resolved itself into a low, hollow groan, and he fell back insensible. I would have assisted him, but his mother waved me back. "Better so, better so," she repeated hurriedly; "it is the mercy of God which has caused this—do you do your duty and I will do mine," and she continued to kneel and support the head of her son, while we fastened and secured down the coffin. At length all was finished, and then, and not till then, we carried the wretched youth from the chamber of death, to one as dark, as gloomy and as scantily furnished, but having a wood fire burning in the grate, and a bed with ragged curtains at one end of it. And here in comparative comfort, the landlady allowed him to be placed, even though she saw little chance of her lodger's being able to pay for the change. Into the glass of water held to his parched lips, as he recovered his senses, I poured a sufficient quantity of the opiate to produce

slumber, and had the satisfaction of hearing his mother fervently thank God, as still, half unconscious, he swallowed the draught. I thought he would not have survived the shock he received; but I was mistaken. The merchant was buried and forgotten; the son lived, and we met again in a far, far different scene.

It was early in the summer of the ensuing year that my heart was gladdened by the intelligence of my sister Sarah's approaching marriage. Henry Richards himself was the bearer of this welcome news. An uncle of his who had been a master builder and stone mason, had, in dying, bequeathed to him nearly all the little property he had realised; and this, with his own exertions, Richards assured me would support Sally in comfort. "No more drudgery, no more service for her now," said he, a flush of joy rising on his fine countenance; "she is to leave her place on Monday week, and on the Sunday following we are to be married. "It shall not be my fault Collins," continued he, "if she is not happy." That evening was spent in the company of my sister and her lover, and never were plans for the future laid with so eager an anticipation of complete happiness as those discussed by the young couple. Monday came, and with it came Sally; blushing and smiling, to ask if I would walk with her to the house of Henry's father: where she was to remain till after the wedding. The old man greeted her with pride and fondness, and my steps home were lighter and quicker than for many months past. Days rolled on: there remained now but *one* to pass before they should be united forever. I was working with cheerfulness and alacrity on the morning of that day, when a labouring man pushed open the shop door, and calling me by my name, said, "you are wanted up at Mr. Richards', sir." "Very well," said I, carelessly resuming my occupation. "Beg pardon, sir," added the man, "you will be wanted, too, in *the way of business*." I caught the expression of his eye as he turned and left the threshold, and felt an unaccountable chill at my heart. "The old man is dead," thought I, and the hammer falling from my hand on the lid of the coffin, sent a hollow-sound to my ear, like a dying groan. I reached the house—inquired for my sister—she was shopping with a female friend—I asked for Henry Richards; they flung open the door of the little parlour where we had all spent that evening together. On a shutter, disfigured, bleeding, lifeless, lay the gay-hearted, high-spirited young man, whom another sunrise was to have made my brother! My head swam—I staggered and fell back senseless. To my enquiries, when I recovered consciousness, they gave short and bitter answers. He had been inspecting an unfinished house, and had fallen from the scaffolding on a heap of bricks and rubbish. No sound escaped his lips; no movement was perceptible when the workmen reached the body, except that a convulsive thrill agitated his limbs. As he fell, so he remained, till they lifted him and carried him to his father. When I was admitted to the old man, his calmness and resig-

nation appeared wonderful: to my broken ejaculation of sympathy, he replied, "God's will be done! he was the last of five; the Lord pity the girl who loved him!"

As he spoke the words he wrung me by the hand, and I left him. "God pity her, indeed!" I repeated unconsciously, as I descended the stairs. Before I could leave the house I met her, and as she stood in the narrow doorway, she bent forward as if to kiss me; smiles played on her lips; love lighted her eyes. I rushed past her into the street; I felt that I could not bear to tell her what she must bear to hear. My master's wife kindly volunteered to go to her, and bring her away, if possible. My master, himself, was ill in bed; I had, therefore, to prepare with my own hands, the bier of my ill-fated friend. Oh! that dreadful night! How like a dream, and yet, how fearfully distinct are its terrors, even to this day! I had made some progress in my labours, when, overcome with weariness, I fell asleep. I was awakened by a cold pressure on my hand, and I heard the words repeated,—"It shall not be my fault if she is not happy."

In an instant I started up, and beheld, seated opposite me, Henry Richards! He was frightfully pale, and the unwashed wound on his crushed temple seemed still to bleed. He smiled at me, and pointing to the unfinished coffin, said: "I shall be glad to rest there; see how my wrist is shattered!" I looked, and sickening at the sight, I rose with the intention of rushing from the room. The figure rose too; as if to prevent my departure, and, in a mournful voice, exclaimed:—"Am I already so loathsome to you?"

As it spoke, it pressed onwards, and onwards, till it touched me; it sank into a seat by my side, and when I recovered consciousness, the rich light of a summer's morning beamed on the empty place it had occupied. The wealth of worlds would not have bribed me to touch that coffin again; it was in vain, I repeated to myself the common arguments against nocturnal terrors; in vain I condemned my own feelings as the result of an excited fancy; I *felt* that he had been there, and a feverish desire possessed me to see the corpse, and convince myself of the truth of the vision by the circumstance of his arm being broken or otherwise. The body had been washed and laid out since my visit on the previous day, and the countenance seemed less disfigured. I gazed on it with silent agony for a few minutes, and then slowly, and with shuddering dread, I lifted his arm; it was swollen and discoloured, and the hand hung nervelessly from it. *The vision was true!*

I was interrupted in some incoherent exclamation by a wild shriek, and, with convulsive sobs, my sister Sarah flung herself on my bosom.

That evening, as we sat together, she pressed me for an explanation of the words I had spoken over the body of Henry Richards. I know not how it was, and I have always attributed it to some strange infatuation, but as the horrors of the

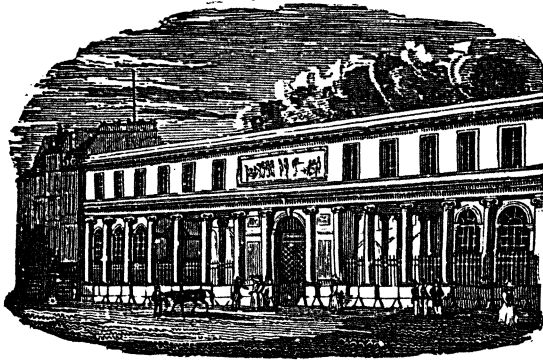
night returned to my mind, I forgot all besides, and I described my vision to the shuddering girl, ending with these words:—"Yes, I beheld him as in life, and he pointed to the coffin I was working at—the coffin in which he was soon to lie."

Never shall I forget the expression of my sister Sally's face, when I had concluded. She parted her dark hair with a bewildered look, as if she doubted having beheld me aright, while, with her other hand, she grasped my arm. "His coffin—*his!*" gasped she, "Oh! Tom, had you the heart to work at *that!*" Slowly she relaxed her hold, and remained with her eyes riveted on my hand. I spoke to her but she did not answer; I addressed her in the endearing terms familiar to her ear in childhood, but it produced no impression. At length her eye-lids slightly quivered; her strained eyes grew dim, and she sank in a swoon at my feet.

From that hour, even to *her*—my sister—the pride of my heart—my consolation in the city of strangers—whose laugh had cheered me in the gloomiest hour, the touch of whose lips on my haggard forehead had soothed me into loving life, when all was dark around me—even to *her* my presence became fearful. Strange as it may appear, the manner and suddenness of her lover's death, the fact of its having taken place so soon before the ceremony which was to make them one—all this was nothing in comparison to the horror she felt that *my* hand should have prepared *his* coffin. She shrank from my touch; she averted her eyes from my gaze; she shivered and wept when I spoke to her. I ceased to leave my master's house except when forced by my calling, and, as I mechanically pursued my toil, I felt—how gladly I could die!

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

It is stated by Mr. Jacob, in his elaborate and very interesting "Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals," lately published, that the quantity of gold and silver coin has decreased no less than 17 per cent. within the last twenty years; and to this cause he attributes the present low profit of the masters, and low wages of the working people. Mr. Jacob estimates the stock of coin in existence in 1809, at 380 millions, and in 1829, at only £313,385,560, for which reduction he accounts from the fact of the gold and silver mines being less productive than formerly, while the quantities of the precious metals used in the fabrication of jewelry and other articles of plate, have been continually increasing. He estimates that no less than £5,612,611, has been consumed annually since 1809, in utensils and ornaments, and that two millions pass every year into Asia; or, adding both together, in twenty years £152,252,220, has been thus employed. Deducting the whole amount in existence in 1829 from that in 1809, we find a deficiency of no less than £66,611,440, or nearly one sixth part of the whole.



CHOLERA HOSPITAL AT PARIS.

THE view we have prefixed is intended to represent the building occupied in Paris as an Hospital, for the reception of patients afflicted with Malignant Cholera. It was originally erected as a School of Medicine, but from certain local causes was never appropriated to that use, nor indeed to any other, until it was selected for the purpose we have mentioned. This building is extensive and commodious; the rooms used for wards being large and well ventilated, and the offices attached, of the most convenient character. When it was set apart by the authorities for this object, it was liberally supplied with every thing requisite for the proper treatment of the sick, and placed in charge of a medical staff, composed of members whose reputation for skill and humanity furnished a sure guaranty that whatever could be reasonably expected, in arresting the disease, would be accomplished.

The inferior population of Paris is of the worst description. Herding together in immense masses in the narrow and filthy streets of that great metropolis, and abandoning themselves to the vilest excesses, they acquire habits which not only fit them for the reception of whatever malignant disease may make its appearance, but also prepare them to be at all times ready for tumult and revolt. Accordingly we find that soon after the Cholera broke out in Paris, it begun to spread with fearful rapidity among this class, and with a malignity which had not before been witnessed. In one street alone, more than a thousand females of corrupt habits fell victims to it. Where so many were yielding to its influence, of course the hospital soon became crowded, and, as but few, from the very nature of the disease, could be restored, an idea got into circulation among the common people, that the physicians were dealing improperly with the patients under their care. Absurd and unfounded as this notion undoubtedly was, it soon became general, and in consequence, mobs of the basest description were daily assembled, who, not con-

tent with following and reproaching with opprobrious epithets, the innocent objects of their hatred, interfered to prevent the sick from being carried to the hospital, and in some instances committed gross personal outrages. To such an extent was this insurrectionary spirit carried, that the government was compelled to resort to military force in order to suppress it.

No disease has committed greater ravages than the Cholera. As its common name implies, it is of Asiatic origin, and from the time of its first appearance in the East, it has been extending itself over all parts of the habitable globe. Passing from Turkey into Russia, it desolated the armies of the mighty autocrat, destroyed his brother, conquered the conqueror of the Sublime Porte, and carried terror and dismay into the hearts of all, while it decimated the splendid capitals of the empire. Throughout Germany it swept with unsparing destruction; in France it levelled the mighty and the mean, and the minister who governed the destinies of the great nation, fell beneath the same blow which annihilated the beggar. In England it produced fear and consternation, and notwithstanding our fancied security, it has traversed the Atlantic, and is now raging in all parts of this continent. Turn which way we please, it rears its horrid front, and in the North, the South, the East and the West is gathering a harvest of trophies. In New York, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, and other of our large cities, but especially the two former, its course has been marked by the utmost malignancy, nor have the interior settlements escaped its dreadful visitation.

The effects of the Cholera—independent of the more immediate sorrow it necessarily produces, by breaking through all ties of social and kindred affections, will long be felt and deplored among us. Business suspended—credit ruined—want and misery and starvation, these are among the consequences which must flow from it. May God be merciful to us all in this season of heavy calamity.

A LETTER TO TOM SHACKLEFORD.

"Tragical Melpomene herself will, now and then, put on the comical start-up; sage Apollo laughs once yearly at his own beardless face; the modest Muses have the maddest revels; the darksome Winter has his gliding streams; and wise men will sometimes play with children's rattles."

MY DEAR TOM:—As all the professions, trades, occupations and callings of human life are, at the present moment, so completely overstocked as to offer little or no encouragement to a young man labouring, like yourself, "under an attack of impecuniosity," and as there appears to be something like an opening in the department of dinner-wag, or professed Merry-andrew—most of the old performers being superannuated or used up—I strenuously advise you to turn your attention towards a pursuit which may supply you with five or six good meals during every week of the London season, and, not improbably, procure you a constant invitation to enact the part of Mr. Merryman at some Hall, Park, or Abbey, during the autumn. To one circumstanced like yourself, these are valuable considerations, even if they do not lead to an advantageous marriage, or to the gift of a sinecure or snug appointment from some old laughter-loving, red-faced, white-waist-coated aristocratical corruptionist. That such benefices will be numerous after the enactment of the Reform Bill, I am not sanguine enough to hope; therefore is it that the privileged classes, who have hitherto had a monopoly of the loaves and fishes, are so bitter against the measure; but some will still remain, and, as they have generally been bestowed upon the most idle and worthless young fellows about town, you will obviously stand as good a chance as any other. *Pleasantry apart*—I think you are rather a droll fellow, and possess decided requisites for the part of a Tom Fool, who is invited to banquets because he can honestly "earn the run of his ivories," and say a good thing for every one that he devours. Without flattery, I may assert that you are tolerably good-looking; flippant, if not witty; noisy, if not convivial; able to drink two bottles of wine without inconvenience; possessed of no outward or visible means of subsistence, and gifted with a very valuable effrontery. Enjoying such decided requisites, you ought to command success; and as I feel a most disinterested wish to promote it—for your late inroads upon my dinner-table have been by no means like angel visits, and your appetite is rather an unmerciful one—I proceed to give you such hints and suggestions as my longer observation and experience enable me to offer.

In the first place, never appear to want a dinner, or you may go without one from January to Christmas; for people cram the plethoric and the fat, not the lean and hungry. Make your acceptance of an invitation a great favour—protest that you are engaged three deep: disseminate the notion that it is the fashion to ask you to dinner-parties; and if you can establish this

point, your fortune is made. You will be asked on this sole account, without any reference to your merits; and your character being once confirmed as a professed wag, it will be impossible for you to open your mouth, even to utter the most common place matter-of-fact, without exciting a roar of irrepressible laughter. To those who are understood not to want any thing, the public are invariably generous. The newspapers, therefore, and the world at large, will father other people's jokes upon you; all the strays and waifs of waggery will become yours by right of their not belonging to you; and the facetious Tom Shackleford, like his fortunate predecessor, Joe Miller, will become a *depot* and emporium for *bon-mots* and witticisms. Imagine not that there will be the smallest difficulty in acting up to a reputation which it will be perfectly easy to maintain, although perhaps somewhat difficult to acquire. In this respect, much may be effected by management. Wherever you are going, you must previously endeavour to obtain a list of the parties invited, that you may learn something of their history; prepare yourself to play upon their names; elaborate your impromptus; get your extemporaneous quotations by heart, and work up your off-hand repartees. Sometimes you may find your account in employing a discreet confederate to prepare the train which you are to fire, rewarding him by getting him invited elsewhere; and thus giving him a share of the plunder, as the lion does the jackal. Where you can make the occurrences of the day the basis of your jest, or bring it to bear against any obnoxious personage, it will be more effective; but you will, of course, keep a common-place book, on which you must draw for want of other funds; and it is astonishing how much may be effected by a small capital of this sort, judiciously employed. Novelty is by no means necessary; your reputation will help off an old Joe, where an unacknowledged wag would fail, even with an original *bon mot*.

There is no laying down a general theory for these things: example is better than speech. Suppose, therefore, your dinner-party waiting for some one not yet arrived. You will naturally hesitate to throw away a joke, or even an apposite remark, when your audience is not all assembled; but you may venture to quote Boileau's dictum, that the time a man is waited for, is always spent in discovering his faults; adding that you only quote so trite an observation in order to restore it to its proper author, as it has been attributed to many other writers. At this hungry moment, when most men, if they are at all in health, are sure to be very much out of temper,

you may show your superior good-humour by laughter, and unmeaning rattle of any sort; and if asked why you can be so silly on so serious an occasion, be sure to reply, because you would rather talk nonsense than hear it. Be discreet, however, in your folly, suddenly, and with a feeling tone, expressing your fear that the brave Poles will eventually be overpowered by the Russians, although the justice of their cause would seem to entitle them to the assistance of heaven; exclaiming, with a shrug of the shoulders—"Mais pour ça, je suis d'accord avec le Duc de la Ferte, que le bon Dieu est toujours du cote des gros bataillons." Flippant as it is, this remark will pass muster in French, and will enable you to introduce some cut and dry criticism upon the memoir-writers of that nation. Should any one express his surprise that you are so good a critic as well as wag, fail not to reply, "My dear sir, one cannot be always jesting; and I am quite of Lord Chesterfield's opinion, that a wise man should live quite as much within his wit as his income." You may now express a hope that the individual for whom the party are waiting may meet with his *desert* by coming after dinner, and verify the monkish rule—*pro tarde venientibus ossa*. Thus will you have sported criticism, French, and Latin—all very proper and telling before dinner, though they might not be so appropriate *at*, and still less *after* that meal. Lay it down as a general rule that the jokes the most highly relished during dinner are those which have reference to eating, as if they were suggested by the viands before you: and that you may diminish the supply of wit and observance of decorum as the consumption of wine increases. After the first few bottles, laughter becomes contagious and involuntary, your sorriest and most hacknied jests serving the purpose as well as your newest and happiest hits. Such noisy cachinnations are but the ascending fumes of the champagne, and when you find that a drunken fool can excite them as successfully as a sober jester, you would do well to retire, and not waste your stock of facetiæ upon undiscerning bacchanals.

Dinner being served, you may launch such of your soup-jokes as you happen to recollect. Remind the company that when Birch, the pastry-cook, commanded one of the city regiments, he obtained the *soubriquet* of Field-marshal Turen; say something smart about his forced-meat balls, and pleasantly remark that the syllabubs of that artist are sure to be unrivalled, since every schoolboy must be aware that *Birch* makes the best *whips*. Upon the subject of fish, innumerable good things may be sported; and even the sauce will afford fair excuse for lading out some of your own, as you will, of course, allude to the ambassador from Louis Quatorze, who, in his first despatches from London, complained heavily that he had been sent among a barbarous people, who had twenty-seven different religions, and only three fish-sauces. When a moment of favourable silence occurs, you may quote James Smith's happy epigram upon Harvey's Sauce, and his namesake the moralist—

"Two Harveys had an equal wish
To shine in separate stations,
The one invented sauce for fish,
The other—Meditations:

"Each has his pungent power applied
To aid the dead and dying;
This relishes a sole when fried,
That saves a soul from frying."

If there be a hare at table, and it is under-done, as is generally the case, you may jocosely protest that you would not have dressed for dinner, had you been aware that the dinner was not to be dressed for you, and declare, with an offended look, that the cook ought, in common justice, to undergo the fate of Guatemozin. Some, perhaps, may be puzzled, but it is well to appear a little dark at times; they who understand the allusion will approve it; they who do not, will give you credit for erudition or extensive reading.—(Tom Shackleford a deep reader! Heaven bless the mark!) After this, you must assume your wag-gish look—for a smirk on a jester's face is sure to beget an anticipatory titter—and, continuing your allusion to the cook, exclaim, "Poor woman! I don't know why she should be roasted, though she cannot roast; for she was hired as a cook, not as a hair-dresser!" Upon this, and upon all occasions, whether you fail or succeed, you must ride home upon your own horse-laugh; for a roar is catching, though wit be not.

Old anecdotes will acquire a sort of novelty if you confidently swear that they occurred to yourself. Boldly affirm, therefore, that when you were lately dining with a merchant in the city, and he tossed the carving knife over the bannisters, because it was blunt, you rose up and threw the leg of mutton after it; and that when asked the cause of this singular proceeding, you calmly replied—"My dear Sir, I thought you were going to dine down stairs!" *Apropos* to leg of mutton, tell the story of Mallebranche, who had so excited his imagination that he fancied this joint to be perpetually hanging to his nose, and could not be cured of his delusion till a doctor, concealing a leg of mutton beneath his cloak, pinched the patient's nose till it bled, and then letting the joint fall at his feet, persuaded him that he had performed a marvellous operation. *Apropos* to noses; quote from Grammont's Memoirs—"Where could I get this nose?" said Madame D'Albert, observing a slight tendency to redness in that feature. "At the sideboard, Madame," answered Cotta." You may now quote from de Grammont *ad libitum*, or pillage the Greek anthology for jokes upon noses; or returning to legs of mutton, make some pleasant allusion to the *gigots* of the ladies, and express your opinion that their sleeves are fashioned so preposterously large, in order that there may be sufficient room in them to laugh at them; not forgetting to insinuate, that female dresses are made like tinder in order to catch the sparks, and be all ready for a good match, &c. &c. In cutting a slice of tongue, you may allude to the strange fancy of Silenus, when he tells the Cyclop that if he eats the tongue of Ulysses he will ac-

quire all his eloquence; or express a malicious hope that your censorious friend, Sir Reginald, will not bite his own tongue, as he would infallibly be poisoned. If your host asks how you like the Madeira, exclaim—"My good friend, it is sweeter than the wine which Maron, the son of Bacchus, gave to Ulysses, or than that which occasioned Silenus to ejaculate so fervently *Papaiapeæ ! Babai !*" Pronounce this with a mock solemnity, as if quizzing your own pedantry, and it will astonish the women and the groundlings, who will whisper to one another, "Tom Shackelford, with all his waggery, is a scholar and a man of reading." Follow up this classical hit by observing, that if we were to judge by present appearances in Europe, we might exclaim—

"*Prospicimus modo quod durabunt tempore longo
Fœdera, nec patriæ pax citò diffugiet.*"

but that, in a few months, we may have to read every thing backwards, and that then the lines will run—

"*Diffugiet citò pax patriæ, nec fœdera longo
Tempore durabunt quod modo prospicimus.*"

This, if cleverly managed, and copies furnished to the admiring guests, ought to make your fortune for a whole season, besides procuring you a prodigious reputation for Latin and learning with all those who are ignorant of both. During the second course you may tell the story of the silly French Marquis, who, being asked by his cook how he would have the wild ducks dressed, desired that they might be made into *Bœuf à la mode*; or you may observe of the green goose,

if it happen to be tough, that you suspect it wants to make a convert of you, as it seems to belong to the old *Propaganda* Society. Omit not to notice that Peter Pindar called spruce beer—deal-board broth; that Hook has denounced scoloped oysters as children's ears in sawdust, and brill as poor-house turbot; and that Bentley declared, with his usual dogmatism—"Sir, if you drink ale, you'll think ale."

But it is useless, my dear Tom, to multiply examples when your own good taste (I speak literally of your palate) will suggest to you the properest means for maintaining your reputation, and procuring numerous *invites* from all parties. To secure this object you must not belong to any political faction, or rather you must be cosmopolitan in your views, and ingratiate yourself with all. Flat, and flippant, and stale as may appear some of these *facetiæ* upon paper, they will go off with good *eclat* when assisted by sympathy and champagne. After the second bottle you need take very little pains; anything will do; a bad pun is sure of a good shriek, and nothing better, therefore, should be disbursed, or rather dismouthed. *Verbum sat*: I shall be delighted my dear Tom, to find that you follow these instructions strictly and successfully, for by eating other people's dinners you will spare mine, and if you become a sufficient favourite with the public to repay me the hundred pounds I lent you last spring, you will become a greater favourite than ever with your affectionate and disinterested uncle,

NIC. SHACKLEFORD.

THE AGA OF THE JANIZARIES.

ITALY has probably produced more of that distinctive quality called genius, than any other nation of Europe. What she was in the days of antiquity we scarcely know, farther than she was mistress of the world. Greece seems then to have borne away the prize of *genius*. But, before the question can be decided, we must remember that ancient Greece was exactly in the circumstances which are most favourable to the expansion of the intellect, while ancient Rome, from the time when she was relieved from the pressure of perpetual war, was exactly in the circumstances most unfavourable to that expansion;—that Greece was a group of republics, which even, when under the dominion of Rome, were less enslaved than tranquillized, while Italy was a solid despotism, shaken only by civil wars, which at once riveted the fetters of the despotism, impoverished the nobles, and corrupted the people.

But on the revival of Europe from the ruin and the sleep of the dark ages, Italy was placed under the original circumstances of Greece: the land was a group of republics; all was sudden

opulence, wild liberty, and fiery enthusiasm. She became first the merchant, then the warrior, of Europe; then the poet, then the painter, of the world. From that period she was the universal school of the arts, those higher arts which regulate and raise the character of mankind, government, political knowledge, law, theology, poetry, not less than those graceful arts which soothe or decorate human life; her music, sculpture, painting, the drama, the dance, were unrivaled. In all periods, when a science had grown old, and the world began to look upon it as exhausted, Italy threw a new stream of life into it, and it began its career again for new triumphs. An Italian revived geography by the discovery of a new hemisphere, and revived astronomy by giving us the telescope, and throwing open the gates of the starry world. An Italian awoke us to a new knowledge of the mechanism of the air-pump, the barometer, and the pendulum. An Italian made architecture a new attribute of man, by hanging the dome of St. Peter's in the air. An Italian made the wonders of ancient painting credible by surpassing them, and giving to man-

kind an art which now can never die. While Italy continued a warring nation, all the great leaders of the European armies were either Italians or the pupils of Italy. The Sforza, Castuccio, l'arma, Montecuculi, were the very lights of martial science; and who was the subverter of Europe and its kings in our own day? who was the inventor of a new art of war, and the terrible realizer of his own fearful but brilliant theory? An Italian!

This universal supremacy in things of the intellect is *genius*. All was original; for genius is originality. All was powerful, practical, and made to impress its character upon the living generation, and the generations to come. For the highest genius is most practical: genius is no trifle; it may be fastidious; it may love to dream a world of its own; it may look with scorn on the feeble and tardy progress by which humbler powers attain the height which it reaches with a wave of its wing; but when it once comes to its task, and treads the ground, its pressure is felt by the vigour of its tread. It moves direct to its purpose—its purpose is worthy of its powers; simplicity, strength, and force, are its essence, and it leaves the evidence of its noble interposition, perhaps in the overthrow of kingdoms, perhaps in their renovation, but, in all its acts, leaves the proof of faculties given with the object of changing the direction, or renovating the strength, of the general human mind.

To come to the immediate purpose of the narrative. In the war of the Russians and Imperialists on the Ottoman Porte, which ended with the peace of Oczakow, Dec. 1791, it was remarked that the fortune which had so signally accompanied the Imperialist armies in the earlier parts of the campaign, as signally deserted them towards its close; and that Turkey, which had been saved by little short of miracle from the first incursion of the Austrian army, concluded by not merely repelling those arms, but placing herself in a higher rank than she had held before. The Osmanlis of course attributed this singular change to the protection of their prophet; but those who were unable to lift their eyes to the paradise where he sits on sofas of eternal green velvet, drinking pearl and ruby sherbet, and surrounded by Adaliskes surpassing all the Circassians extant, found a sufficient reason in the good fortune which had raised Hassan Caramata from the rank of a camel-driver in the camp, to the high and responsible situation of Aga of the Janizaries.

There was but little known of Hassan in his former career, as a matter of course, for Turkey has not yet had among the invaders of its quiet any amateurs in biography, collectors of "secret memoirs," or compilers of autographs. It was taken for granted that he was the son of somebody, and that was enough; but it was seen that he was a capital soldier, and that was more satisfactory to the general interest than if he had his veins incarnadined by the blood of all the Osmanis. He had, besides, got a character, which effectually precluded all applications for his his-

tory from his own lips. He was not merely one of the best handlers of the scimitar in the dominions of the faith, but one of the most unhesitating in its use. He was known to have cut from the skull to the chin, at a single sweep, one of his own captains, who had ventured to growl at an order in the field; and his habits were of a keen and vindictive vengeance, which above all other things turns the edge of curiosity.

It is perfectly well known that there was no man in the dominions of the Sultan, whom that Sultan so thoroughly feared; yet when Hassan was but a captain of the Delhis of the body-guard, he had established so decided a character for bringing things to a speedy issue with the scimitar or the carbine, that he received plumes, diamonds, and embroidered bridles and saddles without number, under the pretext of hisadroitness in riding or javelin-throwing, but, as was well known, for his being able to strike off the neck of a bull at a blow, for his being the most unfailing shot in the service, and from, what was more to the purpose, the universal knowledge that an angry glance from the Sultan himself, would have been merely the preliminary to a trial of speed between them, whether the Sultan's *Ioeglans* should first have Hassan's head in a sack, or Hassan should have sent an ounce ball through the heart of his angry master. The question was easily settled, for the Sultan must act by proxy, which, however sure, is slow, while Hassan would act in person, which is at once sure and swift. The consequence was, that this fiercest of men and most uncourtly of courtiers was suffered to take his way, treating Sultan and slave with nearly equal want of ceremony, and still, to the universal astonishment, advancing in military rank. It was notorious, too, that he openly scoffed at all the accredited modes of rising in the body-guard of any nation under the sun. He neither made a party among the clerks of the Divan, by promising them double allowances when he should be Vizier, nor bribed the Sultanas, nor told fables of his superior officers, nor made a lower salam to the Vizier, the Mufti, or the Capudan Pasha, than to his own *Korseruldeer*. On the contrary, but a short time before the fight of *Tchesme*, he had a furious altercation with the Capudan, in the presence of the Sultan himself. He tore the beard and struck off the turban of that fortunate slave and miserable admiral, pronounced that, as he had been a slipper-maker in his youth, he was fit for nothing but to make slippers to the end of his days, struck him with the sheath of his scimitar in the face, and declared that as surely as he took the command of the Turkish fleet, so surely would he either leave it on a sandbank, or in flames, or in the enemy's hands;—three predictions which were all verified in one fact. For all the world now knows that the Capudan actually first stranded his fleet, saw it strike to the Russian flag, and then saw it burn to cinders on the shores of the memorable bay of *Tchesme*. The whole assemblage of Pashas round the head of the Moslems were indignant at this breach of decorum, but

silence is the virtue of courts, even in Turkey. They waited for the Sultan's indignation to speak. But it said nothing. And Hassan Caramata quietly stalked through the midst of a hundred and fifty diamond-hilted daggers, and ten thousand carved and filagreed muskets, all thirsting for his blood. Yet neither dagger nor trigger moved. All eyes were fixed on the Sultan, and his were fixed on the towering height and undaunted stride of the Delhi as he moved from the hall. In half an hour after, every Pasha in Constantinople saw, to their utter astonishment, Hassan Caramata, the accursed, the ferocious—galloping along the valley of the Limes, in command of the Sultan's escort, shooting off the necks of bottles as usual with his infallible balls, and throwing the javelin with a force that made competition desperate, and drew loud applause even from the gravity of the Commander of the Faithful himself. This was decisive. The Capudan Pasha put to sea, content with the loss of his beard and turban, provided it were not followed by the loss of the head to which they belonged. The Pashas went back to their governments, to consult the soothsayers on the new kind of magic by which the mightiest of the mighty allowed the meanest of the mean to tear beards and turbans in their presence. But the Vizier instantly sent for the Delhi, complimented him orientally upon the grace of his manners, and the respect for the best of masters, which distinguished him among the children of the Prophet, invested him with a scimitar belt of honour, gave him his favourite charger, and gave into his hand the commission of chief of the body-guard.

Joseph and Catherine had combined to rob the sultan of whatever they could. Joseph longed for Belgrade, Catherine for Bender; and with a hundred and fifty thousand gallant savages between them, there was a fair prospect of their getting any thing that was to be paid for by blood. Hassan saw the Vizier and the army pass in review before the Sultan. "The Delhi smiles," said the sovereign, "does he not think the Janizaries invincible?"—"Yes," was the answer. "They are invincible against every thing but cannon, bayonets, and men. The black beards (the Austrians) will trample them, the yellow beards (the Russians) will trample them. The Vizier will leave every thing behind but his brains, and the troops every thing but their hearts." The Sultan, with a familiarity extended to no other of his officers, enquired how it was possible to convey either, after leaving the man behind. "Simply," said Hassan, "because no man can lose what he never possessed." The answer would have cost the Vizier himself fifty heads if he had them; but Hassan seemed guarded by a spell. The result of his last retort was an instant commission of Aga of the Janizaries.

The prophecy turned out true. The Vizier was beaten on all occasions; the Janizaries were beaten until the sound of an Austrian trumpet sent them flying to all points of the compass. The Russians were raising their batteries against

Bender; Cobourg and his chasseurs were carrying off Pashas daily from the suburbs of Belgrade; the war was like a war of sportsmen against the wood-pigeons of Walachia. When suddenly the whole scene changed. Patrols cut off, convoys taken, detached corps of cavalry disappearing as if they had sunk into the earth, excited the utmost astonishment in the combined camp. The soldiers began to think the ghouls and vampires had made a sortie upon them, and that they were fighting with things of the air or the grave. Cobourg proposed to retreat from this perilous ground, but was attacked on that night, and, after a loss of some thousand infantry, driven on the road to Transylvania. The Russian general wrote for reinforcements from the frontier garrisons. They marched, but were never heard of. From the time of the famous battle of Forhani, in which the allies cut up the Turkish line, they never gained an advantage. All was famine, flight, loss, and wonder. The secret came out at last. The Vizier still commanded, but his age was venerable, and he had given up all duties but those of smoking his calaun, and perfuming his beard. His asthma disqualified him from the open air, and he consequently regulated the affairs of war and peace, asleep and awake, on his sofa, and with as much dexterity at one time as at another. But Caramata was in the field. The Delhi had brought some corps of his favourite troops with him, and, what was better, he had brought the Delhi spirit with his troops. Before a month was past, every Spahi was as eager for a trial of his scimitar on the Austrian helmets as if he had ate nothing but opium from the beginning of the campaign. The Janizaries brightened their kettles anew, and the sight of the horse-tail was soon a terror to the platoons of the yellow beards. Hassan was still the same gloomy, solitary, and incomprehensible being; more sarcastic than ever, and more ferocious in quarters, in camp, and in the field. He had but one punishment for all offences—the edge of the scimitar. "We come to the field to slaughter men, not to save cowards," was his expression, when he ordered a troop of his Delhis to ride in upon a regiment of Janizaries that had suffered itself to be surprised. "You reproach us Turks with cruelty," said he one day to an Austrian general, who came to propose a cessation of arms, "but the only difference between us is, that you are hypocrites, and we are not. You call yourselves soldiers, and you murder all that you can; we call ourselves murderers, and we act up to the profession."

Hassan at least acted up to his word; for on the very night which saw the Austrian return to his Prince with a fierce message of defiance, the whole of the imperial foragers were cut off, and the regiments of hussars which guarded them sent to the right about with such expedition, that they left three-fourths of their number under the hoofs of the Spahis' horses.

Winter began to blow, freeze, and sleet from the tops of the Carpathians; and the allies, fully satisfied with having been beaten for three months

without intermission, and already harassed almost to death, rejoiced in the sight of the first sheets of snow on the hills, as an omen of winter quarters. But the Aga of the Janizaries told his troops that now was the time to smite both black beard and yellow—that cowards required warm weather to put blood into their veins, but that brave men could fight in all weathers. He grew more adventurous than ever, dashed with his Spahis at every thing that appeared within a horizon of a hundred miles, broke into the detached camps of the allied forces, took cannon, ammunition, and wagons, and before a month was out, sent a pile of standards to Constantinople large enough to hang the ceiling of the Santa Sophia, and beards and mustaches enough to stuff all the footstools of the Seraglio. Joseph and Catherine were astonished. Alarm followed, and then wisdom. They sent a proposal for an armistice to the Vizier. The Vizier for once laid aside his pipe, and prepared to forward the envoy to the Sultan. Caramata came in during the conference, ordered the envoy to be seized, gave him into the hands of his Delhis, and turned him out of the camp, with a solemn declaration, that the next envoy should have his choice of the bastinado, or the mouth of the largest howitzer in the Turkish lines. The Vizier said, “Allah il Allah,” resumed his pipe, and said no more. The envoy was escorted to the enemy's camp, and on that night Cobourg found his tents on fire about his ears, and was forced to make his way as well as he could towards the Barmat. Within three nights after, the redoubtable Suwarrow was forced to fight his way through ten thousand gallant horse, who stripped him of every gun and fragment of baggage. Bender and Belgrade were now both effectually cleared. The Sultan sent his Aga the Cheleuk* of honour; the Vizier was ordered to Constantinople, there to cure his asthma by the fresh air of the Bosphorus, and Hassan Caramata was appointed in his room, first counsellor to the king of kings, Commander of the armies of the faithful, and vanquisher of all the unbelievers and Kafirs under the sun.

The campaign began again: Leopold had succeeded Joseph, and he resolved to distinguish himself at three hundred miles' distance by the cheap heroism of a cabinet warrior. He sent an autograph letter to Cobourg, commanding him to signalize the new reign by a victory. Cobourg took the field with a hundred battalions and sixty squadrons. He moved to the field famous for its name, half Greek half Slavonic; but more famous still, for its demolishing the virgin laurels of the Emperor. At Tyrkagukuli he pitched his huge camp, gave a banquet in honour of the new hero of the House of Hapsburg, and, after it, rode out to fix upon the spot in which he was to annihilate the Infidels.

In half an hour he came flying back into his lines, with Hassan and fifteen thousand of the finest cavalry in the world thundering after him. Never had Prince of the Holy Roman Empire a

narrower escape of being sent to his illustrious forefathers. The sixty squadrons were booted and mounted just in time to be charged, rode over, and broke into fragments. The aide-de-camp who carried the news of the battle to Vienna, announced that the Prince had gained an unequalled victory, but “that he required reinforcements to follow up the blow.” Hassan sent no aide-de-camp to Constantinople, but he sent a wagon containing as many Crosses and Eagles, St. Andrew's and St. Peter's, as would have paved the audience-hall of the Seraglio, or made buckles and bracelets for the whole haram, Nubians, Kislar Aga and all. The Austrians were thunderstruck, but they sung *Te Deum*. The Turks followed the flying Prince, and stripped him of his standards, guns, and foragers, as they had done the Russians before. The Allies proposed an armistice, in pity, as they declared, for the waste of Moslem blood. The Turks galloped on, and, without any similar compliments to the spirit of philosophy, cut up the hundred battalions as they had cut up the sixty squadrons. The days of Rupert seemed to be come again, and Leopold the victorious began to think of clearing out the fosse, and rebuilding the ramparts of Vienna.

But the city of the Danube was no longer to be besieged by a Türk, nor saved by a Pole. Hassan Caramata disappeared. His scimitar, worth a province in jewels; his state turban, embroidered by the supreme fingers of the Sultana Valide herself; his horse furniture, the present of the Sultan, and too brilliant for the eye to look upon, except under its web of Shiraz silk twist—all remained in his tent, and were all that remained of the famous Hassan Caramata Vizier. A crowd of reports attempted to account for his sudden disappearance. By some he was thought to have fallen in a skirmish, into the midst of which he was seen plunging, with his usual desperate intrepidity, a few days before. But this, the Delhis, to a man, swore by their beards, was an utter impossibility; for what swordsman in the Austrian cavalry could stand for a moment before the fiery blade of Hassan? Others thought that he had been sent for privately by the Sultan, as usual, to converse on matters of state, and have his head cut off. But this was disputed too—for fond as Sultans may naturally be of cutting off heads, Hassan's was one that kept the Sultan's on the shoulders of the Father of the Faithful. The Roumeliotes, however, began to discover, according to the custom of their country, that there was witchcraft in the business, from beginning to end. They remembered Hassan's countenance—the withered lip, never smiling except with some sarcasm that cut to the soul—the solemn, foreboding, melancholy brow—the look of magnificent beauty, but tarnished by bitter memory, or fearful sufferings. For all those, what manufacturer could be found but the old enemy of man? Zatanai himself had shaped the face of Hassan; and why not shape his fortunes too? This accounted for his coming, none knew whence—his gaining the Sultan's favour,

* Diamond plume.

none knew how—and his going, it puzzled all the philosophers in the army to say where.

The witchcraft solution settled all difficulties. Hassan was a *ghoul*; a son of darkness, let loose from his bed, five thousand miles deep, to spend a few uneasy years on the upper surface of the world; or a magician, bargaining for a short period of power and honours, and suddenly carried off, to complete his bargain. The Delhis, however, pledged themselves to cut off the mustaches, and the head along with them, of any son of clay who dared to think, much more to assert, that their friend, favourite, and captain, was not a true man, a first-rate Delhi, and worth all the Viziers that ever kissed the dust off the slippers of the Padishah, since the days of Abubeker.

The news reached the allies. It was worth all their *feux-de-joie*. Every soldier in Vienna was instantly sent to fill up the ranks of the victorious general, who was always beaten. Good news came still. Yussuf Pacha was re-appointed Vizier; and in a fortnight reached the camp, with his pillows, his pipe, and his asthma. In another fortnight he had made up his mind to fight; and he moved to find out Cobourg and the Russians. The Moslem in shook their heads, wished old Yussuf at his pillau in Constantinople again, shouted "Allah il Allah," and marched to the memorable plain of Rymnik, making up their minds to drink the sweet sherbet of immortality. Old Yussuf was as brave as a lion, with the brains of an ass. He carried one hundred and fifteen thousand true believers into the teeth of the Austrian and Russian batteries—fought like a hero and a blockhead—and before sunset lost fifty thousand of his troops, his two camps, the battle, and the little understanding that seventy years had left him, and all the fruits of all the triumphs of Hassan Caramata. Evil days now fell upon the Father of the Faithful. The Delhis rode back to the capital, and vowed vengeance on the murderer of their great leader. The Sultan declared himself innocent, but offered them any head of his ministers in exchange. They demanded his own. He admitted, like all Sultans, their right to the demand, but offered them, in the mean time, the head of the Vizier. Yussuf was sent for, acquainted with the necessities of the state, and, in half an hour after, his head was thrown over the seraglio wall. The war was at an end. The Russians and Austrians had forced a peace. The Sultan gave all they asked; and Turkey was stripped of all that she had conquered during half a century. Still no tidings had been heard of Hassan.

Towards the close of the year 1830, immediately after the new lesson which the Turks received from the yellow beards, and the new evidence that Viziers from the cobblers' stalls, and admirals from the stables, were not the natural props of a falling empire, a party of Italian draughtsmen, who had been sent out by the Genoese Jews, the established speculators in all articles of *vertu*, to make drawings, make bargains, and, according to custom, steal what they

could among the fine ruins lately discovered by the English consul at Salonichi, were, by some absurdity of their own, enveloped in a column of the Ottomans, on their way home from Shumla. The unlucky artists were of course stripped to their trowsers, and ordered to march. The natural consequence would have been, that after a day or two of starving, hurrying through rugged roads without shoes, and sleeping under the canopy of the skies, they would have either made their last bed in the marshes of Thessaly, or left their bones for the foxes and ravens of Pindus; but this is still no unclassic land, though trampled by the hoof of the swinish Ottoman, or *harried* by the lance of the mountaineer Albanian. The unfortunate Italians were under the wing of the Muses, and, like the Athenians in Syracuse, found the advantage of having received a civilized education.

On the second evening of their capture, as the column halted in a miserable village at the foot of the mountains, the lucky accident of finding some date brandy in the corner of their hut for the night, put the captain of the escort into such a state of drunken good-humour, that he ordered his captives to share it, by dancing the Romaika along with him. Half dead as they were, they complied. He then ordered a song, to set him asleep. The Italians were in no *forte* for melody; but the captain's commands were peremptory, and the song was sung. While it was going on, an old merchant, attracted by the sound, came to the door of the hut, and speaking Italian, of a better quality than the *lingua franca* of the half savages round him, offered his services. He finally found them some food, by his influence with the peasantry; and, by a still more useful influence, some piastres, duly administered, obtained the Turk's leave for them to remain under his prescriptions for a few days, until their feet were healed, and their fatigues sufficiently got rid of to follow him. The Marabout took them up the mountain, provided, if not a cottage for them, at least a cavern, and for a month also furnished them with the means of subsistence until they could communicate with their friends.

As the season advanced, and the Italians began to make preparations for returning home—for the compact with the captain was probably not expected by either party to have been very conscientiously kept, and the captain himself was as probably, by that time, either shot or sabred—the Marabout's uneasiness grew obvious. He at length acknowledged himself an Italian, and even a Genoese, but omitted to account for his Mahometan habit, his life, and his profession. He was not urged upon the subject. The time of their departure came. The old man's cares were unremitting to the last; and with provisions, some piastres, and a shower of benedictions, he sent them forward to the sunny land of mines, monks, and guitars.

Before the week was over, they found the Marabout among them again. But, a merchant no longer; he was now an Italian pilgrim, such as one sees every Easter by the hundred, before

the hundred shrines of the little dingy Madonnas in Rome. He told them that, after their departure, he had found solitude doubly irksome; that old recollections had come again upon him; and, in short, that as he was born an Italian, an Italian he would die. They brought him with them to Genoa, installed him, by his own desire, in a convent there; the easy superior of which forgot to ask questions touching the previous faith of a brother who went through his "*aves* and *miseri-cordes*" with such perfection. There he remained for some months, going through the duties with a rigour and punctuality that prodigiously edified the brotherhood. He was the admiration of the women too, for his stature and countenance had scarcely felt the effect of years, further than in a slight bend in the one, and paleness and thinness in the other. But his eye was the eagle's still, and his step had the loftiness and stride of the mountaineer. As he passed through the streets with his bare head, venerable by a few silver locks at the side, and his fine bold physiognomy, he inevitably caught the eye of strangers, and, under those circumstances, I myself remember to have remarked him, among the mob of mean or fierce faces that crowd every corner of the city of the Dorias. It happened also that my *cicerone* was one of the captured draughtsmen, and from him I heard the particulars of Fra Paulo, or Giovanni's life, I forget which—particulars which my Italian friend would probably not have intrusted to a less heretical ear.

So far, my story has nothing uncommon in it, and the misfortune is, that the sequel is only too much in the common form to be worth the modern taste for romance. The old man, some time after my departure, was found dead in his bed, without any mystery of assassination being called in to account for it; nor was there much wonder in the case, when we learned that he was eighty-three, a disease that defies medicine, and has no want of the *spadaccino* to settle its account with the world. There is nothing more out of the routine, in the fact that the old merchant left a confession behind him; for every monk confesses to some one or other, and the old merchant had matters on his mind which he could not have, without utter expulsion and ruin, suffered to drop into the most prudent ear within the walls of Genoa, or, perhaps, the shores of Italy. He thus at once saved his religious honour, and disburdened his conscience, by committing his memory to paper, and making my *cicerone* friend the residuary legatee of his sins. But even the record of such matters is a delicate possession in *bella Italia*, and my friend expressed his gratitude in all the hyperbole of native eloquence, on my desiring him to collect all the *membra disjecta* of the old man's pen, transfer them to me under the Ambassador's cover, and keep his soul in peace for the rest of his life, relative to the MSS. of his mountain fellow-traveller—Moslem, Marabout, klept, and monk as he was.

The papers were blotted and mutilated in all kinds of ways, but a species of abrupt narrative

struggles through them. I give them, such as they were.

"Whether, like all my countrymen, who are constantly enamoured of some Donna or other, I *could* have spent life in wandering from ball to ball, and between the serenade, the supper, and the gaming-table, been satisfied to make my way to the end of the day, and of all days, is more than I ever had it in my power to tell. I fell in love—fell in love but once, and, with the extinction of that heavenly flame, became a fiend.

"There is no use now in telling the name of my family. It was noble, and of the highest order of nobility. But is it not enough for the belief that it was proud, profligate, and splendid; that its head was a magnificent idler, and its younger branches were showy, subtle, passionate, and with nothing to do on the face of the earth; that it was Italian? If I went farther, and said that the head of that family was half maniac in good and evil, a madly prodigal benefactor, a madly trusting friend, a madly adoring lover, and an avenger mad to the wildest depths of vengeance, need I write under the picture that he was a Genoese?

"I was that magnificent idler. I was that splendid fool, that son of fortune, who cast away all the gifts of earth and heaven—who trampled out in blood loves and feelings that might have made the happiness of angels, who ran a frantic career of destruction through all that had twined itself round my heart of hearts—then denied, defied, and cast from me the only hope which can console man for the loss of this world, and then sat down in solitude, helpless remorse, and despair—unutterable!

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"It was during my residence at Vienna, that I first saw the woman who was afterwards to kindle all the fury and all the agonies of my nature. It is useless now to repeat Septimia's title. She was a woman of the highest rank, the daughter of one of our sovereign princes, and though of a Spanish mother, most beautiful. At the Austrian Court, she was the topic of universal admiration, and when all admired, who shall wonder if I, her countryman, young, ardent in all that spoke to the passions, proud of the honours paid to Italian beauty, proud too, perhaps, of my own person, whirling through a perpetual round of brilliant sights and festivities, with all the aromatic poison of heightened pleasure filling my senses and my soul, threw myself at the feet of this most singular and admirable of women!

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"We were married. Until the hour when I led her from the altar, I had never dreamed that I was not the first object in her heart. But as she turned away from that altar, the single look which she gave to the image of the Saint above, undeceived me at once, and for ever. It was not reproach, nor sorrow, nor religion, but it was a compound of them all. That look never left my mind. It has haunted me in my dreams, it has followed me in solitude. I have seen it starting

up before me in the midst of balls and banquets, and investing the meaningless faces there with sudden sorrow and majesty. It has risen before me in the camp, in the cell; in the calm, in the storm: I see it before me, pale, sorrowful, and lovely as ever, at this hour—the look of a heart broken, but holily submissive; bowed to the earth, but contented with its grave. Septimia! Septimia!

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“I left Vienna. I had grown weary of it, of myself, of the world. Pleasure satiates, but mine was not satiety; it was a fierce undefined feeling; a heavy consciousness that I had been wronged in heart—that I had thrown away my capabilities of loving without the only return that can reconcile man to the cares that beset even the smoothest path of existence. Even the external show of happiness that made every lip teem with envy, flattery, or congratulation, but increased my hidden anguish. I have heard the compliments of princes, and they were only like taunts to my bitter consciousness. I have sat in the midst of crowds that filled my palace, to congratulate me on birth-days, wedding-days, the various accessions of my rank, and the marks of honour conferred on me by kings, and sat, like Satan in Paradise, hating the splendour and beauty by which I was surrounded and tortured! finding, in the brilliancy of courts and court honours, nothing but fuel for the flame that was eating its way through my soul. I was alive to but one sensation—the certainty that I was not loved by the only being whose love I could have now valued. I saw it in the hollowness of the cheek, in the feebleness of the form; I saw it even more keenly in the forced smile with which my presence, my tenderness, those attractions with which, half in hope and half in despair, I from time to time made an attempt to restore my wife to me. But her heart was frozen, or gone; and pride, pain, and thwarted affection returned on me like a legion of the spirits of evil.

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“One day, in a hunting party in Hungary, I was caught in one of those sudden storms that come from the Carpathians, and cover the country with winter in a moment. I took shelter in a farm-house in the forest. The fireside was already filled with the wood-cutters, who had made their way in from the tempest. As I had none of the gewgaws of my rank about me, I passed for no more than what I was, a man, and was welcomed merely as a hunter. They were drinking, and the wine, sour as it was, brought out their confidences. One of them, who discovered that I belonged to the court, probably from some absurd effeminacy that had grown upon me, made enquiries about the mode of conveying a letter with which he was entrusted, and of which he conceived that I might be a more adroit conveyer than himself. The address was to my wife. I bit my lip till the blood burst out, but I contrived to check the rage that was ready to have torn the carrier and the letter into a thousand pieces. I instantly mounted my horse. The

fellow discovered by my muttered curses that he had put his commission into perilous hands, but it was too late: he followed me, and even struck me with his wood-knife; but I had got that which I would not have resigned to all the powers of earth. I felt neither wound nor tempest; I rushed along till I fainted from loss of blood, and when I opened my eyes once more, found myself in my chamber, with half the arch-duke's physicians beside my bed; languid, and almost lifeless, but with the letter still grasped in my hand.

“I had been discovered in the forest by some of my hunters, and brought home as dead. I had lain for a fortnight in my chamber, wandering from one delirium to another, but in all I still grasped the fatal letter—no force could take it from me. Such are the poisons which man prepares for himself—I would not have parted with that letter of ruin, to be made monarch of Golconda.

“I read the letter. What was it to the breach of confidence? The secret was mine, and of all secrets the most essential and overwhelming. Its pages gave the fullest satisfaction that could be desired by a mind longing to have grounds for self-torment. They were a long-detailed, but gentle accusation of broken vows, sustained by references to times and places, and charges of duplicity and cruelty on the part of friends and parents, which told me that my wife (for the woman was mentioned, it was she in every line) had long been loved in turn. That she had been the reluctant sacrifice to the prejudices of her rank; and that my offer had been grasped at by her family, alike for its own advantages, and its rescue of the daughter of so proud a line from an alliance beneath her.

“I saw Septimia on that evening. She had come on the first announcement of my returning mind, and, kneeling by my bedside, offered thanksgiving to Heaven for my recovery. I could have stabbed her on the spot. But she wept at my averted face, and besought me, in such language of soft submission, to think kindly of her and her interest in me, that I felt the tears streaming down my cheeks. In that moment I could have turned to her, confessed all that burdened my mind, and solicited to have at least all that was left to her of her early heart. But I was born to be a victim! Pride forbade the humiliation. I sent her from my bedside; and tossing there till midnight, then started up, fevered and feeble as I was, to tread the corridors with shuddering feet, and break open with frantic jealousy the cabinet in which I conceived the remainder of this correspondence to be concealed.

“With a sensation of self-reproach that need not be envied by a wretch on the wheel, I broke open the cabinet, found a packet of letters, carried them to my own chamber, and there fed on them day by day. They gave me a feast of agonies. I found there the history of the whole development of young passion; the stories of the country walks, the youthful employments, the presents of flowers; the first parting of the lover for the army; the thanks for his promotion ob-

tained by the beloved one's influence; the little gay anecdotes of the campaign, and mixed with them sentences repeated from the answers, which told me bitterly what these answers were; fond, glowing, confiding, the outpouring of a fine spirit, all awake with the finest of all passions. Yet what was this eloquence to me? what the brilliancy of the unconscious wit, or the loftiness of the half-inspired feeling? They were all for another; and the woman whom I had selected from the world to be the depositary of my thoughts, had not a thought for me: the being in whose loveliness I would have taken a pride, was to me but a weeping vestal, the guardian of a solitary altar, where the flame never shone to me. The wife of my bosom, the sharer in my fate, the partner of my rank and fortune, was at that hour the scorner of them all, wandering in heart far away after the trials and chances of another, shedding tears for another's sorrow, rejoicing in another's successes; and if she thought of me still, perhaps only measuring the years between me and the grave, and feeling the bonds of marriage only with the hope that the time might come when she should again be free.

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"I had returned to my own country. But who can fly from himself? At five-and-twenty, I had the look of fifty. In the midst of all that the world covets, I was a worn-down and meagre misanthrope. If it had depended on me, the earth would be a wilderness, or mankind a horde of Tartars, only ravaging each other, and turning the earth into a grave. My friends—and I had then a host of them—came round me with advice, entreaties, wonder at my fierce contempt of society, hopes of change, and all the other helpless contrivances of man to administer to the sickness of the mind; but their efforts were as useless as probably their zeal was hollow. In this withering of the head and heart I must have persisted, but for a new excitement. War broke out between the Empire and Prussia. The prize between the combatants was a paltry province, which the money wasted in the contest would have paved with ingots, and which seemed doomed to perpetual sterility. We contrived, however, to make it bear a crop of human skulls. As the holder of a fief of the empire, a regiment was offered to me, and, at the head of my cavaliers, I rushed into the war. Glorious invention for accumulating the miseries, exercising the follies, and displaying the blindness of man! Two hundred thousand of us were sent out to butcher each other. Imperialists and Prussians pounced on each other with the appetite of vultures, and, having gorged ourselves with human blood, rested only until a fresh feast of blood was ready. Every horror that fiction ever raised, was transacted as the common every-day business of life. To-day victors, to-morrow fugitives; wading through Austrian carcasses at Prague; bathing in Prussian gore at Kollin; fighting through fire and water, through famine, nakedness, pestilence; we were still as ready as ever to tear each other into fragments, as if we were

flinging away life for any one thing that ever made life desirable. Between the hospital and the field, the first campaign strewed the rocks and morasses of Silesia with a hundred thousand skeletons of what once were men and fools.

"But to me this was a delight. I was a wild beast, not a man—I longed to wreak myself on all that bore the human shape—I felt myself terribly divorced from human interests—and, with the consciousness of an exile from happiness which could finish only in the grave, I sought the grave. I was every where foremost. My regiment imbibed, as all soldiers will, the headlong habits of their colonel. We dashed at every thing, until the enemy began to think that resistance was useless; and the sight of my hussars in the field, decided the fate of many an encounter.

"I was, of course, honoured for all this. Stars and crosses were hung upon a breast which cared no more for them than if they were so many cobwebs. Still I tore my way through the enemy's squadrons, and led on my fierce *sabreurs* from danger to danger, until I was pronounced uncontestedly the most gallant hussar officer in the service—a Nadasti, a Scanderbeg—the pride and the example of the Austrian army. It was remarkable, that in all these hazards I had escaped without the slightest wound. Superstition said that I bore a charmed life, and had brought a spell with me from Italy. I had, indeed, brought that spell; for what preservative for the soldier is equal to despair? I, who never heard the fire of a Prussian battery without a secret wish that it should lay me low—I, who never saw the sabres of the Prussian cavalry without a prayer that I might be impaled on their points before evening.—I alone was untouched, while my charger trampled the bones of thousands and tens of thousands of my fellow-men.

"I was, however, to feel at last the caprices of fortune. As I commanded the rear-guard of Loudohn's corps in its retreat through the last defiles of Silesia, a charge made by some of the Zieten hussars upon our baggage, set my squadrons in motion. We fell upon the marauders, and quickly recovered our baggage; but the darkness of the twilight, the intricacy of the ravine, and, more than either, the habitual daring of my men, plunged us into the centre of the whole advanced Prussian cavalry. We fought desperately, and at last extricated ourselves, but in the final charge I received a blow which struck off my helmet, and completely blinded me for the time. I fell off my horse and must have been trampled to death, but for the gallantry of one of my officers, a Hungarian, who had lately been received into the corps. This brave fellow, after first driving his sabre from point to hilt through my assailant, dragged me from among the horses' feet, and, carrying me on his shoulders, restored their unlucky colonel to his regiment, who were already in the utmost despair.

"I was conveyed to Vienna—was covered with honours, and racked with pain. But I was not to die. The gallant Hungarian was my nurse, and, after having preserved my life from the

enemy, he preserved it from the doctors. But my illness was long, and during it Septimia arrived from Italy, with wife-like duty, to watch over her dying husband. I was moved by this display of tenderness, and on my feverish pillow, from which I thought I was never to rise, inwardly acquitted her of the crime of giving me the semblance of a heart. I took myself to task for the rash precipitancy with which I had wooed her, for the proud and lavish proposals which had influenced the vanity of her relations, for the fierce and violent determination to make myself happy, when it might be at the expense of making her miserable. Hour after hour of lonely thought, when all my senses seemed wrapped in sleep, have I gone through the whole tormenting history of my passions, my follies, and my sufferings; and, hour after hour, have I resolved to cast my regrets to the winds, to confide, to hope, to see happiness, even against conviction; to be blind and be comforted.

"One night, when the paroxysm of my fever seemed to render it possible that I should not see another morning, Septimia determined to watch beside my bed. I was already half dreaming, and seeing squadrons of cavalry slain and being slain, when I was roused by the pressure of a hand on my forehead. It was Septimia's. Overcome with weariness for several nights before, she had fallen asleep, and was tossing her arms in the agitation of a dream. She uttered words too, words that sank into my heart like molten ore. She evidently thought herself transported once more to those early scenes, whose very memory to me was torture. She was straying with her lover; she was parting from him. She was rushing to his arms after long absence. She was abjuring him. She was pledging herself never to love another. She was pleading with her parents. She was lamenting the bitter misfortune of the beauty which had exposed her to my disastrous love. She was drawing the contrast between my almost kingly opulence and her lover's obscure means, and rejoicing in the power of thus convincing him that she could abandon the world for his sake.

"Imagine, if human imagination is made for such things, the feelings, the miseries, the immeasurable shame, of the miserable listener. From that moment I flung away all hope, from that moment I determined that the shortest way to happiness was revenge, and that the shortest way to revenge was the best. I devoted her to destruction; I devoted myself; I devoted mankind. My heart was chill no more, the ice round it was fire. I was now neither husband nor man. I was a tiger; and if I did not spring upon my victim and crush her at the instant, it was that, like the tiger, I might make my spring the more secure; that I might strike her like a destiny; that I might hunt her down with long wretchedness; and then, when I had exhausted the last powers of infliction, triumph, and destroy her at a blow.

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"These are horrors—but I was a lover, and a

madman. I was an Italian, and that includes the whole circle of the passions and vices.

"She rose, shook off her dream, and left the chamber, to prepare herself for renewed watching, by the freshness of the air that flowed in from the balcony. With the stealthy step of the tiger I followed her. She was standing in the moonlight, and never human being looked more like one of those forms of loveliness that we image descending from the spiritual world. She looked ethereal, and the melancholy smile with which she glanced at the peaceful worlds above—the clasped hands—and the sounds, between sigh and prayer, which rose from her lips, were like the sorrows of a being fallen from those bright orbs, or longing to pass away and be at rest, where the troubles of our stormy existence are felt no more.

"I gazed; and the sense of beauty dissolved my soul. My hand was on my poniard. But how could I lift it against a being that seemed all but already sainted? She prayed too; she wept; I saw the tears glistening on her eyelashes, I heard the very beating of her heart. Vengeance was impossible. I resolved to wait for farther proof, to task my own heart, to punish myself, who was the true criminal, and with calmness, oh! with what desperate *calmness*, withdraw from her presence, and leave this incomparable creature all that I could now leave her, the right of forgetting her rash and unhappy lord for ever.

"While these thoughts were revolving in my heart, while I was thinking of throwing myself at the feet of my wife, confessing my suspicions, my fears, my remorse, and stooping that proud heart to the just humiliation of soliciting her forgiveness, I was startled by the shadow of a figure entering the balcony. My wife uttered a faint shriek, but she did not fly. The stranger did not approach her. It was clear to my eye, rendered keen as the lynx's by jealousy, that they knew each other, and knew each other well. I glided along in the darkness. I heard their whispers—their words were broken, and intermitted with many a sigh. I stood and listened to all. With my heart alternately panting as if it would burst, and then sinking into what I thought the coldness of death; with my breath held, with every faculty of my being all ear, I gathered the broken sounds. I heard the words—leave, anguish, parting, ruin. These were enough. I made a history of them sufficient for madness. The sigh and the tear—the clasped hands and the fainting form, filled up all that was lost. I drew my poniard, and waited but for an opportunity to strike the secure blow, which would extinguish the traitor and the traitress together.

"As if to increase the terrors of a moment big with fate to all, the night, which had, till now, been of more than summer serenity, was changed, and a blast of wild wind, followed by sheets of rain, burst on the palace. Septimia shrunk in fear; the stranger rushed forward to sustain her. Now was my time—with one hand I was at his throat. I saw his glance of astonishment; I heard my wife's scream of terror; I heard but

one sound more—his groan—as, with my poniard in his heart, he rolled in dying convulsions at my feet. In another moment, all was silence. Of the three who had just been fevered and glowing with the most vivid emotions of our nature, there were now left but three statues.

“A blaze of lightning that wrapped us all, as if the King of Evil had come on his fiery chariot to exult over his unfinished work, showed me, for the first time, the features of the stranger. What was my wonder—he was my preserver, my gallant comrade, the Hungarian! But he had died for his crime, and in that thought I was comforted. Fool, and slave that I was! I exalted myself into a minister of that Divine Justice, which, existing before all law, strikes the criminal in his most triumphant hour, embitters the blow by the suddenness of divorce from all that he loves, and proudly vindicates Heaven, without the tardy formalities of man.

“From this waking trance I was roused by a voice at my side. It was Septimia's. She pronounced me a murderer, and stained with innocent blood. She was, like myself, an ardent, powerful, sensitive being, whose nature had been suppressed by long sorrow; but it now burst forth. She pronounced me hateful to her sight, a slave of jealous fury, and merciless thirster after blood. Taking the dead hand of the unfortunate Hungarian, she kissed it, and pledged herself before Heaven and the dead, *never* to associate with me, never to hold counsel, never to pronounce my name more. I stood and listened to all. Then came the tale. The Hungarian was her first love, and, to my sorrow, her only love. They had been bound to each other by the most solemn vows, until my ill-omened passion at once overthrew his hopes. She would have fled with him, and gladly exchanged opulence and rank for his humble fortunes; but his high and generous spirit revolted against this sacrifice. Insulted by her family, and fearful of bringing to poverty her whom he could endow only with his heart, he left her presence altogether, and disappeared. Her next tidings of him were that he was dead, in the service of Russia, and his scarf and sword were sent to her as a dying remembrance. He had fallen in an engagement with the Turks in Bessarabia. She had now nothing to hope for on earth; and, in listlessness and coldness, she gave way to the will of her relatives, and suffered herself to be wedded to me. All this was told with the quickness of the lightning that flashed round us, and with almost the withering power. The Hungarian had constructed this tale of death to set Septimia at liberty; and then, in human weakness, had longed to be near her once again, before he died. He had returned to Austria, entered the service unknown, and lingered only until he could see, with his own eyes, that she was happy with her husband. For years she had not seen him till that night, even then by chance; and the words that passed between them were only those of final farewell.

“I wanted nothing of all this to know that I was miserable; but Septimia was too like my-

self, to part with the cup of misery while it could hold a single drop more. Her reproaches were terrible;—her taunts went to my soul. I felt the native devil within me. I commanded her to be silent, to spare me, to spare herself. It was all in vain. She was, like myself, an Italian, and restraint was at an end. She had thrown off all the feebleness and timidity of the sex. She heaped reproaches on me that fell like coals of fire upon my head, shocked with wonder, almost with awe, on the magnificent indignation and haughty despair of a creature, who, but the hour before, was all submission, all tears and tenderness, all calm, cold duty. She now towered in the strength of thwarted love; her very nature seemed to have received a sudden exaltation; her voice was rich, solemn, and powerful; her eye sat on me like a conscience, and penetrated me with an intense and agonizing keenness. I felt myself unequivocally bowed down before this majesty of wrath. Writhing through every fibre, and tossed by a frenzy of passion that tortured me as if I had been flung on the waves of the place of unutterable punishment, I might have borne this. But there are limits to the most patient endurance of man. But to hear her avow her love for the dead, at my feet—to see her press his passive hand to her forehead, to her lips, to her heart—to see her fling herself beside the body, and wildly supplicate that with it she might be laid in the grave! This I could not have borne; yet this I was doomed to hear and see, and shudder over. I felt that to this there must be one conclusion, and that a bloody one; I felt my veins like ice, I felt the steel quiver in my fingers; I implored her not to rouse me to do what must be ruin to us both. She defied me. I adjured her to leave me till I had mastered the rage which was now ready to master me. She but caught the dead hand, and kissed it with wilder fondness. ‘One kiss more,’ I exclaimed, ‘and you die.’ The kiss was given, and with a laugh of consummate scorn. I knew not what became of me; I was blind—mentally and bodily blind. I rushed forward to tear the hand from her lips. I heard a shriek; a convulsive grasp dragged me down—we fell together. I heard and felt no more.

“The cold air of the dawn awoke me. I had lain on the marble floor from midnight. I was stiff and cold, and felt as if I had gone through some dreadful dream. But I was soon taught the reality. Septimia was lying dead beside the Hungarian. My poniard was fixed in her bosom. Whether I had stabbed her in my rage, or whether she had fallen the victim to my unlucky hand in the struggle, all was over. There lay the unhappy pair, both guiltless, yet with the heaviest punishment of guilt; both young, lovely, noble; both formed for happy years, and for the richest brightener of the happiest years, mutual love. Yet there they lay, silent, cold, motionless, heartless; their whole current of life and joy stopped in an instant by a murderer's hand. There is sometimes a strange delight in knowing that the worst that can come has come. I felt that strange delight; the hideous joy of a fallen

angel fixed in eternal chains. I felt the fierce consciousness of utter and irreparable ruin. I rejoiced in the agony of belief, that the whole power of earth could not free me from a single fetter of my ruin; that I had fathomed the lowest depth of undoing; that all the racks and wheels of tyranny could not add another pang to my mighty misery, my parching and burning up of soul, my perfection of woe. I gazed on the beautiful beings whom I had extinguished; I even felt a frantic pity for them; I composed the scattered locks on their noble foreheads; I whispered a wild prayer for the safety of their souls; I even bathed them with my tears; but they were not tears of repentance; they were the mere surcharge of a heart infuriated and infatuated, until it had exhausted itself, and sunk into weakness.

"How long I continued this melancholy task I know not, but I was roused by the approach of my attendants, who were alarmed by not finding me in my chamber. I was then fully awake to myself, and with the dagger still dyed with my wife's blood, attempted to put an end to all my pangs at once. I gave the blow; but my arm was feeble with sickness, and, before I could repeat it, I was seized and conveyed to my bed. The catastrophe of this night of horrors, of course, soon reached the ears of justice, and I should have been not unwilling to abide its severity; but my noble house forbade this humiliation, and I was hurried away in a state of stupor from Vienna, many a league.

"My subsequent career is less known, yet more memorable. The dagger had cut away from me all the honours, enjoyments, and hopes of life; what could now stimulate my ambition? Who could now be worth my hate, and who could now awake my love? I abandoned Europe, and went to wander among all nations where I could be farthest from the sight of an Italian face, the sound of an Italian tongue, the slightest memory of times and scenes which yet were imperishably fixed in my soul. But if they were there, they were things in the grave, and their revival was like the fearful summoning of the dead. I traversed Tartary, I plunged into the Siberian winter, I even penetrated the jealous boundaries of the Chinese Empire. Among them all I carried my remorse, but it may have been owing to this pilgrimage that I retained my senses or my life. Labour is the great palliative of human sorrow. Hunger has no time for tears; danger suffers no faculty to sink into lazy uselessness. I learned among those barbarians something more—the use of those extraordinary powers which nature gives us in the human frame. I learned to endure fatigue which would melt down the hardest European. I tamed the wild horse of the desert; I swam the cataract; I scaled the mountain. The fiery sun of the south darkened my skin, but it could not wither up my nerves. Winter, with its snows and tempests, was my pastime. I had soon become distinguished among my half savage comrades for dexterity in the use of arms. This was, in some degree, the result of

my Italian birth. Nature had given me the singular flexibility of form found south of the Alps; no man among the desert riders was my superior at the lance, the scimitar and the bridle. Distinctions, the distinctions of barbarism, were forced upon me, and I became the captain of a troop. I might have been, perhaps, a Khan in time, and shaken the Russian diadem as a new Zingis, at the head of a new uprising of the wilderness. But I felt higher exultation in the commands of our Khan to join the Moslem army in the commencement of one of its most disastrous campaigns. There again distinctions thickened over me. Some feats against the Russian cavalry drew down unbounded praise from the Turkish Agas, and I was fixed in the select troops of the Sultan. I now had an object in view at last. War had become familiar to me. I had cut down the bridge between me and mankind; and, even among Turks there is no better way to honours. I was reckless, daring, and remorseless. I had learned to look upon mankind as a race of predestined slaves or tyrants, and, whether slaves or tyrants, the natural food for the sword. I spared neither sword nor tongue. I massacred in the field, and I insulted in the council. Of course, I domineered in both. I found folly in the Divan, folly in the field, and defect, dismay, and ruin every where. I gave them, in place of those pledges of ill luck, plain sense, hard fighting, the bastinado, and the flat of the scimitar.

"In a single campaign, I restored the Sultan's arms, humbled the Russians, and, what was more, taught the Divan to speak like honest men. But who shall account for the changes of human things? In the last skirmish, when we were pressing the enemy's army to destruction, and cutting them up hourly like weeds, a packet was delivered to me by one of the Spahis, which he had found in the captured baggage. In it was a volume which had belonged to some luckless Italian in the retreating army. It was my own history; mine, compiled by some romancer, but told word for word; with fragments of my wife's letters, and every incident and feature of the whole transaction given in the utmost detail. Romance had done nothing in it. For what exaggeration could it have found in romance? But its perusal that night changed the whole course of my fortunes. It brought back youth, passion, misfortune, misery in full tide upon me again. The cold and unnatural fierceness of the Janizary chieftain was thawed away at once. The hatred of man, or that more than hatred, the contempt of human nature, which looked upon its joys and sorrows, its struggles and successes, as the sport of flies, made only to be brushed away, or the malignity of reptiles, fit only to be trampled into death; all was gone. I saw before me, in my solitary tent, that night, the countenances of every friend of my early years—I heard the voices once familiar to my heart—I breathed the beloved and balmy air of my native fields—I exulted in the unrivalled splendours of my native sunshine, my native shores, my native hills. First and last in every landscape, in every proud

saloon, in every spot of peace and beauty, I saw the two figures that had decided on my fate, and shut the door of happiness upon me. But time had extinguished the intensity of my passions, and with it much of my pains. I felt that I longed only to forgive and be forgiven, and lie down and die.

"While I was feasting on my lonely banquet of sorrow, the thunders of the Ottoman drums were heard. The contrast was fatal to my soldieryship. I felt an instant and irresistible reluctance to the trade of blood. I thought with wonder and with loathing on the savage delight which had hurried me so long through the furies of war. I had shed gore in torrents—and that, too, was Christian gore. On my knees I pledged myself to the Heaven which had so long endured me, never to aid the ferocity of king or people again. I loosed the scimitar from my waist, took the poniard from my sash, the turban from my brow, and throwing over me the cloak of one of the Greek followers of the camp, took my solitary way, and left camp, glory, wealth, the Vizierote, and the world behind.

"I never repented this step. I never turned back my tread. I fixed myself among the Thesalian cottagers, and there led a life of labour and contentment. When the war rendered life there precarious, I returned to the hills, for life had become valuable to me, from the time when I found that it could be made useful to my fellow-men. I had been, like the great King of Babylon, driven out from my kind, a proud madman, degenerating into the savage. I had, like him, fed on the dross and weeds of human life. I had spurned, and raged, and raved; and, in the deepest moral humiliation, in the wildest insanity of the heart, had deemed myself lord of all around me. But the terrible dream had passed, with all its phantoms; the convulsed and fearful distress of the soul had subsided. 'The hair wet with the dew of heaven, and the nails like eagles' claws,' had passed from my nature. I was a man again; and, in the joy of my recovered faculties, I resolved to live in future only for the sake of giving help to man, and homage to Him in whose hand man is only the dust of the balance.

* * * * *

"I am now, I believe, dying; and I die with the hope that the evils of my career may be forgotten, the good remembered, and the frailties forgiven. The Italian prince, the Mongol captain, the famous Hassan Caramata, the obscure Marabout, all have finished their career, and all are now stretched upon the straw-bed of an humble brother of the bare-footed Carmelites. I have, like Solomon, tried the sorrows, the wisdom, and the glories of life—like Solomon, found them all VANITY OF VANITIES!

NECESSARY QUANTITY OF SLEEP.

WITH regard to the necessary quantity of sleep, so much depends upon age, constitution and employment, that it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule which will apply to all cases. Jeremy Taylor states that three hours only out of the

twenty-four should be spent in sleep. Baxter extends the period to four hours, Wesley to six, Lord Coke and Sir William Jones to seven, and Sir John Sinclair to eight. With the latter I am disposed to coincide. Taking the average of mankind, we will come as nearly as possible to the truth when we say, that about one-third part of life should be spent in sleep; in some cases even more may be necessary, and in few can a much smaller portion be safely dispensed with. When a person is young, strong, and healthy, an hour or two less may be sufficient; but childhood and extreme old age require a still greater portion. No person who passes only eight hours in bed can be said to waste his time. If, however, he exceeds this, and is, at the same time, in possession of vigor and youth, he lays himself open to the charge of passing in slumber those hours which should be devoted to some other purpose. Too little sleep shortens life as much as an excess of sleep. Barry, in his work on Digestion, has made an ingenious, but somewhat whimsical calculation on this subject. He asserts, that the duration of human life may be ascertained by the number of pulsations which the individual is able to perform. Thus, if a man's life extends to seventy years, and his heart throbs sixty times each minute, the whole number of its pulsations will amount to 2,207,520,000; but if, by intemperance, or any other cause, he raises the pulse to seventy-five in a minute, the same number of pulsations would be completed in fifty-six years, and the duration of life abbreviated fourteen years. Arguing from these facts, he alleges that sleep has a tendency to prolong life, as, during its continuance, the pulsations are less numerous than in the waking state. There is a sort of theoretical truth in this statement, but it is liable to be modified by so many circumstances, that its application can never become general. If this was not the case, it would be natural to infer, that the length of a man's life would equal that of his slumbers, whereas it is well known that too much sleep debilitates the frame, and lays the foundation of various diseases, which tends to shorten instead of extending its duration. The persons who sleep most are those who require the least of this indulgence. These are the wealthy and the luxurious, who pass nearly the half of their existence in slumber, while the hard working peasant and mechanic, who would seem, at first sight, to require more than any other class of society, are contented with seven or eight hours of repose—a period brief in proportion to that expended by them in toil, yet sufficiently long for the wants of nature, as is proved by the strength and health which they almost uniformly enjoy. More sleep is requisite, for the reasons already stated, in winter than in summer. Were there even no constitutional causes for this difference, we would be disposed to sleep longer in the one than in the other, as many of the causes which induce us to sit up late and rise early in summer are wanting during winter, and we consequently feel disposed to lie in bed for a longer period of time during the latter season of the year.

OH! LEAVE ME TO MY SORROW.

Written, Composed and arranged for the Piano Forte,

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Oh leave me to my sorrow, For my heart is oppressed to-day; Oh,

leave me and to-morrow dark shadows may pass a-way. There's a

time when all that grieves us, is felt with a deeper gloom, There's a



II.

In winter from the mountain,
 The stream like a torrent flows;
 In summer the same fountain,
 Is calm as a child's repose.
 Thus in grief the first pangs wound us,
 And tears of despair gush on,
 Time brings forth new flowers around us,
 And the tide of our grief is done.

III.

Then heed not my pensive hours,
 Nor bid me be cheerful now;
 Can sunshine raise the flowers
 That droop on a blighted bough?
 The lake of the tempest wears not
 The brightness its slumber wore;
 The heart of the mourner cares not
 For joys, that were dear before.

WINDERMERE LAKE.

BY L. E. L.

I WOULD I had a charmed bark,
 To sail that lovely lake;
 Nor should another prow but mine
 Its silver silence wake.
 No oar should cleave its sunny tide;
 But I would float along,
 As if the breath that filled my sail
 Were but a murmured song.

Then I would think all pleasant thoughts;
 Live early youth anew,
 When hope took tones of prophecy,
 And tones of music too;
 And coloured life with its own hues—
 The heart's true Claude Lorraine—
 The rich, the warm, the beautiful,
 I'd live them once again.

Kind faces flit before my eyes,
 Sweet voices fill my ear,
 And friends I long have ceased to love,
 I'll still think loved, and here.
 With such fair phantasies to fill,
 Sweet lake! thy summer air;
 If thy banks were not Paradise,
 Yet should I dream they were.

REST.

BY LAURA PERCY.

THERE'S a rest for the troubled heart,
 A repose for the care-worn mind,
 A balsam for sorrow's smart,
 A retreat from the piercing wind;
 There's a home for the outcast and lorn,
 The victim that none will save,
 There is peace!—'Tis the peace of the tomb,
 And the rest, is the rest of the grave.

What should the spirit fear,
 When the visions of hope depart?
 There's a thought that the soul will cheer,
 That will bear up the drooping heart;
 Why should the orphan mourn,
 When the storm of the world he can brave,
 He will meet with repose in the tomb,
 And he'll rest in the welcome grave!

Sees't thou a terror in death?
 That terror is idle and vain,
 All that we loved upon earth,
 We shall meet—we shall meet with again,
 Where brightness and bliss ever reign,
 More pure than hope's vision's e'er gave;
 We must first quit this valley of pain,
 And the road winds its way through the grave.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

AMONG many other evils that attend gaming, are these—loss of time, loss of reputation, loss of health, loss of fortune, loss of temper, ruin of families, defrauding of creditors, and, what is often the effect of it, the loss of life itself.

How poor, even in this beautiful world, with the warm sun and fresh air about us, that alone are sufficient to make us glad, would be life, if we could not make the happiness of others.

How excellently composed is that mind, which shows a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation, high erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy and eloquence, as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering; and a behaviour so noble, as gives beauty to pomp, and majesty to adversity.

Youth, beauty, pomp, what are these, in point of attraction, to a woman's heart, when compared to eloquence!—the magic of the tongue is the most dangerous of all spells!

Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline: it refines the passion and improves the understanding. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not for a great matter be without the little skill which I possess in this art.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without understanding doth appear,
For all this world's affliction he thereby,
And Fortune's freaks is wisely taught to bear;
Of wretched life the only joy is she,
—And the only comfort in calamity;
She arms the breast with constant patience,
Against the bitter throes of Dolour's darts,
She solaceth with rules of sapience,
The gentle winds in midst of worldly smarts;
When he is sad, she seeks to make him merry,
And doth refresh his spirits when they be weary.

The anger of a generous man, is effectually disarmed by a little gentleness on the part of its object—as a bread and milk poultice is sufficient to allay a casual inflammation in a healthy frame.

To combine profundity with perspicuity, wit with judgment, solidity with vivacity, truth with novelty, and all of them with liberality—who is sufficient for these things?

The world is nothing but babble; and I hardly ever saw the man who did not prate too much and speak too little. And yet half of our age is embezzled in this way. We are kept four or five years to learn words only, and to tack them together in clauses; as many more to make exercises, and to divide a continued discourse into

so many parts; and other five years, at least to learn succinctly to mix and interweave them after a subtle and intricate manner.

We only begin to know how to live, when we know how to measure ourselves with objects; that is to say, to proportion our attachment and our application to their importance. It is thus that we avoid too great an indifference for great things, and too great an ardour for small ones.

The *Gazette of Madrid* compares Ferdinand VII. to Titus. In fact, when this benevolent Prince passes a day without causing one of his subjects to be hanged or shot, he exclaims, like the Roman Prince, "I've lost a day."

Origin of the phrase "*To Boot.*" *Bote* or *Bota*, in our old law-books, signifies, recompense, repentance, or fine paid by way of expiation, and is derived from the Saxon. Hence our common phrase "*to boot,*" speaking of something given by way of compensation.

Not to the ensanguin'd field of death alone
Is valour limited: she sits serene
In the deliberate council; sagely scans
The source of actions; weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her glories from the feats
Of brutal force alone.

Men are sometimes inclinable to be in love, but cannot succeed in their desire; they seek all occasions of being conquered, but escape still! if I may be allowed the expression, they are bound to continue free.

The woman who values her mental qualities more than her beauty, is superior to her sex. She who esteems herself more on account of her beauty than of her talents, is of her sex. But she who prides herself more on account of her birth than her beauty, is out of her sex and above her sex.

Julius Cæsar fought 50 pitched battles, and killed one million and a half of men—for whose good?

The endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor. Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit to one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

The venerable Bede, the English historian, who published his Ecclesiastical History, in the year 731, is the most ancient author whom we find using the modern date, Anno Domini. It was adopted in France under king Pepin, and fully established in the reign of Charlemagne. The custom of beginning the year on the first of January, commenced in France in 1564.



WALKING DRESS. EVENING DRESS.

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1882.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE OF THE FASHIONS.

OUT-DOOR DRESS.—It is composed of pearl gray *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* partially high, and close to the shape. Sleeves of the *Gigot* form. The *cazenov* is of India jaconet muslin, made up to the throat, trimmed in the pelerine style, with very rich embroidery round the breast and shoulders, and a full *ruche* sustained round the throat by a cravat of fawn coloured gauze riband. Bonnet of fawn covered *moire*; the interior of the brim partially covered with gauffered tulle. Knots of riband and a bouquet of violets ornament the crown.

IN-DOOR DRESS.—It is of *Chaly*, striped alternately in lilac and fawn colour, the latter figured with brown. The *corsage* of the *demi redingote* form; the lappel deep and very open on the bosom, displays a high *chemisette* of clear cambric. Amadris sleeve. The cap is of gauffered tulle, edged with narrow blond lace, ornamented with a few *coques* of rose coloured gauze riband placed under the trimming. The *brides* correspond.

YOUNG LADIES' DRESS.—The frock of rose coloured *Chaly*, the *corsage* high and full, with *bêret* sleeves. The pantaloons of jaconet muslin.

PRIZE TALE.

MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

BROMLEY CHESTON, an officer in the United States navy, had just returned from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. His ship came into New York; and after he had spent a week with a sister that was married in Boston, he could not resist his inclination to pay a visit to his maternal aunt, who had resided since her widowhood at one of the small towns on the banks of the Delaware.

The husband of Mrs. Marsden had not lived long enough to make his fortune, and it was his last injunction that she should retire with her daughter to the country, or at least to a country town. He feared that if she remained in Philadelphia she would have too many temptations to exercise her taste for unnecessary expense: and that, in consequence, the very moderate income, which was all he was able to leave her, would soon be found insufficient to supply her with comforts.

We will not venture to say that duty to his aunt Marsden was the young lieutenant's only incentive to this visit: as she had a beautiful daughter about eighteen, for whom, since her earliest childhood, Bromley Cheston had felt something a little more vivid than the usual degree of regard that boys think sufficient for their cousins. His family had formerly lived in Philadelphia, and till he went into the navy Bromley and Albina were in habits of daily intercourse. Afterwards, on returning from sea, he always as soon as he set his foot on American ground began to devise means of seeing his pretty cousin, however short the time and however great the distance. And it was in meditation on Albina's beauty and sprightliness that he had often

"while sailing on the midnight deep," beguiled the long hours of the watch, and thus rendered more tolerable that dreariest part of a seaman's duty.

On arriving at the village, Lieutenant Cheston immediately established his quarters at the hotel, fearing that to become an inmate of his aunt's house might cause her some inconvenience. Though he had performed the whole journey in a steamboat, he could not refrain from changing his waistcoat, brushing his coat sleeves, brushing his hat, brushing his hair, and altering the tie of his cravat. Though he had "never told his love," it cannot be said that concealment had "preyed on his damask cheek;" the only change in that damask having been effected by the sun and wind of the ocean.

Mrs. Marsden lived in a small modest-looking white house, with a green door and green venetian shutters. In early summer the porch was canopied and perfumed with honeysuckle, and the windows with roses. In front was a flower garden, redolent of sweetness and beauty; behind was a well-stored potager, and a flourishing little orchard. The windows were amply shaded by the light and graceful foliage of some beautiful locust-trees.

"What a lovely spot," exclaimed Cheston—and innocence—modesty—candour—contentment—peace—simple pleasures—intellectual enjoyments—and various other delightful ideas chased each other rapidly through his mind.

When he knocked at the door, it was opened by a black girl named Drusa, who had been brought up in the family, and whose delight on seeing him was so great that she could scarcely

find it in her heart to tell him that "the ladies were both out, or at least partly out." Cheston, however, more than suspected that they were wholly at home, for he saw his aunt peeping over the bannisters, and had a glimpse of his cousin flitting into the back parlour; and besides, the whole domicile was evidently in some great commotion, strongly resembling that horror of all men, a house-cleaning. The carpets had been removed, and the hall was filled with the parlour-chairs: half of them being turned bottom upwards on the others, with looking-glasses and pictures leaning against them; and he knew that, on such occasions, the ladies of a family in middle life are never among the missing.

"Go and give Lieutenant Cheston's compliments to your ladies," said he, "and let them know that he is waiting to see them."

Mrs. Marsden now ran down stairs in a wrapper and morning cap, and gave her nephew a very cordial reception. "Our house is just now in such confusion," said she, "that I have no place to invite you to sit down in except the back porch."—And there they accordingly took their seats.

"Do not suppose," continued Mrs. Marsden, "that we are cleaning house: but we are going to have a party to-night, and therefore you are most fortunate in your arrival, for I think I can promise you a very pleasant evening. We have sent invitations to all the most genteel families within seven miles, and I can assure you there was a great deal of trouble in getting the notes conveyed. We have also asked a number of strangers from the city, who happen to be boarding in the village; we called on them for that purpose. If all that are invited were to come, we should have a complete squeeze; but unluckily we have received an unusual number of regrets, and some have as yet returned no answers at all. However, we are sure of Mrs. Washington Potts."

"I see," said Cheston, "you are having your parlours papered."—"Yes," replied Mrs. Marsden, "we could not possibly have a party with that old-fashioned paper on the walls, and we sent to the city a week ago for a man to come and bring with him some of the newest patterns, but he never made his appearance till last night after we had entirely given him up, and after we had had the rooms put in complete order in other respects. But he says, as the parlours are very small, he can easily put on the new paper before evening, so we thought it better to take up the carpets, and take down the curtains, and undo all that we did yesterday, rather than the walls should look old-fashioned. I *did* intend having them painted, which would of course be much better, only that there was no time to get *that* done before the party, so we must defer the painting now for three or four years till this new paper has grown old."

"But where is Albina?" asked Cheston.

"The truth is," answered Mrs. Marsden, "she is very busy making cakes; as in this place we can buy none that are fit for a party. Luckily

Albina is very clever at all such things, having been a pupil of Mrs. Goodfellow. But there is certainly a great deal of trouble in getting up a party in the country."

Just then the black girl, Drusa, made her appearance, and said to Mrs. Marsden, "I've been for that there bean you call vanilla, and Mr. Brown says he never heard of such a thing."

"A man that keeps so large a store has no right to be so ignorant," remarked Mrs. Marsden.—"Then, Drusa, we must flavour the ice-cream with lemon."

"There a'n't no more lemons to be had," said the girl, "and we've just barely enough for the lemonade."

"Then some of the lemons must be taken for the ice-cream," replied Mrs. Marsden, "and we must make out the lemonade with cream of tartar."

"I forgot to tell you," said Drusa, "that Mrs. Jones says she can't spare no more cream, upon no account."

"How vexatious!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, "I wish we had two cows of our own—one is not sufficient when we are about giving a party. Drusa we must make out the ice-cream by thickening some milk with eggs."

"Eggs are scarce," replied the girl, "Miss Albina uses up so many for the cakes."

"She must spare some eggs from the cakes," said Mrs. Marsden, "and make out the cakes by adding a little pearl-ash. Go directly and tell her so."

Cheston, though by no means *au fait* to the mysteries of confectionary, could not help smiling at all this making out—"Really," said his aunt, "these things are very annoying. And as this party is given to Mrs. Washington Potts, it is extremely desirable that nothing should fail. There is no such thing now as having company, unless we can receive and entertain them in a certain style."

"I perfectly remember," said Cheston, "the last party, at which I was present in your house. I was then a midshipman, and it was just before I sailed on my first cruise in the Pacific. I spent a delightful evening."

"Yes, I recollect that night," replied Mrs. Marsden. "In those days it was not necessary for us to support a certain style, and parties were then very simple things, except among people of the first rank. It was thought sufficient to have two or three baskets of substantial cakes at tea, some almonds, raisins, apples, and oranges handed round afterwards, with wine and cordial, and then a large-sized pound-cake at the last. The company assembled at seven o'clock, and generally walked; for the ladies' dresses were only plain white muslin. We invited but as many as could be accommodated with seats. The young people played at forfeits, and sung English and Scotch songs, and at the close of the evening danced to the piano. How Mrs. Washington Potts would be shocked if she was to find herself at one of those obsolete parties!"

"The calf-jelly won't be clear," said the black

girl, again making her appearance. "Aunt Katy has strained it five times over through the lannen-bag."

"Go then and tell her to strain it five-and-twenty times," said Mrs. Marsden, angrily—"It must and shall be clear. Nothing is more vulgar than cloudy jelly; Mrs. Washington Potts will not touch it unless it is transparent as amber."

"What Nong tong paw again," said Cheston. "Now do tell me who *is* Mrs. Washington Potts?"

"Is it possible you have not heard of her!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden.

"Indeed I have not," replied Cheston. "You forget that for several years I have been cruising on classic ground, and I can assure you that the name of Washington Potts has not yet reached the shores of the Mediterranean."

"She is wife to a gentleman that has made a fortune in New Orleans," pursued Mrs. Marsden. "They came last winter to live in Philadelphia, having first visited London and Paris. During the warm weather they took lodgings in this village, and we have become quite intimate. So we have concluded to give them a party, previous to their return to Philadelphia, which is to take place immediately. She is a charming woman, though she certainly makes strange mistakes in talking. You have no idea how sociable she is, at least since she returned our call; which, to be sure, was not till the end of a week; and Albina and I had sat up in full dress to receive her for no less than five days: that is, from twelve o'clock till three. At last she came, and it would have surprised you to see how affably she behaved to us."

"Not at all," said Cheston, "I should not have expected that she would have treated you rudely."

"She really," continued Mrs. Marsden, "grew quite intimate before her visit was over, and took our hands at parting. And as she went out through the garden, she stopped to admire Albina's moss-roses: so we could do no less than give her all that were blown. From that day she has always sent to us when she wants flowers."

"No doubt of it," said Cheston.

"You cannot imagine," pursued Mrs. Marsden, "on what a familiar footing we are. She has a high opinion of Albina's taste, and often gets her to make up caps and do other little things for her. When any of her children are sick, she never sends any where else for currant jelly or preserves. Albina makes gingerbread for them every Saturday. During the holidays she frequently sent her three boys to spend the day with us. There is the very place in the railing where Randolph broke out a stick to whip Jefferson with, because Jefferson had thrown in his face a hot baked apple which the mischievous little rogue had stolen out of old Katy's oven."

In the mean time, Albina had taken off the brown holland bib apron which she had worn all day in the kitchen, and telling the cook to watch

carefully the plumb-cake that was baking, she hastened to her room by a back staircase, and proceeded to take the pins out of her hair; for where is the young lady that on any emergency whatever, would appear before a young gentleman with her hair pinned up. Though, just now, the opening out of her curls was a considerable inconvenience to Albina, as she had bestowed much time and pains on putting them up for the evening.

Finally she came down "in prime array," and Cheston who had left her a school-girl, found her now grown to womanhood and more beautiful than ever. Still he could not forbear reproving her for treating him so much as a stranger, and not coming to him at once in her morning-dress.

"Mrs. Washington Potts," said Albina, "is of opinion that a young lady should never be seen in dishabille by a gentleman."

Cheston now found it very difficult to hear the name of Mrs. Potts with patience.—"Albina," thought he, "is bewitched as well as her mother."

He spoke of his cruise in the Mediterranean, and Albina told him that she had seen a beautiful view of the Bay of Naples in a souvenir belonging to Mrs. Washington Potts.

"I have brought with me some sketches of Mediterranean scenery," pursued Cheston.—"You know I draw a little. I promise myself great pleasure in showing and explaining them to you."

"Oh! do send them this afternoon," exclaimed Albina. "They will be the very things for the centre table. I dare say the Montagues will recognize some of the places they have seen in Italy, for they have travelled all over the south of Europe."

"And who are the Montagues?" enquired Cheston.

"They are a very elegant English family," answered Mrs. Marsden, "cousins in some way to several noblemen."

"Perhaps so," said Cheston.

"Albina met with them at the lodgings of Mrs. Washington Potts," pursued Mrs. Marsden—"where they have been staying a week for the benefit of country air; and so she inclosed her card, and sent them invitations to her party. They have as yet returned no answer; but that is no proof they will not come, for perhaps it may be the newest fashion in England not to answer notes."

"You know the English are a very peculiar people," remarked Albina.

"And what other lions have you provided?" said Cheston.

"Oh! no others except a poet," replied Albina. "Have you never heard of Bewley Garvin Gandy?"

"Never!" answered Cheston—"Is that all one man?"

"Nonsense," replied Albina; "you know that poets generally have three names. B. G. G. was formerly Mr. Gandy's signature, when he wrote only for the newspapers, but now since he has come out in the magazines, and annuals, and

published his great poem of the World of Sor-row, he gives his name at full length. He has tried law, physic, and divinity, and has resigned all for the Muses. He is a great favourite with Mrs. Washington Potts."

"And now, Albina," said Cheston, "as I know you can have but little leisure to-day, I will only detain you while you indulge me with 'Auld lang syne'—I see the piano has been moved out into the porch."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marsden, "on account of the parlour papering."

"Oh! Bromley Cheston," exclaimed Albina, "do not ask me to play any of those antediluvian Scotch songs. Mrs. Washington Potts cannot tolerate any thing but Italian."

Cheston who had no taste for Italian, immediately took his hat, and apologizing for the length of his stay, was going away with the thought that Albina had much deteriorated in growing up.

"We shall see you this evening without the ceremony of a further invitation," said Albina.

"Of course," replied Cheston.

"I quite long to introduce you to Mrs. Washington Potts," said Mrs. Marsden.

"What simpletons these women are," thought Cheston, as he hastily turned to depart.

"The big plumb-cake's burnt to a coal," said Drusa, putting her head out of the kitchen door.

Both the ladies were off in an instant to the scene of disaster. And Cheston returned to his hotel, thinking of Mrs. Potts, (whom he had made up his mind to dislike) of the old adage that "evil communication corrupts good manners," and of the almost irresistible contagion of folly and vanity. "I am disappointed in Albina," said he, "in future I will regard her only as my mother's niece, and more than a cousin she shall never be to me."

Albina having assisted Mrs. Marsden in lamenting over the burnt cake, took off her silk frock, again pinned up her hair, and joined assiduously in preparing another plumb-cake to replace the first one. A fatality seemed to attend nearly all the confections, as is often the case when particular importance is attached to their success. The jelly obstinately refused to clarify, and the blanc-mange was equally unwilling to congeal. The maccaroons having run in baking, had neither shape nor feature, the kisses declined rising, and the sponge-cake contradicted its name. Some of the things succeeded, but most were complete failures: probably because (as old Katy insisted) "there was a spell upon them." In a city these disasters could easily have been remedied (even at the eleventh hour) by sending to a confectioner's shop, but in the country there is no alternative. Some of these mischances might perhaps have been attributed to the volunteered assistance of a mantua-maker that had been sent for from the city to make new dresses for the occasion, and who on this busy day, being "one of the best creatures in the world," had declared her willingness to turn her hand to any thing.

It was late in the afternoon before the papering was over, and then great indeed was the bustle in clearing away the litter, cleaning the floors, putting down the carpets, and replacing the furniture. In the midst of the confusion, and while the ladies were earnestly engaged in fixing the ornaments, Drusa came in to say that Dixon, the waiter that had been hired for the evening, had just arrived, and falling to work immediately he had poured all the blanc-mange down the sink mistaking it for bonny-clabber.* This intelligence was almost too much to bear, and Mrs. Marsden could scarcely speak for vexation.

"Drusa," said Albina, "you are a raven that has done nothing all day but croak of disaster. Away and show your face no more, let what will happen."

Drusa departed, but in a few minutes she again put in her head at the parlour door and said, "Ma'am may I jist speak one time more."

"What now," exclaimed Mrs. Marsden.

"Oh! there's nothing else spiled or flung down the sink, jist now," said Drusa, "but something's at hand a heap worse than all. Missus's old Aunt Quimby has jist landed from the boat, and is coming up the road with baggage enough to last all summer."

"Aunt Quimby!" exclaimed Albina, "this indeed caps the climax!"

"Was there ever any thing more provoking," said Mrs. Marsden. "When I lived in town she annoyed me sufficiently by coming every week to spend a day with me, and now she does not spend days but *weeks*. I would go to Alabama to get rid of her."

"And then," said Albina, "she would come and spend *months* with us. However, to do her justice she is a very respectable woman."

"All bores are respectable people," replied Mrs. Marsden, "if they were otherwise, it would not be in their power to bore us, for we could cut them and cast them off at once. How very unlucky. What will Mrs. Washington Potts think of her—and the Montagues too, if they *should* come? Still we must not affront her, as you know she is rich."

"What can her riches signify to us," said Albina, "she has a married daughter."

"True," replied Mrs. Marsden, "but you know riches should always command a certain degree of respect, and there are such things as legacies."

"After all, according to the common saying, 'tis an ill wind that blows no good,' the parlours having been freshly papered, we can easily persuade Aunt Quimby that they are too damp for her to sit in, and so we can make her stay up stairs all the evening."

At this moment the old lady's voice was heard at the door, discharging the porter who had brought her baggage on his wheelbarrow; and the next minute she was in the front parlour. Mrs. Marsden and Albina were properly asto-

* Thick sour milk.

nished, and properly delighted at seeing her; but each, after a pause of recollection, suddenly seized the old lady by the arms and conveyed her into the entry, exclaiming, "Oh! Aunt Quimby, Aunt Quimby! this is no place for you."

"What's the meaning of all this," cried Mrs. Quimby, "why won't you let me stay in the parlour."

"You'll get your death," answered Mrs. Marsden, "you'll get the rheumatism. Both parlours have been newly papered to-day, and the walls are quite wet."

"That's a bad thing," said Mrs. Quimby—"a very bad thing—I wish you had put off your papering till next spring. Who'd have thought of your doing it this day of all days."

"Oh! Aunt Quimby," said Albina, "why did you not let us know that you were coming?"

"Why, I wanted to give you an agreeable surprise," replied the old lady. "But tell me why the rooms are so decked out, with flowers hanging about the looking-glasses and lamps, and why the candles are drest with cut paper, or something that looks like it."

"We are going to have a party to-night," said Albina.—"A party—I'm glad of it. Then I'm just come in the nick of time."

"I thought you had long since given up parties," said Mrs. Marsden, turning pale.

"No, indeed—why should I—I always go when I am asked—to be sure I can't make much figure at parties now, being in my seventy-fifth year. But Mrs. Howks and Mrs. Himes, and several others of my old friends, always invite me to their daughters' parties, along with Mary; and I like to sit there and look about me and see people's new ways. Mary had a party herself last winter, and it went off very well, only that both the children came out that night with the measles; and one of the lamps leaked, and the oil ran all over the side-board and streamed down on the carpet; and, it being the first time we ever had ice-cream in the house, Peter, the stupid black boy, not only brought saucers to eat it in, but cups and saucers both."

The old lady was now hurried up stairs, and she showed much dissatisfaction on being told that as the damp parlours would certainly give her her death, there was no alternative but for her to remain all the evening in the chamber allotted to her. This chamber, (the best furnished in the house) was also to be 'the ladies' room,' and Albina somewhat consoled Mrs. Quimby by telling her that as the ladies would come up there to take off their hoods and arrange their hair, she would have an opportunity of seeing them all before they went down stairs. And Mrs. Marsden promised to give orders that a portion of all the refreshments, should be carried up to her, and that Miss Matson, the mantua-maker, should sit with her a great part of the evening.

It was now time for Albina and her mother to commence dressing, but Mrs. Marsden went down stairs again with 'more last words,' to the

servants, and Albina to make some change in the arrangement of the centre-table.

She was in a loose gown, her curls were pinned up and to keep them close and safe she had tied over her head an old gauze handkerchief. While bending over the centre-table and marking with rose-leaves some of the most beautiful of Mrs. Hemans' poems, and opening two or three souvenirs at their finest plates, a knock was suddenly heard at the door, which proved to be the baker with the second plumb-cake, it having been consigned to his oven. Albina desired him to bring it to her, and putting it on the silver waiter, she determined to divide it herself into slices, being afraid to trust that business to any one else, lest it should be awkwardly cut or broken to pieces; it being quite warm.

The baker went out leaving the front-door open, and Albina intent on her task of cutting the cake, did not look up till she heard the sound of footsteps in the parlour, and then what was her dismay on perceiving Mr. and Mrs. Montague and their daughter.

Albina's first impulse was to run away, but she saw that it was now too late; and pale with confusion and vexation she tried to summon sufficient self-command to enable her to pass off this *contre-temps* with something like address.

It was not yet dusk, the sun being scarcely down, and of all the persons invited to the party, it was natural to suppose that the English family would have come the latest.

Mr. Montague was a long-bodied short-legged man, with round grey eyes, that looked as if they had been put on the outside of his face, the sockets having no apparent concavity: a sort of eye that is rarely seen in an American. He had a long nose, and a large heavy mouth with projecting under teeth, and altogether an unusual quantity of face; which face was bordered round with whiskers, that began at his eyes and met under his chin, and resembled in texture the coarse wiry fur of a black bear. He kept his hat under his arm, and his whole dress seemed as if modelled from one of the caricature prints of a London dandy.

Mrs. Montague (evidently some years older than her husband) was a gigantic woman, with features that looked as if seen through a magnifying glass. She had heavy piles of yellowish curls, and a crimson velvet toque. Her daughter was a tall hard-faced girl of seventeen, meant for a child by her parents, but not meaning herself as such. She was drest in a white muslin frock and trowsers, and had a mass of black hair curling on her neck and shoulders.

They all fixed their large eyes directly upon her, and it was no wonder that Albina quailed beneath their glance or rather their stare, particularly when Mrs. Montague surveyed her through her eye-glass. Mr. Montague spoke first. "Your note did not specify the hour—Miss—Miss Martin," said he, "and as you Americans are early people, we thought we were only complying with the simplicity of republican manners by coming before dark. We suppose

that in general you adhere to the primitive maxim of 'early to bed and early to rise.' I forget the remainder of the rhyme, but *you* know it undoubtedly."

Albina at that moment wished for the presence of Bromley Cheston. She saw from the significant looks that passed between the Montagues, that the unseasonable earliness of this visit did not arise from their ignorance of the customs of American society, but from premeditated impertinence. And she regretted still more having invited them, when Mr. Montague with impudent familiarity walked up to the cake (which she had nicely cut into slices without altering its form) and took one of them out.—"Miss Martin," said he, "your cake looks so inviting that I cannot refrain from helping myself to a piece. Mrs. Montague give me leave to present one to you. Miss Montague will you try a slice?"

They sat down on the sofa, each with a piece of cake, and Albina saw that they could scarcely refrain from laughing openly, not only at her dishabille, but at her disconcerted countenance.

Just at this moment Drusa appeared at the door, and called out, "Miss Albinar, the preserved squinches are all working. Missus found 'em so when she opened the jar." Albina could bear no more, but hastily darting out of the room, she ran up stairs almost crying with vexation.

Old Mrs. Quimby was loud in her invectives against Mr. Montague for spoiling the symmetry of the cake, and helping himself and his family so unceremoniously. "You may rely upon it," said she, "a man that will do such a thing in a strange house is no gentleman."

"On the contrary," observed Mrs. Marsden, "I have no doubt that in England these free and easy proceedings are high ton. Albina have not you read some such things in Vivian Grey?"

"I do not believe," said Mrs. Quimby, "that if this Englishman was in his own country, he would dare to go and take other people's cake without leave or license. But he thinks any sort of behaviour good enough for the Yankees, as they call us."

"I care not for the cake," said Albina, "although the pieces must now be put into baskets, I only think of the Montagues walking in without knocking, and catching me in complete dishabille: after I had kept poor Bromley Cheston waiting half an hour this morning rather than he should see me in my pink gingham gown and with my hair in pins."

"As sure as sixpence," remarked Mrs. Quimby, "this last shame has come upon you as a punishment for your pride to your own cousin."

Mrs. Marsden having gone into the adjoining room to dress, Albina remained in this, and placed herself before the glass for the same purpose. "Heigho!" said she, "how pale and jaded I look. What a fatiguing day I have had! I have been on my feet since five o'clock this morning, and I feel now more fit to go to bed than to add to my weariness by the task of dressing, and then playing the agreeable for four or

five hours. I begin to think that parties (at least such parties as are now in vogue) should only be given by persons who have large houses, large purses, conveniences of every description, and servants enough to do all that is necessary."

"Albina is talking quite sensibly," said Aunt Quimby to Mrs. Marsden, who came in to see if her daughter required her assistance in dressing.

"Pho," said Mrs. Marsden, "think of the eclat of giving a party to Mrs. Washington Potts, and of having the Montagues among the guests. We shall find the advantage of it when we visit the city again."

"Albina," said Aunt Quimby, "now we are about dressing, just quit for a few moments and help me on with my long stays and my new black silk gown, and let me have the glass awhile; I am going to wear my lace cap with the white satin riband. This dark calico gown and plain muslin cap won't do at all to sit here in, before all the ladies that are coming up."

"Oh! no matter," replied Albina, who was unwilling to relinquish the glass or to occupy any of her time by assisting her aunt in dressing, (which was always a troublesome and tedious business with the old lady) and her mother had now gone down to be ready for the reception of the company, and to pay her compliments to the Montagues. "Oh! no matter," said Albina, "your present dress looks perfectly well, and the ladies will be too much engaged with themselves and their own dresses to remark any thing else. No one will observe whether your gown is calico or silk, and whether your cap is muslin or lace. Elderly ladies are always privileged to wear what is most convenient to them."

Albina put on the new dress that the mantua-maker had made for her. When she had tried it on the preceding evening Miss Matson declared that "it fitted like wax." She now found that it was scarcely possible to get it on at all, and that one side of the forebody was larger than the other. Miss Matson was called up, and by dint of the pulling, stretching, and smoothing well known to mantua-makers, and still more by means of her pertinacious assurances that the dress had no fault whatever, Albina was obliged to acknowledge that she *could* wear it, and the redundancy of the large side was pinned down and pinned over. In sticking in her comb she broke it in half, and it was long before she could arrange her hair to her satisfaction without it. Before she had completed her toilette, several of the ladies arrived and came into the room, and Albina was obliged to snatch up her paraphernalia and make her escape into the next apartment.

At last she was drest—she went down stairs. The company arrived fast, and the party began.

Bromley Cheston had come early to assist in doing the honours, and as he led Albina to a seat, he saw that in spite of her smiles she looked weary and out of spirits, and he pitied her.—"After all," thought he, "there is much that is interesting about Albina Marsden."

The party was *very* select, consisting of the elite of the village and its neighbourhood; but still, as is often the case, those whose presence was most desirable had sent excuses, and those who were not wanted had taken care to come. And Miss Boreham, (a young lady who having nothing else to recommend her, had been invited solely on account of the usual elegance of her attire, and whose dress was expected to add prodigiously to the effect of the rooms,) came most unaccountably in an old faded frock of last year's fashion, with her hair quite plain and tucked behind her ears with two side-combs. Could she have had a suspicion of the reason for which she was generally invited, and have therefore perversely determined on a reaction?

The Montagues sat together in a corner, putting up their eye-glasses at every one that entered the room, and criticising the company in loud whispers to each other; poor Mrs. Marsden endeavouring to catch opportunities of paying her court to them.

About nine o'clock, appeared an immense cap of blond lace, gauze riband, and flowers; and under the cap was Mrs. Washington Potts, a little thin trifling looking woman with a whitish freckled face, small sharp features, and flaxen hair. She leaned on the arm of Mr. Washington Potts, who was nothing in company or any where else; and she led by the hand a little boy in a suit of scarlet, braided and frogged with blue: a pale rat-looking child whose name she pronounced Laughy-yet, meaning La Fayette; and who being the youngest scion of the house of Potts, always went to parties with his mother, because he would not stay at home.

Bromley Cheston, on being introduced to Mrs. Washington Potts was surprised at the insignificance of her figure and face. He had imagined her tall in stature, large in feature, loud in voice, and in short the very counterpart to Mrs. Montague. He found her, however, as he had supposed, replete with vanity, pride, ignorance and folly: to which she added a sickening affectation of sweetness and amiability, and a flimsy pretension to extraordinary powers of conversation founded on a confused assemblage of incorrect and superficial ideas, which she mistook for a general knowledge of every thing in the world.

Mrs. Potts was delighted with the handsome face and figure, and the very genteel appearance of the young lieutenant, and she bestowed upon him a large portion of her talk.

"I hear, sir," said she, "you have been in the Mediterranean Sea. A sweet pretty place is it not?"

"Its shores," replied Cheston, "are certainly very beautiful."

"Yes, I should admire its chalky cliffs vastly," resumed Mrs. Potts, "they are quite poetical you know. Pray, sir, which do you prefer, Byron or Bonaparte. I doat upon Byron; and considering what sweet verses he wrote, 'tis a pity he was a corsair, and a vampyre pirate, and all such horrid things. As for Bonaparte, I never could endure him after I found that he had cut

off poor old King George's head. Now, when we talk of great men, my husband is altogether for Washington. I laugh, and tell Mr. Potts it's because he and Washington are namesakes. How do you like La Fayette,"—(pronouncing the name a *la canaille*.)

"The man or the name?" enquired Cheston.

"Oh! both to be sure. You see we have called our youngest blossom after him. Come here Lafayette, stand forward my dear, hold up your head, and make a bow to the gentleman."

"I won't," screamed La Fayette. "I'll never make a bow when you tell me."

"Something of the spirit of his ancestors," said Mrs. Potts, affectedly smiling to Cheston, and patting the urchin on the head.

"His ancestors!" thought Cheston. "Who could they possibly have been?"

"Perhaps the dear fellow may be a little, a very little spoiled," pursued Mrs. Potts. "But to make a comparison in the marine line, (quite in your way, you know,) it is as natural for a mother's heart to turn to her youngest darling as it is for the needle to point out the longitude. Now we talk of longitude have you read Cooper's last novel by the author of the Spy. It's a sweet book—Cooper is one of my pets. I saw him in dear delightful Paris. Are you musical Mr. Cheston?—But of course you are. Our whole aristocracy is musical now. How do you like Paganini? You must have heard him in Europe. It's a very expensive thing to hear Paganini.—Poor man! he is quite ghastly with his own playing. Well; as you have been in the Mediterranean, which do you prefer, the Greeks or the Poles?"

"The Poles, decidedly," answered Cheston, "from what I have heard of *them*, and seen of the Greeks."

"Well, for my part," resumed Mrs. Potts, "I confess I like the Greeks, as I have always been rather classical. They are so Grecian. Think of their beautiful statues and paintings by Rubens and Reynolds. Are you fond of paintings? At my house in the city, I can show you some very fine ones."

"By what artists?" asked Cheston.

"Oh! by my daughter Harriet. She did them at drawing-school with theorems. They are beautiful flower-pieces, all framed and hung up; they are almost worthy of Sir Benjamin West."*

In this manner Mrs. Potts ran on till the entrance of tea, and Cheston took that opportunity of escaping from her; while she imagined him deeply imbued with admiration of her fluency, vivacity and variety of information. But in reality, he was thinking of the strange depravity of taste that is sometimes found even in intelligent minds; for in no other way could he account for Albina's predilection for Mrs. Washington Potts.

* The author takes this occasion to remark that the illustrious artist to whom so many of his countrymen erroneously give the title of Sir Benjamin West, never in reality had the compliment of knighthood conferred on him. He lived and died Mr. West, as is well known to all who have any acquaintance with pictures and painters.

"And yet," thought he, "is a young and inexperienced girl more blameable for her blindness in friendship, (or what she imagines to be friendship) than an acute, sensible, talented man for his blindness in love. The master-spirits of the earth have almost proverbially married women of weak intellect, and almost as proverbially the children of such marriages resemble the mother rather than the father. A just punishment for choosing so absurdly. Albina I must know you better."

The party went on, much as parties generally do where there are four or five guests that are supposed to rank all the others. The patricians evidently despised the plebeians, and the plebeians were offended at being despised; for in no American assemblage is any real inferiority of rank ever felt or acknowledged. There was a general dullness, and a general restraint. Little was done, and little was said. La Fayette wandered about in every body's way; having been kept wide awake all the evening by two cups of strong coffee, which his mother allowed him to take because he would have them.

There was always a group round the centre table, listlessly turning over the souvenirs, albums, &c. and picking at the flowers; and La Fayette ate plumb-cake over Cheston's beautiful drawings.

Albina played an Italian song extremely well, but the Montagues exchanged glances at her music; and Mrs. Potts, to follow suit, hid her face behind her fan and simpered; though in truth she did not in reality know Italian from French, or a semibreve from a semiquaver. All this was a great annoyance to Cheston. At Albina's request, he led Miss Montague to the piano. She ran her fingers over the instrument as if to try it; gave a shudder, and declared it most shockingly out of tune, and then rose in horror from the music stool. This much surprised Mrs. Marsden, as a musician had been brought from the city only the day before for the express purpose of tuning this very instrument.

"No," whispered Miss Montague, as she resumed her seat beside her mother, "I will not condescend to play before people who are incapable of understanding my style."

At this juncture (to the great consternation of Mrs. Marsden and her daughter) who should make her appearance but Aunt Quimby in the calico gown which Albina now regretted having persuaded her to keep on. The old lady was wrapped in a small shawl and two large ones, and her head was secured from cold by a black silk handkerchief tied over her cap and under her chin. She smiled and nodded all round to the company, and said—"How do you do, good people; I hope you are all enjoying yourselves. I thought I *must* come down and have a peep at you. For after I had seen all the ladies take off their hoods, and had my tea, I found it pretty dull work sitting up stairs with the mantua-maker, who had no more manners than to fall asleep while I was talking."

Mrs. Marsden, much discomfited, led Aunt

Quimby to a chair between two matrons who were among "the unavoidably invited," and whose pretensions to refinement were not very palpable. But the old lady had no idea of remaining stationary all the evening between Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Jackson. She wisely thought "she could see more of the party," if she frequently changed her place, and being of what is called a sociable disposition, she never hesitated to talk to any one that was near her, however high or however low.

"Dear mother," said Albina in an under voice, "what can be the reason that every one in tasting the ice-cream, immediately sets it aside as if it was not fit to eat. I am sure every thing is in it that ought to be."

"And something more than ought to be," replied Mrs. Marsden, after trying a spoonful—"the salt that was laid round the freezer has got into the cream, (I suppose by Dixon's carelessness) and it is *not* fit to eat."

"And now," said Albina starting, "I will show you a far worse mortification than the failure of the ice-cream. Only look—there sits Aunt Quimby between Mr. Montague and Mrs. Washington Potts."

"How in the world did she get there?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. "I dare say she walked up, and asked them to make room for her between them. There is nothing now to be done but to pass her off as well as we can, and to make the best of her. I will manage to get as near as possible, that I may hear what she is talking about, and take an opportunity of persuading her away."

As Mrs. Marsden approached within hearing distance, Mr. Montague was leaning across Aunt Quimby, and giving Mrs. Potts an account of something that had been said or done during a splendid entertainment at Devonshire House.—"Just at that moment," said he, "I was lounging into the room with Lady Augusta Fitzhenry on my arm (unquestionably the finest woman in England) and Mrs. Montague was a few steps in advance, leaning on my friend the Marquis of Elvington."

"Pray, sir," said Mrs. Quimby, "as you are from England, do you know any thing of Betsey Dempsey's husband?"

"I have not the honour of being acquainted with that person," replied Mr. Montague, after a withering stare.

"Well that's strange," pursued Aunt Quimby, "considering that he has been living in London at least eighteen years—or perhaps it is only seventeen. And yet I think it must be near eighteen, if not quite. May be seventeen and a half. Well, it's best to be on the safe side, so I'll say seventeen. Betsey Dempsey's mother was an old school-mate of mine. Her father kept the Black Horse tavern. She was the only acquaintance I ever had that married an Englishman. He was a grocer, and in very good business; but he never liked America, and was always finding fault with it, and so he went home, and was to send for Betsey. But he never sent for

her at all; for a very good reason; which was that he had another wife in England, as most of them have—no disparagement to you, sir."

Mrs. Marsden now came up, and informed Mrs. Potts in a whisper that the good old lady beside her, was a distant relation or rather connexion of Mr. Marsden's, and that, though a little primitive in appearance and manner, she had considerable property in bank-stock. To Mrs. Marsden's proposal that she should exchange her seat for a very pleasant one in the other room next to her old friend Mrs. Willis, Aunt Quimby replied nothing but "Thank you, I'm doing very well here."

Mrs. and Miss Montague, apparently heeding no one else, had talked nearly the whole evening to each other, but loudly enough to be heard by all around them. The young lady, though dressed as a child, talked like a woman, and she and her mother were now engaged in an argument whether the flirtation of the Duke of Risingham with Lady Georgiana Melbury would end seriously or not. "To my certain knowledge," said Miss Montague, "his Grace has never yet declared himself to Lady Georgiana, or to any one else."—"I'll lay you two to one," said Mrs. Montague, "that he is married to her before we return to England."—"No," replied the daughter, "like all others of his sex he delights in keeping the ladies in suspense."

"What you say, Miss, is very true," said Aunt Quimby, leaning in her turn across Mr. Montague, "and considering how young you are you talk very sensibly. Men certainly have a way of keeping women in suspense, and an unwillingness to answer questions even when we ask them. There's my son-in-law, Billy Fairfowl, that I live with. He married my daughter Mary eleven years ago, the 23d of last April. He's as good a man as ever breathed, and an excellent provider too. He always goes to market himself; and sometimes I can't help blaming him a little for his extravagance. But his greatest fault is his being so unsatisfactory. As far back as last March, as I was sitting at my knitting in the little front parlour with the door open, (for it was quite warm weather for the time of year) Billy Fairfowl came home carrying in his hand a good-sized shad; and I called out to him to ask what he gave for it, for it was the very beginning of the shad season; but he made not a word of answer; he just passed on, and left the shad in the kitchen, and then went to his store. At dinner we had the fish, and a very nice one it was; and I asked him again how much he gave for it, but he still avoided answering, and began to talk of something else; so I thought I'd let it rest awhile. A week or two after, I again asked him; so then he actually said he had forgotten all about it. And to this day I don't know the price of that shad."

The Montagues looked at each other—almost laughed aloud, and drew back their chairs as far from Aunt Quimby as possible. So also did Mrs. Potts. Mrs. Marsden came up in an agony of vexation, and reminded her aunt in a low voice

of the risk of renewing her rheumatism by staying so long between the damp newly-papered walls. The old lady answered aloud—"Oh! you need not fear, I am well wrapped up on purpose. And indeed considering that the parlours were only papered to-day, I think the walls have dried wonderfully, (putting her hand on the paper)—I am sure nobody could find out the damp if they were not told."

"What!" exclaimed the Montagues; "only papered to-day—(starting up and testifying all that prudent fear of taking cold, so characteristic of the English). How barbarous to inveigle us into such a place!"

"I thought I felt strangely chilly all the evening," said Mrs. Potts, whose fan had scarcely been at rest five minutes.

The Montagues proposed going away immediately, and Mrs. Potts declared she was *most* apprehensive for poor little Lafayette. Mrs. Marsden who could not endure the idea of their departing till all the refreshments had been handed round, (the best being yet to come) took great pains to persuade them that there was no real cause of alarm, as she had had large fires all the afternoon. They held a whispered consultation, in which they agreed to stay for the oysters and chicken salad, and Mrs. Marsden went out to send them their shawls, with one for Lafayette.

By this time the secret of the newly-papered walls had spread round both rooms; the conversation now turned entirely on colds and rheumatisms; there was much shivering and considerable coughing, and the demand for shawls increased. However nobody actually went home in consequence.

"Papa," said Miss Montague, "let us all take French leave as soon as the oysters and chicken-salad have gone round."

Albina now came up to Aunt Quimby (gladly perceiving that the old lady looked tired), and proposed that she should return to her chamber, assuring her that the waiters should be punctually sent up to her—"I do not feel quite ready to go yet," replied Mrs. Quimby. "I am very well here. But you need not mind me. Go back to your company, and talk a little to those three poor girls in the yellow frocks that nobody has spoken to yet, except Bromley Cheston. When I am ready to go I shall take French leave, as these English people call it."

But Aunt Quimby's idea of French leave was very different from the usual acceptation of the term; for having always heard that the French were a very polite people, she concluded that their manner of taking leave must be particularly respectful and ceremonious. Therefore, having paid her parting compliments to Mrs. Potts and the Montagues, she walked all round the room, curtsying to every body and shaking hands, and telling them she had come to take French leave. To put an end to this ridiculous scene, Bromley Cheston (who had been on assiduous duty all the evening) now came forward and taking the old lady's arm in his, offered to

escort her up stairs. Aunt Quimby was much flattered by this unexpected civility from the finest looking young man in the room, and she smilingly departed with him, complimenting him on his politeness, and assuring him that he was a real gentleman; trying also to make out the degree of relationship that existed between them.

"So much for Buckingham," said Cheston, as he ran down stairs after depositing the old lady at the door of her room. "Fools of all ranks and of all ages are to me equally intolerable. I never can marry into such a family."

The party went on.

"In the name of heaven, Mrs. Potts," said Mrs. Montague, "what induces you to patronize these people?"

"Why, they are the only tolerable persons in the neighbourhood," answered Mrs. Potts, "and very kind and obliging in their way. I really think Albina a very sweet girl, very sweet indeed: and Mrs. Marsden is rather amiable too, quite amiable. And they are so grateful for any little notice I take of them, that it is really quite affecting. Poor things! how much trouble they have given themselves in getting up this party. They look as if they had had a hard day's work; and I have no doubt they will be obliged, in consequence, to pinch themselves for months to come; for I can assure you their means are very small, very small indeed. As to this intolerable old aunt, I never saw her before, and as there is something rather genteel about Mrs. Marsden and her daughter; rather so at least about Albina; I did not suppose they had any such relations belonging to them. I think, in future, I must confine myself entirely to the aristocracy."

"We deliberated to the last moment," said Mrs. Montague, "whether we would come. But as Mr. Montague is going to write his tour when we return to England, he thinks it expedient to make some sacrifices, for the sake of seeing the varieties of American society."

"Oh! these people are not in society," exclaimed Mrs. Potts eagerly. "I can assure you these Marsdens have not the slightest pretensions to society. Oh! no—I beg of you not to suppose that Mrs. Marsden and her daughter are at all in society."

This conversation was overheard by Bromley Cheston, and it gave him more pain than he was willing to acknowledge, even to himself.

At length all the refreshments had gone their rounds, and the Montagues had taken real French leave; but Mrs. Washington Potts preferred a conspicuous departure, and therefore made her adieux with a view of producing great effect. This was the signal for the company to break up, and Mrs. Marsden gladly smiled them out, while Albina could have said with Gray's Prophetess—

"Now my weary lips I close,
Leave me, leave me to repose."

But, according to Mrs. Marsden, the worst of all was the poet, the professedly eccentric Bewley Garvin Gandy, author of the *World of Sorrow*, *Elegy on a Broken Heart*, *Lines on a*

Suppressed Sigh, *Sonnet to a Hidden Tear*, *Stanzas to Faded Hopes*, &c. &c. and who was just now engaged in a tale called "The Bewildered," and an *Ode to the Waning Moon*, which set him to wandering about the country, and "kept him out o' nights." The poet, not being a man of this world, did not make his appearance at the party till the moment of the bustle occasioned by the exit of Mrs. Washington Potts. He then darted suddenly into the room, and looked wild.

We will not insinuate that he bore any resemblance to Sandy Clark. He certainly wore no chapeau, and his coat was not in the least a la militaire, for it was a dusky brown frock. His collar was open, in the fashion attributed to Byron, and much affected by scribblers who are incapable of imitating the noble bard in any thing but his follies. His hair looked as if he had just been tearing it, and his eyes seemed "in a fine frenzy rolling." He was on his return from one of his moonlight rambles on the banks of the river, and his pantaloons and coat-skirt showed evident marks of having been deep among the cat-tails and splatter-docks that grew in the mud of its margin.

Being a man that took no note of time, he wandered into Mrs. Marsden's house between eleven and twelve o'clock, and remained an hour after the company had gone; reclining at full length on a sofa, and discussing Barry Cornwall and Thomas Haynes Bayley, L. E. L. and Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson. After which he gradually became classical, and poured into the sleepy ears of Mrs. Marsden and Albina a parallel between Tibullus and Propertius, a dissertation on Alcæus and another on Menander.

Bromley Cheston who had been escorting home two sets of young ladies that lived "far as the poles asunder," passed Mrs. Marsden's house on returning to his hotel, and seeing the lights still gleaming, he went in to see what was the matter, and kindly relieved his aunt and cousin by reminding the poet of the lateness of the hour, and "fairly carrying him off."

Aunt Quimby had long since been asleep. But before Mrs. Marsden and Albina could forget themselves in "tir'd nature's sweet restorer," they lay awake for an hour, discussing the fatigues and vexations of the day, and the mortifications of the evening. "After all," said Albina, "this party has cost us five times as much as it is worth, both in trouble and expense, and I really cannot tell what pleasure we have derived from it."

"No one expects pleasure at their own party," replied Mrs. Marsden. "But you may depend on it, this little compliment to Mrs. Washington Potts will prove highly advantageous to us hereafter. And then it is *something* to be the only family in the neighbourhood that could presume to do such a thing."

Next morning, Bromley Cheston received a letter which required his immediate presence in New York on business of importance. When he went to take leave of his aunt and cousin, he

found them busily engaged in the troublesome task of clearing away and putting in order; a task which is nearly equal to that of making the preparations for a party. They looked pale and spiritless, and Mrs. Washington Potts had just sent her three boys to spend the day with them.

When Cheston took Albina's hand at parting, he felt it tremble, and her eyes looked as if they were filling with tears. "After all," thought he, "she is a charming girl, and has both sense and sensibility."—"I am very nervous to-day," said Albina, "the party has been too much for me; and I have in prospect for to-morrow the pain of taking leave of Mrs. Washington Potts, who returns with all her family to Philadelphia."

"Strange infatuation," thought Cheston, as he dropped Albina's hand, and made his parting bow. "I must see more of this girl, before I can resolve to trust my happiness to her keeping; I cannot share her heart with Mrs. Washington Potts. When I return from New York I will talk to her seriously about that ridiculous woman, and I will also remonstrate with her mother on the folly of straining every nerve in the pursuit of what she calls a certain style."

In the afternoon, Mrs. Potts did Albina the honour to send for her to assist in the preparations for to-morrow's removal to town; and in the evening the three boys were all taken home sick, in consequence of having laid violent hands on the fragments of the feast: which fragments they had continued during the day to devour almost without intermission. Also Randolph had thrown Jefferson down stairs, and raised two green bumps on his forehead, and Jefferson had pinched La Fayette's fingers in the door till the blood came; not to mention various minor squabbles and hurts.

At parting, Mrs. Potts went so far as to kiss Albina, and made her promise to let her know immediately, whenever she or her mother came to the city.

In about two weeks, Aunt Quimby finished her visitation: and the day after her departure Mrs. Marsden and Albina went to town to make their purchases for the season, and also with a view towards a party which they knew Mrs. Potts had in contemplation. This time they did not as usual stay with their relations, but they took lodgings at a fashionable boarding-house where they could receive their "great woman," *comme il faut*.

On the morning after their arrival Mrs. Marsden and her daughter, in their most costly dresses, went to visit Mrs. Potts that she might be apprised of their arrival; and they found her in a spacious house, expensively and ostentatiously furnished. After they had waited till even *their* patience was nearly exhausted, Mrs. Potts came down stairs to them, but there was evidently a great abatement in her affability. She seemed uneasy, looked frequently towards the door, got up several times and went to the window, and appeared fidgetty when the bell rung. At last there came in two very flaunting ladies, whom

Mrs. Potts received as if she considered them people of consequence. They were not introduced to the Marsdens, who after the entrance of these new visitors sat awhile in the pitiable situation of cyphers, and then took their leave. "Strange," said Mrs. Marsden, "that she did not say a word of her party."

Three days after their visit, Mrs. Washington Potts left cards for Mrs. and Miss Marsden, without enquiring if they were at home. And they heard from report that her party was fixed for the week after next, and that it was expected to be very splendid, as it was to introduce her daughter who had just quitted boarding-school. The Marsdens had seen this young lady, who had spent the August holidays with her parents. She was as silly as her mother, and as dull as her father in the eyes of all who were not blindly determined to think her otherwise, or who did not consider it particularly expedient to uphold all of the name of Potts.

At length they heard that the invitations were going out for Mrs. Potts's party, and that though very large it was not to be general; which meant that only one or two of the members were to be selected from each family with whom Mrs. Potts thought proper to acknowledge an acquaintance. From this moment Mrs. Marsden, who at the best of times had never really been treated with much respect by Mrs. Potts, gave up all hope of an invitation for herself; but she counted certainly on one for Albina, and every ring at the door was expected to bring it. There were many rings but no invitation, and poor Albina, and her mother took turns in watching at the window.

At last Bogle was seen to come up the steps with a handful of notes; and Albina, regardless of all rule, ran to the front-door herself. They were cards for a party, but not Mrs. Potts's, and were intended for two other ladies that lodged in the house.

Every time that Albina went out and came home, she enquired anxiously of all the servants if no note had been left for her. Still there was none. And her mother still insisted that the note *must* have come, but had been mislaid afterwards, or that Bogle had lost it in the street.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday passed over, and still no invitation. Mrs. Marsden talked much of the carelessness of servants, and had no doubt of the habitual negligence of Messrs. Bogle, Shepherd, and other "fashionable party-men." Albina was almost sick with "hope deferred." At last, when she came home on Monday morning from Second street, her mother met her at the door with a delighted face, and showed her the long-desired note, which had just been brought by Mrs. Potts's own man. The party was to take place in two days: and so great was now Albina's happiness, that she scarcely felt the fatigue of searching the shops for articles of attire that were very elegant and yet not *too* expensive; and shopping with a limited purse is certainly no trifling exercise both of mind and body; so also is the task of going round among fashionable mantua-makers in the

hope of coaxing one of them to undertake a dress at a short notice.

Next morning, Mrs. Potts sent for Albina immediately after breakfast, and told her that as she knew her to be very clever at all sorts of things, she wanted her to stay that day and assist in the preparations for the next. Mrs. Potts, like many other people who live in showy houses and dress extravagantly, was very economical in servants. She gave such low wages that none would come to her who could get places any where else, and she kept them on such limited allowance that none would stay with her who were worth having.

Fools, are seldom consistent in their expenditure. They generally (to use a homely expression) strain at gnats and swallow camels.

About noon Albina having occasion to consult Mrs. Potts concerning something that was to be done, found her in the front parlour with Mrs. and Miss Montague. After Albina had left the room, Mrs. Montague said to Mrs. Potts—"Is not that the girl that lives with her mother at the place on the river, I forget what you call it?—I mean the niece of the aunt."

"That is Albina Marsden," replied Mrs. Potts.

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Montague, "the people that made so great an exertion to give you a sort of party, and honoured Mr. and Miss Montague and myself with invitations."

"She's not to be here to-morrow night, I hope!" exclaimed Miss Montague.

"Really," replied Mrs. Potts, "I could do no less than ask her. The poor thing, did her very best to be civil to us all last summer."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Montague, "in the country one is willing sometimes to take up with such company as we should be very sorry to acknowledge in town. You assured me that your party to-morrow night would be extremely *recherchee*. And as it is so early in the season, you know that it is necessary to be more particular now than at the close of the campaign, when every one is tired of parties and unwilling to get new evening dresses lest they should be out of fashion before they are wanted again. Excuse me, I speak only from what I have heard of American customs."

"I am always particular about my parties," said Mrs. Potts.

"A word in your ear," continued Mrs. Montague. "Is it not impolitic, or rather are you not afraid to bring forward so beautiful a girl as this Miss Martin on the very night of your own daughter's debut?"

Mrs. Potts looked alarmed for a moment, and then recovering herself said—"I have no fear of Miss Harriet Angelina Potts being thrown in the shade by a little country girl like this. Albina Marsden is pretty enough, to be sure—at least, rather pretty—but then there is a certain style—a certain air which she of course—in short, a certain style—"

"As to what you call a certain style," said Mrs. Montague, "I do not know exactly what you mean. If it signifies the air and manner of

a lady, this Miss Martin has as much of it as any other American girl. To me they are all nearly alike. I cannot distinguish those minute shades of difference that you all make such a point of. In my unpractised eyes the daughters of your mechanics and shopkeepers look as well and behave as well as the daughters of your lawyers and doctors, for I find your nobility is chiefly made up of these two professions, with the addition of a few merchants; and you call every one a merchant that does not sell his commodities by the single yard or the single quart."

"Mamma," whispered Miss Montague, "if that girl is to be here I don't wish to come. I can't endure her."

"Take my advice," continued Mrs. Montague to Mrs. Potts, "and put off this Miss Martin. If she was not so strikingly handsome, she might pass unnoticed in the crowd. But her beauty will attract general observation, and you will be obliged to tell exactly who she is, where you picked her up, and to give or to hear an account of her family and all her connexions; and from the specimen we have had in the old aunt, I doubt if they will bear a very minute scrutiny. So if she is invited, endeavour to uninvite her."

"I am sure I would willingly do that," replied Mrs. Potts, "but I can really think of no excuse."

"Oh! send her a note to-morrow," answered Mrs. Montague, carelessly, and rising to depart, "any thing or nothing, so that you only signify to her that she is not to come."

All day Mrs. Potts was revolving in her mind the most feasible means of preventing Albina from appearing at her party; and her conscience smote her when she saw the unsuspecting girl so indefatigable in assisting with the preparations. Before Albina went home, Mrs. Potts had come to the conclusion to follow Mrs. Montague's advice, but she shrunk from the task of telling her so in person. She determined to send her, next morning, a concise note, politely requesting her not to come; and she intended afterwards to call on her and apologize, on the plea of her party being by no means general, but still so large that every inch of room was an object of importance; also that the selection consisted entirely of persons well known to each other and accustomed to meet in company, and that there was every reason to fear that her gentle and modest friend Albina would have been unable to enjoy herself among so many strangers, &c. &c. These excuses, she knew were very flimsy, but she trusted to Albina's good nature, and she thought she could smooth off all by inviting both her and her mother to a sociable tea.

Next morning, Mrs. Potts who was on no occasion very ready with her pen, considering that she professed to be *au fait* to every thing, employed near an hour in manufacturing the following note to Albina.

"Mrs. Washington Potts' compliments to Miss Marsden, and she regrets being under the necessity of dispensing with Miss M.'s company to join the social circle at her mansion-house this

evening. Mrs. W. P. will explain hereafter, hoping Mrs. and Miss M. are both well. Mr. W. P. requests his respects to both ladies, as well as Miss Potts, and their favourite little Lafayette desires his best love."

This billet arrived while Albina had gone to her mantua-maker to have her new dress fitted on for the last time. Her mother opened the note and read it; a liberty which no parent should take with the correspondence of a grown-up daughter. Mrs. Marsden was shocked at its contents, and at a loss to guess the motive of so strange an interdiction. At first her only emotion was resentment against Mrs. Potts. Then she thought of the disappointment and mortification of poor Albina, whom she pictured to herself passing a forlorn evening at home, perhaps crying in her own room. Next, she recollected the elegant new dress in which Albina would have looked so beautifully, and which would now be useless.

"Oh!" soliloquized Mrs. Marsden, "what a pity this unaccountable note was not dropped and lost in the street. But then, of course some one would have found and read it, and that would have been worse than all. How could Mrs. Potts be guilty of such abominable rudeness, as to desire poor Albina not to come, after she had been invited. But great people think they may do any thing. I wish the note had fallen into the fire before it came to my hands; then Albina would have known nothing of it; she would have gone to the party, looking more charmingly than ever she did in her life; and she would be seen there, and admired, and make new acquaintances, and Mrs. Potts could do no otherwise than behave to her politely in her own house. Nobody would know of this vile billet, which perhaps after all is only a joke, and Mrs. Potts would suppose that of course Albina had not received it; besides I have no doubt that Mrs. Potts will send for her to-morrow, and make a satisfactory explanation. But then, to-night, if Albina could only get there to-night. What harm can possibly arrive from my not showing her the note till to-morrow. Why should the dear girl be deprived of all the pleasure she anticipated this evening. And even if she expected no enjoyment whatever, still how great will be the advantage of having her seen at Mrs. Washington Potts's select party; it will at once get her on in the world. Of course Mrs. Potts will conclude that the note miscarried, and will treat her as if it had never been sent. I am really most strongly tempted to suppress it, and let Albina go."

The more Mrs. Marsden thought of this project the less objectionable it appeared to her. When she saw Albina come home delighted with her new dress which fitted her exactly, and when she heard her impatiently wishing that evening was come, this weak and ill-judging mother could not resolve (as she afterwards said) to dash all her pleasant anticipations to the ground and demolish her castles in the air. "My daughter shall be happy to-night," thought she, "whatever may be the event of to-morrow." She hastily

concealed the note, and kept her resolution of not mentioning it to Albina.

Evening came, and Albina's beautiful hair was arranged and decorated by a fashionable French barber. She was drest, and she looked charmingly.

Albina knew that Mrs. Potts had sent an invitation to the United States Hotel for Lieutenant Cheston, who was daily expected but had not yet returned from New York, and she regretted much that she could not go to the party under his escort. She knew no one else of the company, and she had no alternative but to send for a carriage and proceeded thither by herself, after her mother had dispatched repeated messages to the hotel to know if Mr. Cheston had yet arrived, for he was certainly expected back that evening.

As Albina drove to the house, she felt all the terrors of diffidence coming upon her, and already repented that she had ventured on this enterprize alone. On arriving, she did not go into the ladies' room but gave her hood and cloak at once to a servant, and tremulously requested another attendant to inform Mr. Potts that a lady wished to see him. Mr. Potts accordingly came out into the hall, and looked surprized at finding Albina there, for he had heard his wife and daughter talking of the note of interdiction. But concluding, as he often did, that it was in vain for him to try to comprehend the proceedings of women, he thought it best to say nothing.

On Albina requesting him to accompany her on her entrance, he gave her his arm in silence, and with a very perplexed face escorted her into the principal room. As he led her up to his wife, his countenance gradually changed from perplexity to something like fright. Albina paid her compliments to Mrs. Potts, who received her with evident amazement, and without replying. Mrs. Montague, who sat next to the lady of the mansion, opened still wider her immense eyes, and then "to make assurance doubly sure" applied her opera-glass. Miss Montague first stared, and then laughed.

Albina, much disconcerted, turned to look for a seat; Mr. Potts having withdrawn his arm. As she retired to the only vacant chair, she heard a half whisper running along the line of ladies, and though she could not distinguish the words so as to make any connected sense of them, she felt that they alluded to her.

"Can I believe my eyes?" said Mrs. Potts.

"The assurance of American girls is astonishing," said Mrs. Montague.

"She was forbidden to come," said Miss Montague to a young lady beside her. "Mrs. Potts herself forbade her to come."

"She was actually prohibited," resumed Mrs. Montague leaning over to Mrs. Jones.

"I sent her myself a note of prohibition," said Mrs. Potts leaning over to Mrs. Smith. "I had serious objections to having her here."

"I never saw such downright impudence," pursued Mrs. Montague. "This I suppose is one of the consequences of the liberty, and freedom and independence that you Americans are

always talking about. I must tell Mr. Montague, for really this is too good to lose."

And beckoning her husband to come to her—"My dear," said she, "put down in your memorandum-book, that when American married ladies invite young ladies to parties, they on second thoughts forbid them to come, and that the said American young ladies boldly persist in coming, in spite of the forbiddance."

And she then related to him the whole affair, at full length, and with numerous embellishments, looking all the time at poor Albina.

The story was soon circulated round the room in whispers and murmurs, and no one had candour or kindness to suggest the possibility of Miss Marsden's having never received the note.

Albina soon perceived herself to be an object of remark and animadversion, and she was sadly at a loss to divine the cause. The two ladies that were nearest to her, rose up and left their seats, while two others edged their chairs farther off. She knew no one, she was introduced to no one, but she saw that every one was looking at her as she sat by herself, alone, conspicuous, and abashed. Tea was waiting for a lady that came always last, and the whole company seemed to have leisure to gaze on poor Albina and to whisper about her.

Her situation now became intolerable. She felt that there was nothing left for her but to go home. Unluckily she had ordered the carriage at eleven o'clock. At last she resolved on making a great effort, and on plea of a violent headache (a plea which by this time was literally true) to ask Mrs. Potts if she would allow a servant to bring a coach for her.

After several attempts, she rose for this purpose; but she saw at the same moment that all eyes were turned upon her. She tremblingly and with downcast looks advanced till she got into the middle of the room, and then all her courage deserted her at once, when she heard some one say "I wonder what she is going to do next."

She stopped suddenly, and stood motionless, and she saw Miss Potts giggle, and heard her say to a school-girl near her—"I suppose she is going to speak a speech." She turned very pale, and felt as if she could gladly sink into the floor, when suddenly some one took her hand, and the voice of Bromley Cheston said to her—"Albina—Miss Marsden—I will conduct you wherever you wish to go"—and then lowering his tone, he asked her—"Why this agitation—what has happened to distress you?"

Cheston had just arrived from New York, having been detained on the way by an accident that happened to one of the boats, and finding that Mrs. Marsden was in town, and had that day sent several messages for him, he repaired immediately to her lodgings. He had intended declining the invitation of Mrs. Potts, but when he found that Albina had gone thither, he hastily changed his dress and went to the party. When he entered, what was his amazement to see her

standing alone in the centre of the room, and the company whispering and gazing at her.

Albina on hearing the voice of a friend, the voice of Bromley Cheston, was completely overcome, and she covered her face and burst into tears. "Albina," said Cheston, "I will not now ask an explanation; I see that, whatever may have happened, you had best go home."—"Oh! most gladly, most thankfully," she exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate with sobs. Cheston drew her arm within his and bowing to Mrs. Potts, he led Albina out of the apartment, and conducted her to the staircase, whence she went to the ladies' room to compose herself a little, and prepare for her departure.

Cheston then sent one servant for a carriage, and another to tell Mr. Potts that he desired to speak with him in the hall. Potts came out with a pale frightened face, and said—"Indeed, sir—indeed, I had nothing to do with it; ask the women. It was all them entirely. It was the women that laughed at Miss Albina and whispered about her."

"For what?" demanded the lieutenant. "I insist on knowing for what cause."

"Why sir," replied Potts, "she came here to my wife's party, after Mrs. Potts had sent her a note desiring her to stay away; which was certainly an odd thing for a young lady to do."

"There is some mistake," exclaimed Cheston, "I'll stake my life that she never saw the note. And now, for what reason did Mrs. Potts write such a note? How did she dare—"

"Oh!" replied Potts stammering and hesitating, "women will have their notions; men are not half so particular about their company. Somehow, after Mrs. Potts had invited Miss Albina, she thought on farther consideration that poor Miss Albina was not quite genteel enough for her party. You know all the women now make a great point of being genteel. But, indeed, sir, (observing the storm that was gathering on Cheston's brow) indeed, sir—I was not in the least to blame. It was altogether the fault of my wife."

The indignation of the lieutenant was so highly excited, that nothing could have checked it but the recollection that Potts was in his own house. At this moment Albina came down stairs, and Cheston took her hand and said to her—"Albina did you receive a note from Mrs. Potts interdicting your presence at the party."—"Oh! no, indeed!" exclaimed Albina, amazed at the question. "Surely she did not send me such a note."—"Yes, she did though," said Potts quickly.—"Is it then necessary for me to say," said Albina indignantly, "that under those circumstances nothing could have induced me to enter this house, now or ever. I saw or heard nothing of this note. And is this the reason that I have been treated so rudely—so cruelly—"

Upon this Mr. Potts made his escape, and Cheston having put Albina into the carriage, desired the coachman to wait a few moments. He then returned to the drawing-room, and approached Mrs. Potts who was standing with half

the company collected round her, and explaining with great volubility the whole history of Albina Marsden. On the appearance of Cheston she stopped short, and all her auditors looked foolish.

The young officer advanced into the centre of the circle, and first addressing Mrs. Potts, he said to her—"In justice to Miss Marsden, I have returned madam, to inform you that your note of interdiction, with which you have so kindly made all the company acquainted, was till this moment unknown to that young lady. But even had she come wilfully, and in the full knowledge of your prohibition, no circumstances whatever could justify the rudeness with which I find she has been treated. I have now only to say that if any gentleman presumes either here or hereafter to cast a reflection on the conduct of Miss Albina Marsden, in this or in any other instance, he must answer to me for the consequences. And if I find that any lady has invidiously misrepresented this occurrence, I shall insist on an atonement from her husband, her brother or her admirer."

He then bowed and departed, and the company looked still more foolish.

"This lesson," thought Cheston, "will have the salutary effect of curing Albina of her predominant follies. She is a lovely girl after all, and when withdrawn from the influence of her mother will make a charming woman and an excellent wife."

Before the carriage stopped at the residence of Mrs. Marsden, Cheston had made Albina an offer of his heart and hand, and the offer was not refused.

Mrs. Marsden was scarcely surprised at the earliness of Albina's return from the party, for she had a secret misgiving that all was not right, that the suppression of the note would not eventuate well, and she bitterly regretted having done it. When her daughter related to her the story of the evening, Mrs. Marsden was overwhelmed with compunction, and though Cheston was present, she could not refrain from acknowledging at once her culpability, for it certainly deserved no softer name. Cheston and Albina were shocked at this disclosure, but in compassion to Mrs. Marsden they forbore to add to her distress by a single comment. Cheston shortly after took his leave, saying to Albina as he departed—"I hope you are done for ever with Mrs. Washington Potts."

Next morning, Cheston seriously but kindly expostulated with Albina and her mother on the folly and absurdity of sacrificing their comfort, their time, their money, and indeed their self-respect to the paltry distinction of being capriciously noticed by a few vain silly heartless people, inferior to themselves in every thing but in wealth and in a slight tincture of soi-disant fashion; and who, after all, only took them on or threw them off as it suited their own convenience.

"What you say is very true, Bromley," replied Mrs. Marsden. "I begin to view these things in their proper light, and as Albina remarks, we ought to profit by this last lesson. To

tell the exact truth, I have heard since I came to town that Mrs. Washington Potts is, after all, by no means in the first circle, and it is whispered that she and her husband are both of very low origin."

"No matter for her circle or her origin," said Cheston, "in our country the only acknowledged distinction should be that which is denoted by superiority of mind and manners."

Next day Lieutenant Cheston escorted Mrs. Marsden and Albina back to their own home—and a week afterwards he was sent unexpectedly on a cruise in the West Indies.

He returned in the spring, and found Mrs. Marsden more rational than he had ever known her, and Albina highly improved by a judicious course of reading which he had marked out for her, and still more by her intimacy with a truly genteel, highly talented, and very amiable family from the eastward, who had recently bought a house in the village, and in whose society she often wondered at the infatuation which had led her to fancy such a woman as Mrs. Washington Potts, with whom, of course, she never had any farther communication.

A recent and very large bequest to Bromley Cheston from a distant relation, made it no longer necessary that the young lieutenant should wait for promotion before he married Albina; and accordingly their union took place immediately on his return.

Before the Montagues left Philadelphia to prosecute their journey to the south, there arrived an acquaintance of theirs from England, who injudiciously "told the secrets of his prison-house," and made known in whispers "not loud but deep," that Mr. Dudley Montague, of Normancourt Park, Hants, (alias Mr. John Wilkins of Lamb's Conduit street, Clerkenwell,) had long been well-known in London as a reporter for a newspaper: that he had recently married a widow, the *ci-devant* governess of a Somers Town Boarding-school, who had drawn her ideas of fashionable life from the columns of the Morning Post, and who famished her pupils so much to her own profit that she had been able to retire on a sort of fortune. With the assistance of this fund, she and her daughter (the young lady was in reality the offspring of her mother's first marriage) had accompanied Mr. Wilkins across the Atlantic: all three assuming the lordly name of Montague, as one well calculated to strike the republicans with proper awe. The truth was, that for a suitable consideration proffered by a tory publisher, the soi-disant Mr. Montague had undertaken to add another octavo to the numerous volumes of gross misrepresentation and real ignorance that profess to contain an impartial account of the United States of America.

"Celibacy," says Doctor Franklin, "greatly lessens a man's value. An old volume of a set of books, bears not the value of its proportion to the set.—What think you of an odd half pair of scissors? It can't well cut any thing; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher."

THE ACACIA TREE,

EMBLEM OF DOMESTIC BEAUTY.

TINTS of the white, the golden, and the red rose, are beautifully intermingled with rich blossoms of the Acacia. It is found in the most retired places, and it blooms the fairest in the solitary grove: and pines away in the gay garden and crowded parterre. Nourmahal sings:

"Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The *Acacia* waves her yellow hair;
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less,
For flowering in the wilderness—
They come—thy Arab maid will be
Thy loved and lone *Acacia* tree."

There could be no fitter emblem of a modest woman, flourishing in the retirement of home, secluded from the vanities of a "crowded life," and adorning with her bloom the abode of domestic affection.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE cemetery in which the ashes of these renowned lovers jointly reposed (at Verona,) was long since destroyed by the falling of a thunder-bolt into an adjoining magazine of combustibles; and the stone coffin in which Juliet was placed by the friar after she had swallowed the sleeping draught, is the only relic now to be seen. It is marked by a sinking for the head, two holes for the admission of air, and a place for the reception of a lighted taper, which it is still the custom to fix beside a corpse. Till within the last few years it was placed within the site of the cemetery which had contained the actual tomb; but in consequence of the many depredations committed by those who in the night-time scaled the walls for the purpose of carrying away a chip of the love-stone, it was removed to a yard close by—a safe but not worthy place.

TO A BUTTERFLY NEAR A TOMB.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I stoon where the lip of Song lay low,
Where the dust was heavy on Beauty's brow;
Where stillness hung on the heart of Love,
And a marble weeper kept watch above.

I stood in the silence of lonely thought,
While Song and Love in my own soul wrought;
Though each unwhisper'd, each dimm'd with fear,
Each but a banish'd spirit here.

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance by,
Child of the Sunshine, young Butterfly!
Thou that dost bear, on thy fairy wing,
No burden of inborn suffering!

Thou wert flitting past that solemn tomb,
Over a bright world of joy and bloom;
And strangely I felt, as I saw thee shine,
The all that sever'd *thy* life and mine.

Mine, with its hidden mysterious things,
Of Love and Grief, its unsounded springs,
And quick thoughts, wandering o'er earth and sky,
With voices to question Eternity!

Thine on its reckless and glancing way,
Like an embodied breeze at play!
Child of the Sunshine, thou wing'd and free,
One moment—one moment—I envied thee!

Thou art not lonely, though born to roam,
Thou hast no longings that pine for home;
Thou seek'st not the haunts of the bee and the bird,
To fly from the sickness of Hope deferr'd.

In thy brief being no strife of mind,
No boundless passion, is deeply shrined;
But I—as I gazed on thy swift flight by,
One hour of *my* soul seem'd Infinity!

Yet, ere I turned from that silent place,
Or ceased from watching thy joyous race,
Thou, even *Thou*, on those airy wings,
Did'st waft me visions of brighter things!

Thou, that dost image the freed soul's birth,
And its flight away o'er the mists of earth,
Oh! fitly *Thou* shinest mid flowers that rise
Round the dark chamber where Genius lies!

THE LONGEST DAY.

BY WORDSWORTH.

SUMMER ebbs;—each that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In his providence assign'd
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapp'd in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space, and number;
Look towards eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river,
On whose breast are thither borne,
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn;

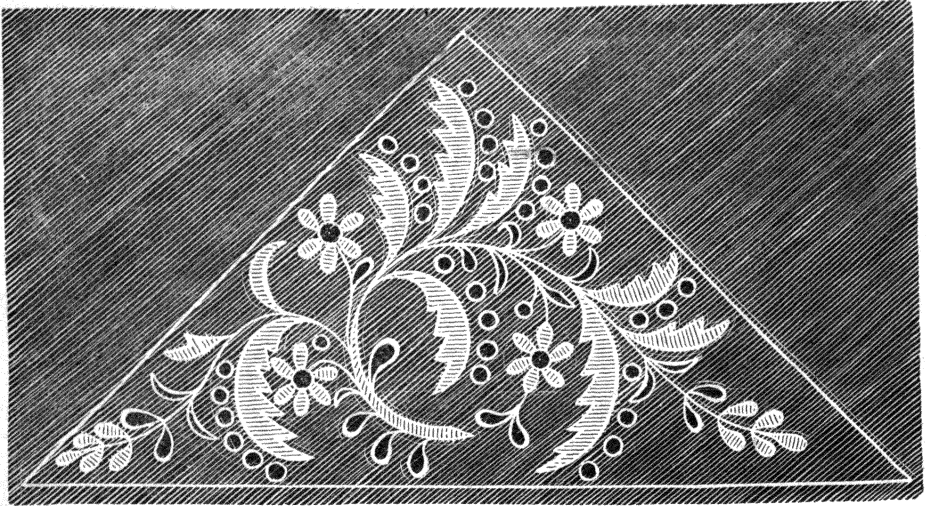
Through the year's successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,
When his light returns from far.

Thus when Thou with Time hast travell'd
Towards the misty gulf of things,
And the mazy stream unravell'd
With thy best imaginings;

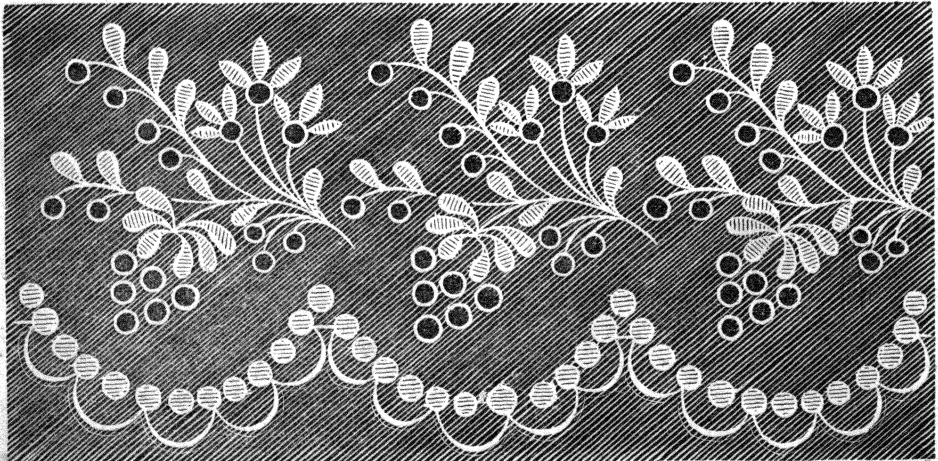
Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meaneast,
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown:
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While thy brow youth's roses crown.

EMBROIDERY.



FANCY PATTERN.



DRESS PATTERN.

THE PANDOUR AND HIS PRINCESS.

A HUNGARIAN SKETCH.

"WHAT is the day's news? Tell me something, my dear Colonel, for I am dying of *ennui*," said the showy Prince Charles of Buntzlau, one of the handsomest men about the court, and incomparably the greatest coxcomb.

"Not much more than yesterday," was the answer of Colonel the Baron Von Herbert. "The world goes on pretty much the same as ever. We have an Emperor, five Electors, and fifty sovereign princes, in Presburg; men eat, drink, and sleep notwithstanding; and until there is some change in those points, one day will not differ much from another to the end of the world."

"My dear Colonel," said the Prince, smoothing down the blackest and longest pair of mustaches in the imperial cuirassiers, "you seem to think little of *us*, the blood, the *couronnes*, the salt of the earth, who preserve Germany from being as vulgar as Holland. But I forget; you have a partiality for the *gens du peuple*."

• "Pardon me, Prince," said Herbert, with a smile, "I pity them infinitely, and wish that they might exchange with the Landgraves and Margraves, with all my heart. I have no doubt that the change would often be advantageous to both, for I have seen many a prince of the empire who would make a capital ploughman, while he made but a very clumsy prince; and I have, at this moment, three prodigiously high personages, commanding three troops in my regiment, whom nature palpably intended to clean their own horses' heels, and who, I charitably believe, might, by dint of drilling and half-a-dozen years' practice, make three decent dragoons."

"Just as you please, Colonel," said the Prince, "but beware of letting your private opinion go forth. Leopold is one of the new light, I allow, and loves a philosopher; but he is an Emperor still, and expects all his philosophers to be of his own opinion.—But here comes Collini."

Collini was his Italian valet, who came to inform his highness that it was time for him to pay his respects to the Princess of Marosin. This Italian's principal office was, to serve his master in place of a memory—to recognize his acquaintance for him as he drove through the streets—and to tell him when to see and when to be blind. The Prince looked at his diamond watch, started from the sofa, gave himself a congratulatory glance in a mirror, and, turning to Collini, asked, "When am I to be married to the Princess?"

"Poh, Prince," interrupted the Colonel, with something of disdain, "this is too absurd. Send this grimacing fellow about his business, and make love on your own account, if you will; or if not, choose some woman, whose beauty and virtue, or whose want of them both, will not be dishonoured by such trifling."

"You then actually think *her* worth the attentions of a Prince of the Empire?" said the hand-

some coxcomb, as, with one finger curling his mustaches, he again, and more deliberately, surveyed himself in the mirror.

"I think the Princess of Marosin worthy of the attentions of any king on earth," said the Baron, emphatically; "she is worthy of a throne, if beauty, intelligence, and dignity of mind, can make her worthy of one."

The Prince stared. "My dear Colonel!" he exclaimed, "may I half presume you have been speculating on the lady yourself? But I can assure you it is in vain. The Princess is a woman; and allowing, as I do," and this he said with a Parisian bow, that bow which is the very language of superiority, "the infinite pre-eminence of the Baron Von Herbert in every thing, the circumstance of her being a woman, and my being a Prince, is prodigiously in my favour."

The Baron had involuntarily laid his hand upon his sword at the commencement of this speech, but the conclusion disarmed him. He had no right to quarrel with any man for his own good opinion, and he amused himself by contemplating the Prince, who continued arranging his mustaches. The sound of a trumpet put an end to the conference.

"Well, Prince, the trumpet sounds for parade," said the Baron, "and I have not time to discuss so extensive a subject as your perfections. But take my parting information with you. I am not in love with the lady, nor the lady with me; her one-and-twenty, and my one-and-fifty, are sufficient reasons on both sides. You are not in love with the lady neither, and—I beg of you to hear the news like a hero—the lady is *not* in love with you. For the plain reason, that so showy a figure cannot possibly be in love with any thing but itself; and the Princess *is*, I will venture to say, too proud to share a heart with a bottle of lavender water, a looking-glass, and a poodle."

The Prince raised his eye-brows, but Von Herbert proceeded. "Buntzlau will be without a female sovereign, and its very accomplished Prince will remain to the last, the best dressed bachelor in Vienna. *Au revoir*. I see my Pandours on parade."

Von Herbert and the Prince parted with mutual smiles.—But the Prince's were of the sardonic order; and, after another contemplation of his features, which seemed, unaccountably, to be determined to disappoint him for the day, he rang for Collini, examined a new packet of uniforms, bijouterie, and otto of roses, from Paris, and was closeted with him for two profound hours.

* * * * *

A forest untouched since the flood overhung the road, and a half-ruined huge dwelling.

"Have the patrol passed?"

"Within the last five minutes."

"I wish them at the bottom of the river: they cost me a Turkish carbine, a brace of diamond watches, as I'll be sworn, from the showy fellow that I levelled at, with the valise behind his courier, scented enough to perfume a forest of brown bears."

"Hang those Hulans," was the answer. "Ever since the Emperor's arrival, they have done nothing but gallop about, putting honest men than themselves in fear of their lives, and cutting up our employment so woefully, that it is impossible to make money enough on the road to give a decent education to one's children. But here comes the captain. We shall now have some news. Speranski never makes his appearance, unless something is in the wind."

This dialogue passed between two Transylvanian pedlars, if a judgment were to be formed from their blue caps, brown cloaks, and the packs strapped to their shoulders. A narrower inspection might have discovered within those cloaks the little heads of a pair of short scimitars; their trowers would have displayed to the curious the profile of two horse pistols, and their boots developed a pair of those large bladed knives, which the Hungarian robber uses, alike to slice away the trunks of the britchska, to cut the harness of the horse, the throat of the rider, and carve his own sheep's milk cheese.

The captain came in, a tall bold figure, in the dress of an innkeeper. He flung a purse upon the table, and ordered supper. The pedlars disburdened themselves of their boxes, kindled a fire on a hearth, which seemed guiltless of having administered to the wants of mankind for many a wild year; produced from an unsuspected storehouse under the floor some dried venison, and the paws of a bear, preserved in the most luxurious style of Hungarian cookery; decorated their table even with some pieces of plate, which, though evidently of different fashions, gave proof of their having been under noble roofs, by their armorial bearings and workmanship, though the rest of their history did not lie altogether so much in high life; and in a few minutes the captain, throwing off his innkeeper hat and drab-coloured coat, half sat, half lay down to a supper worthy of an Emperor, or of a man who generally sups much better, an imperial commissary.

The whole party were forest robbers; the thing must be confessed. But the spirit of the country prevailed even under the rotting roof of "the Ghost's house,"—the ominous name which this old and ruinous, though still stately mansion, had earned among the peasantry. The name did not exactly express the fact; for, when tenanted at all, it was tenanted by any thing rather than ghosts; by some dozens of rough, raw-boned, bold, and hard-living fellows—as solid specimens of flesh and blood as had ever sent a shot right in front of the four horses of a courier's cabriolet, or had brought to a full stop, scimitar in hand, the heyducs and chasseurs, the shivering valets and frightened postilions of a court chamberlain, whirling along the Vienna road with six to his britchska.

Etiquette was preserved at this supper. The inferior plunderers waited on the superior. Captain Speranski ate his meal alone, and in solemn silence. The pedlars watched his nod; filled out the successive goblets at a glance, and, having performed their office, watched, at a respectful distance, the will of the man of authority. A silver chime announced the hour of ten. One of the pedlars drew aside a fragment of a ragged shawl, which covered one of the most superb *pendules* of the Palais Royal.

If the Apollo who sat harping in gold upon its styliadote, could have given words to his melodies, he might have told a curious narrative; for he had already seen a good deal of the various world of adventure. Since his first transit from the magnificent Horlogerie of M. Sismond, of all earthly watchmakers the most renowned, this Apollo had first sung to the world and his sister Muses, in the chamber of the unlucky Prince de Soubise. The fates of France had next transferred him, with the Prince's camp plate, dispatches, secret orders, and military chest, into the hands of a regiment of Prussian hussars, at the memorable battle of Rosbach, that modern "battle of the Spurs." But the Prussian Colonel was either too much or too little a lover of the arts to keep Apollo and the Nine all to himself; and the *pendule* next rang its silver notes over the Roulette table of the most brilliant of Parisian opera-dancers, transferred from the *salle* of the *Academie* to the Grand Comedie at Berlin. But roulette, wheel of Plutus as it is, is sometimes the wheel of fortune; and the fair La Pirouette, in spite of the patronage of the court and the nation, found that she must, like Generals and monarchs, submit to fate, and part with her brilliant superfluities. The *pendule* fled from her Parian mantel-piece, and its chimes were thenceforth to awake the eyelids of the handsomest woman in Hungary, the Countess Lublin nee Joblonsky, memorable for her beauty, her skill at *loto*, and the greatest profusion of rouge since the days of Philip Augustus. Its history now drew to a close. It had scarcely excited the envy of all the countesses of her circle, and, of course, become invaluable to the fair Joblonsky, when it disappeared. A reward of ten times its value was instantly offered. The Princess of Marosin, the arbiter of all elegance, who had once expressed her admiration of its taste, was heard to regret its loss as a specimen of foreign art. The undone proprietor was only still more undone; for of all beauties, living or dead, she most hated the Princess, blooming, youthful, and worshipped as she was, to the infinite detriment of all the fading Joblonskys of the creation. But no reward could bring it back. This one source of triumph was irrecoverably gone; and from Presburg to Vienna, all was conjecture, conversation, and consternation. So ended the court history of the *pendule*.

When the repast was fully over, Speranski, pouring out a glass of Tokay from a bottle which bore the impress of the Black Eagle of the House of Hapsburg, and which had evidently been

arrested on its road to the Emperor's table, ordered one of the pedlars to give him the papers, "which," said he, with a smile, "that Turkish courier *mislaïd* where he slept last night." A small packet was handed to him;—he perused it over and over with a vigilant eye, but it was obvious, without any of the results which he expected; for, after a few minutes' pause, during which he examined every part of the case in which they were enclosed, he threw the letters aside.—"What," said he, in a disappointed tone, "was to be expected from those opium-eaters? Yet they are shrewd in generation, and the scandals of the harem, the propitious day for shaving the Sultan's head, the lucky star for combing his illustrious beard, or the price of a dagger-hilt, are as good topics as any that pass in our own diplomacy. Here, Sturmwold, put back this circumcised nonsense into its case, and send it, do you hear, by one of our *own* couriers, to the Turkish secretary at Vienna; let it be thrown on his pillow, or tied to his turban, just as you please; but, at all events, we must not do the business like a clumsy cabinet messenger. Now, begone, and you, Heinrich, hand me the Turk's Meersch-chaum."

The bandit brought him a very handsome pipe, which, he said, would probably be more suited to the Turk's tobacco, of which he had deposited a box upon the table. Speranski took the pipe, but, at his first experiment, he found the neck obstructed. His quick conception ascertained the point at once. Cutting the wood across, he found a long roll of paper within. He glanced over its contents, instantly sprang up, ordered the attendance of half a dozen of "his friends," on horseback, looked to the priming of his pistols, and galloped off through the forest.

* * * * *

On the evening of one of the most sultry days of July, and in one of the most delicious yet most lonely spots of the Carpathian hills, a trampling of hoofs and a jingling of horse-furniture, and a confusion of loud and dissonant voices, announced that strangers were at hand. The sounds told true, for, gradually emerging from the glade covered with terebinth trees, wild vines, that hung their rich and impenetrable folds over elms, hazels, and cypress, like draperies of green and brown silk over the pillars of some Oriental palace, came a long train of sumpter mules, led horses, and Albanian grooms; next came a more formidable group of horsemen, the body-guards of the Hospodar of Moldavia, sent to escort Mohammed Ali Hunkiar, the Moslem Ambassador, through the Bannat; and then came, seated on the Persian charger, given him from the stables of the Padishah, the brother of the sun and the father of the moon, Sultan Selim, the most mighty, a little bitter-visaged old Turk, with the crafty countenance of the hereditary hunchbacks of the great city of the faithful. Nothing could be more luxurious than the hour, the golden sunset; nothing lovelier than its light streaming in a thousand rays, shifts and shapes of inimitable lustre through the blooms and foliage of the huge ravine;

and nothing less lovely or more luxurious than the little old ambassador, who had earned his elevation from a cobbler's stall to the Divan, by his skill in cutting off heads, and had now earned his appointment to the imperial embassy, by his dexterity in applying a purse of ten thousand sequins to the conscience of the slipper-bearer of his highness the Vizier.

Nothing could seem less inclined to look at the dark side of things at this moment, or to throw away the enjoyments of this world for the good of Moslem diplomacy, than Mohammed Ali Hunkiar, as he sat and smoked, and stroked his long beard and inhaled the mingled fumes of his Smyrna pipe, and the air aromatic with a host of flowers. But the Turkish proverb, "the smoker is often blinded by his own smoke," was to find its verification even in the diplomatic hunchback. As he had just reached the highest stone of the pass, and was looking with the triumph of avarice, or ambition, if it be the nobler name, down the valley chequered with the troop that meandered through paths as devious, and as many coloured as an Indian snake, a shot struck his charger in the forehead; the animal sprang high in the air, fell, and flung the ambassador at once from his seat, his luxury, and a certain dream of clearing ten times the ten thousand sequins which he had disbursed for his place, by a genuine Turkish business of the dagger, before he left the portcullis of Presburg.

All was instant confusion. The shots began to fall thick, though the enemy might have been the beasts of the earth or the fowls of the air, for any evidence that sight could give to the contrary. The whole troop were of one opinion, that they must have fallen into the power of the fiend himself; for the shots poured on them from every quarter at once. Wherever they turned, they were met by a volley. The cavalry of the Hospodar, though brave as panthers on parade, yet were not used to waste their valour or their time on struggles of this irregular nature. They had bought their own places, and paid the due purchase of a well-fed sinecure; they had bought their own clothes, and felt answerable to themselves for keeping them in preservation worthy of a court; they had bought their own horses, and, like true Greeks, considered that the best return their horses could make was to carry them as safe out of the field as into it. The consequence was, that, in the next five minutes, the whole escort was seen riding at will in whatever direction the destiny that watches over the guards of sovereign princes might point the safest way. The ravine, the hill, the forest, the river, were all speckled with turbans, like flowers, in full gallop; the muleteers, being of slower movement, took the simpler precaution of turning their mules, baggage and all, up the retired corners of the forest, from which they emerged only to turn them with their lading to their several homes. All was the most picturesque melee for the first half-dozen rounds, all was the most picturesque fight for the next. All was silence thenceforth; broken only by the shots that came dropping

through the thickets, wherever a lurking turban suddenly seemed to recover its energies, and fly off at full speed. At length even the shots ceased, and all was still and lone. The forest looked as if it had been unshaken since the deluge; the ravine, calm, rich, and tufted with thicket, shrub, and tree, looked as if it had never heard the hoof of cavalry. The wood-dove came out again, rubbed down its plumage, and cooed in peace to the setting sun; the setting sun threw a long radiance, that looked like a pyramid of amber, up the pass. Turban, Turk, skirmish, and clamour, all were gone. One remnant of the time alone remained.

Under a huge cypress, that covered the ground with its draperies, like a funeral pall, lay a charger, and under it a green and scarlet bale. The bale had once been a man, and that man the Turkish ambassador. But his embassy was over. He had made his last salaam, he had gained his last sequin, he had played his last trick, he had told his last lie. "Dust to dust" was now the history of Mohammed Ali Hunkiar.

* * * * *

The Hall of the Diet at Presburg is one of the wonders of the capital. The heroes and magnates of Upper Hungary frown in immeasurable magnitude of mustache, and majestic longitude of beard, on its walls. The conquerors of the Bannat, the ravagers of Transylvania, the *potentissimi* of Slavonia, there gleam in solidity of armour, that at once gives a prodigious idea of both their strength and their terrors. The famous rivers, figured by all the variety of barbarian genius, pour their pictured torrents over the ceiling. The Draava embraces the Saave, the Graa rushes in fluid glory through the Keisse; and floods that disdain a bridge, and flow a hundred leagues asunder, there interlace each other in streams, as smiling and affectionate as if they slept in the same fountain. Entering that hall, every true Hungarian lifts up his hands, and rejoices that he is born in the country of the arts, and, leaving it, compassionates the fallen honours of Florence and Rome.

Yet in that hall, the Emperor Leopold, monarch of fifty provinces, and even sovereign of Hungary, was pacing backwards and forwards, without casting a glance on the wonders of the Hungarian hand. Colonel the Baron Von Herbert was at the end of the saloon, waiting the imperial pleasure. The dialogue, which was renewed and broken off as the Emperor approached or left him, was, of course, one of fragments. The Emperor was in obvious agitation. "It is the most unaccountable thing I ever heard of," said Leopold. "He had, I understand, a strong escort; his own train were numerous; the roads regularly patrolled; every precaution taken; and yet the thing is done in full sunshine. A man is murdered almost under my own eyes, travelling with my passport; an ambassador, and above all ambassadors, a Turk."

"But your majesty," said Von Herbert, "is not now in Vienna. Your Hungarian subjects have peculiar ideas on the subject of human jus-

tice; and they would as soon shoot an ambassador, if the idea struck them, as a squirrel."

"But a Turk," said the Emperor, "against whom there could not have existed a shadow of personal pique; who could have aroused no jealousy at court; who could have been known, in fact, by nobody here; to be killed, almost within sight of the city gates, and every paper that he had upon him, every present, every jewel, every thing carried off, without the slightest clue to discovery!—Baron, I shall begin to doubt the activity of your Pandours."

The Baron's grave countenance flushed at the remark, and he answered, with more than even his usual gravity.—"Your majesty must decide. But, whoever has been in fault, allow me to vindicate my regiment. The Pandour patrol were on the spot on the first alarm; but the whole affair was so quickly over, that all their activity was utterly useless. It actually seemed supernatural."

"Has the ground been examined?" asked Leopold.

"Every thicket," answered Von Herbert. "I would stake my troopers, for sagacity and perseverance against so many bloodhounds; and yet, I must acknowledge to your majesty, that, except for the marks of the horse's hoofs on the ground, the bullets sticking in the trees, and the body of the Turk himself, which had been stripped of every valuable, we might have thought that we had mistaken the place altogether."

"The whole business," said Leopold, "is a mystery; and it must be unravelled." He then broke off, resumed his walk to the end of the hall, then returning, said abruptly—"Look to the affair, Colonel. The Turks have no good opinion of us as it is, and they will now have a fresh pretext in charging us with the assassination of their ambassador. Go, send out your Pandours, offer a hundred ducats for the first man who brings any information of the murder; offer a thousand, if you please, for the murderer himself. Even the crown would not be safe, if these things were to be done with impunity. Look to your Pandours more carefully in future."

The Baron, with a vexation which he could not suppress, hastily replied—"Your majesty does not attribute this outrage to any of my corps?"

"Certainly not to the Baron Von Herbert," said the Emperor, with a reconciling smile. "But, my dear Baron, your heroes of the Bannat have no love for a Turk, while they have a very considerable love for his plunder. For an embroidered saddle or a diamond-hilted dagger, they would go as far as most men. In short, you must give those bold barbarians of yours employment, and let their first be to find out the assassin."

* * * * *

It was afternoon, and the Wiener Straat was crowded with equipages of the great and fair. The place of this brilliant reunion was the drawing-room of the Princess of Marosin, and the occasion was the celebration of her birth-day.

Princesses have so many advantages over humbler beauties, that they must submit to one calamity, which, in the estimation of many a beauty, is more than a balance for all the gifts of fortune. They must acknowledge their age. The art of printing, combined with the scrutiny of etiquette, prohibits all power of making the years of a princess a secret confided to the bosoms of the privy council. As the hour of her first enclosing the brilliancy of her eyes, in a world which all the court poets profess must be left in darkness without them, so the regular periods by which the bud advances to the bloom, and the bloom matures into ripened loveliness, are registered with an annual activity of verse, prose, and protestation, that precludes all chronological error. Even at the period when the autumnal touch begins to tinge the cheek, and the fair possessor of so much homage would willingly forget the exact number of the years during which she has borne the sceptre, the calculation is continued with fatal accuracy. Not an hour can be silently subducted from the long arrear of time; and while, with all the female world beneath her, he suddenly seems to stand still, or even to retrograde, with the unhappy object of regal reckoning, he moves mercilessly onward, with full expanded wing carries her from climacteric to climacteric, unrestrained and irrestrainable by all the skill of female oblivion, defies the antagonist dexterity of the toilet, makes coiffeur and cosmetics null and void, and fixes the reluctant and lovely victim of the calendar in the awful elevation of "the world gone by." She is a calendar saint, and, like most of that high sisterhood, has purchased her dignity by martyrdom.

But the Princess of Marosin had no reason to dread the keenest reckoning of rivalry. She was on that day eighteen. Eighteen years before that morning, the guns from the grey and war-worn towers of Marosin had announced through a circuit of one of the loveliest principalities of Upper Hungary, that one of the loveliest beings that even Hungary had ever seen, was come from its original skies, or from whatever part of creation handsome princesses visit this sublunar world. As the only descendant of her illustrious house, she was the ward of the Emperor, but having the still nearer claims of blood, her marriage now occupied the Imperial care. A crowd of Marshals and Margraves felt that they would make excellent guardians of the Principality, and offered their generous protection. The lady seemed indifferent to the choice; but Prince Charles, of Buntzlau, by all acknowledgment the best dressed prince in the Empire, at the head of the hussar guard of the Emperor, incalculably rich, and incomparably self-satisfied, had already made up his mind on the subject, and decided that the Principality, and lady annexed, were to be his. The Emperor, too, had given his sanction. Prince Charles was not the man whom Leopold would have chosen for the President of the Aulic Council, though his claims as a master of the ceremonies were beyond all discussion. But the imperial policy was not reconcilable

with the idea of suffering this important inheritance to fall into the hands of a Hungarian noble. Hungary, always turbulent, requires coercives, not stimulants, and two hundred thousand ducats a-year, in the hands of one of her dashing captains, would have been sufficient to make another Tekeli. The handsome Prince was evidently not shaped for raising the banner of revolt, or heading the cavaliers of the Ukraine. He was an Austrian in all points, and a new pelisse would have won him from the car of Alexander, on the day of his entry into Babylon.

Among the faithful of the empire, the sovereign's nod in politics, religion, and law. The Marshals and Margraves instinctively bowed before the supremacy of the superhuman thing that wore the crown of Charlemagne, and Prince Charles's claim was worshipped by the whole embroidered circle, as one of the decisions which it would be court impiety to question, as it was court destiny to fulfil.

Hungary was once the land of kings, and it was still the land of nobles. Half oriental, half western, the Hungarian is next in magnificence to the Moslem. He gives his last ducat for a shawl, a jewel-hilted sabre, or a gilded cap, which nothing but his fears of being mistaken for a Turk prevents him from turning into a turban. The Princess Juliana of Marosin sat in the centre of a chamber that might have made the cabinet of the favourite Sultana of the Lord of the Infidels. She sat on a low sofa covered with tapestry from Smyrna; her caftan, girdled with the largest emeralds, was made by the fair fingers of the Greek maidens of Salonichi; her hair, long, black, and drooping round her person, in rich sable wreaths, like the branches of a cypress, was surmounted by a crescent, which had won many an eye in the jewel mart of Constantinople; and in her hand she waved a fan of peacocks' plumes, made by the principal artist to the serail of Teheran. Thus Oriental in her drapery, colour, and costume, she sat in the centre of a chamber, which, for its gloomy carvings, yet singular stateliness of decoration, might have reminded the spectator of some Indian shrine, or subterranean dungeons of the dark spirits enclosing a spirit of light; or, to abandon poetry, and tell the truth in plain speech, the chamber reminded the spectator of the formal, yet lavish splendour of the old kingly times of the land, while its professor compelled him to feel the fact, that all magnificence is forgotten in the presence of a beautiful woman.

The Princess received the homage of the glittering circle with the complacency of conscious rank, and repaid every bow with one of those sweet smiles, which to a courtier are irresistible evidences of his personal merit; to a lover, are spells that raise him from the lowest depths to the most rapturous altitudes; and to a woman, cost nothing whatever. But, to an eye which none of these smiles had deprived of all its powers of reading the human countenance, there was in even this creature of birth, beauty and admiration, some secret anxiety, which, in despite of all

conjecture, proved that she was no more than mortal. There was a wavering of her colour, that bespoke inward perturbation; a paleness, followed by a flush that threw the crimson of her gorgeous shawl into the shade; a restless movement of the fingers loaded with gems; a quick turn of the head towards the door, though the most potential flattery was at the moment pouring into the ear at the opposite side. There were times, when a slight expression of scorn upon her features escaped her politeness, and gave sign that she agreed with mankind of all ages, in the infinite monotony, dullness and common-place of the *elite* of the earth, the starred and ribboned society of the high places of mankind. But all was peace to the emotion of her features, when the door slowly opened; and after a note of preparation worthy of the arrival of the great Mogul, the chamberlain announced "Prince Charles of Buntzlau." Pride and resentment flashed across her physiognomy, like lightning across the serenity of a summer sky. Her cheek grew crimson, as the gallant lover, the affianced husband, came bowing up to her; her brow contracted, and the man would have been wise who had argued from that brow the hazard of taking her hand, without first securing the heart. But all was soon over; the lovely lady soon restrained her emotion, with a power which showed her presence of mind. But her cheek would not obey even her determination; it continued alternately glowing and pale; wild thoughts were colouring and blanching that cheek; and the fever of the soul was burning in her restless and dazzling eye. On the birth-days of the great in Hungary, it is the custom that none shall come empty handed. A brilliant variety of presents already filled the tables and sofas of the apartment. But the Prince's present eclipsed them all; it was a watch from the Horlogerie of the most famous artist of Paris, and a chef d'œuvre in point of setting. The Princess looked at it with a disdain which it cost her an effort to conceal. "Prince," said she, "I regret the want of patriotism which sends our nobles to purchase the works of strangers, instead of encouraging the talent of our own country." "Yes, but your highness may condescend to reflect," said the lover, "on the utter impossibility of finding any thing of this kind tolerable, except in Paris." The Princess turned to one of the Bohemians who formed her band of minstrels, and said—"Vladimir, desire the jewel-keeper to bring my Hungarian watch." The Bohemian went on his mission—the jewel-keeper appeared with the watch, and it was instantly declared, by the unanimous admiration of the circle, to be altogether unrivalled in the art. The Prince, chagrined at this discomfiture, asked, with more than the authority of a lover, if the Princess "would do him the honour to mention the artist so deserving of her patronage." She handed the watch over to him. He opened it, and a paper dropped out. On it was written the name of Mohammed Ali Hunkiar.

"The murdered ambassador!" instinctively

exclaimed fifty voices. The Princess rose from her seat, overwhelmed with surprise and alarm. "The Turkish ambassador!" said she; "then this must have been a part of his plunder." The jewel-keeper was summoned to give account of the circumstances connected with the purchase. His answer was, that "It was no purchase." But he produced a note which he had received along with it. The note was "a request that her highness would accept so trivial a present on her birth-day, from one of her faithful subjects:" and that, unable to discover the name of the donor, he had accepted it accordingly. Her circle soon after broke up. In a court, all things are known; in a province all things, known or unknown, are an invaluable topic as long as they are new. The story of the Hungarian watch was turned into shapes innumerable. But the result of the investigation, which immediately took place, by order of the Princess, was, that it had actually been made by an artist of Buda for the Sultan, by whom it was sent among the presents designed for the Emperor. On the fall of the Turk, it had disappeared, like all the rest of his plunder, and had been unheard of until it started into light in the household of the Princess of Marosin.

The little perturbation excited by this incident lasted but till the high and mighty of the circle had withdrawn, to communicate the fact to a dozen other circles, and talk of it until the world was weary alike of the tale and the tellers. But there was a perturbation in the mind of this young and lovely being, which came from a deeper source, and lasted longer than even the delight of her dear five hundred friends, in surmising all the possible modes in which the stately relative of Emperors had contrived to charm into her fair hands the most superb *montre* under the roofs of the city of Presburg.

Sunset began to shed its quiet gold on the hill-tops round the city—the sounds of day were fading fast—the glittering crowd had left her hall to silence—and as she walked through the suite of magnificent chambers in her gala dress, tissue with emeralds and rubies, and her regal loveliness contrasted with her eye fixed upon the ground, and her slow and meditative step, she might have been taken for the guardian genius of those halls of ancestry, or a new avatar of the tragic muse. Arrived at the balcony, she almost fell into the flowery seat, below which spread a vast and various view of the most fertile plain of Hungary. But the vision on her eye was not of the harvest heavily swelling before her at every wave of the breeze. Her thoughts were of valleys, where the sun never reached their green depths—of forests, where the roebuck fed and sported in scorn of the hunter—of mountains, whose marble spines were covered only with clouds, and whose only echoes were those of the thunder or the eagle. All before her eye was beauty cultured, and calm pleasure. The peasantry were driving their wains homeward, loaded with the luxuriance of the Hungarian fields, proverbially rich where they are cultivated at all. Large droves of quiet cattle were speckling the

distant pasture, and enjoying the heat and light of the evening. The citizens were issuing from the city gates to taste the freshness of the hour, and troops of the nobles attendant on the imperial ceremony, relieved from the labours of etiquette and ante-chambers, were driving their glittering equipages through the avenues, or caracolled their Ukraine chargers through the meadows. Yet for the living landscape the young gazer had no eyes. The scene on which her spirit dwelt was one of savage majesty and lonely power. A vast pile of rocks, through which a way seemed to have been cloven by the thunder-bolt, opened on a glen as desolate as if it had never been trodden by the foot of man. Yet, under the shelter of one of its overhanging cliffs, peeping out from a drapery of heath, lichens, and wild flowers, as rich as a Persian carpet, was seen the outline of a rude building, half cottage, half tower, and, resting on the slope beside it, a hunter with his boar-spear fixed upright in the turf—a greyhound beside him, and his whole soul employed in listening to the roar of the Mediterranean, whose waters chafed and swelled at the entrance of the ravine, and spread to the horizon like a gigantic sheet of sanguined steel.

The murmur of the church bells for the evening service, at length scattered the vision. The mountain forests vanished, the glen of eternal marble was a garden embroidered with all the cultivation of art, and nothing was left of the whole proud picture but the star that now came, like a bride from her chamber, and stood showing radiance upon her head. That star, too, had gleamed upon the sky of the Croatian ravine, and in her enthusiasm she could almost have addressed it like a friend, or put up a prayer to its shrine, as that of a beneficent divinity. In the strong sensibility of the moment, she uttered a few broken aspirations to its brightness, and a wish that she might escape the infinite weariness of life, and, like that star, be a gazer on existence, from a height above the cares and clouds of this world. A sudden movement among the shrubs below caught her ear; she glanced down, and saw, with his countenance turned full on her, as if she were something more than human, the hunter whom her fancy had pictured in the glen!

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It was midnight, when twenty individuals, evidently of high rank, had assembled in an obscure house in one of the suburbs. But it was evident, from the plainness of their dress, that they had some object in concealing their rank; and, from the weapons under their cloaks, it was equally evident that they had come upon some business, in which either danger was to be guarded against, or violence intended.

For some time there was silence, the only words exchanged were in whispers. At intervals, a low knock at the door, a watchword, and a sigh, exchanged between the keeper of the entrance and the applicant without, announced a new comer. Still, nothing was done; and as the cathedral bells tolled midnight, the anxiety for the arrival of some distinguished stranger, who had

unaccountably delayed his coming, grew excessive. It gradually escaped too, that the Cardinal di Lecco, the Papal Internuncio, was the expected individual.

The signal was given at last; the door opened, and a pale, decrepit Roman ecclesiastic entered. "Are all your friends here?" was his first question. But the answer was by no means a hospitable one. "By what means, Monsignore," said a tall, dark-featured personage, advancing to him, "have we the honour of seeing *you* here? We are upon private business." "I come by your own invitation," said the ecclesiastic mildly, producing, at the same time, a letter, which was handed round the circle. "But this letter is to the nuncio of his holiness; and it was only from him that we desired an answer in person." Then, in a higher tone, and half drawing his sword, an action which was imitated by all, "We must know, reverend signor, who you are, and by what authority you have intruded yourself into this room, or you must prepare to receive the reward due to all spies and traitors." The venerable priest's countenance betrayed the most obvious alarm; surrounded by this conflux of indignant visages, and with twenty swords already flashing round his head, it required more than usual firmness to contemplate his situation without awe. The single glance which he cast to the door, seemed to say, how gladly he would have escaped from this specimen of Hungarian deliberation. His perturbation evidently deprived him of defence; he tried to explain the cause of his coming; he searched his dress for some paper, which, by his signs rather than his words, he intimated would answer for his character. He searched his bosom—all was in vain; his hands became entangled, he made a sudden step to the door, but suspicion was now thoroughly roused. Every sword was flashing there against his bosom. He tottered back, uttered some indistinct sounds of terror, and fell fainting into a chair.

The question was now how to dispose of him, for that he was not the Cardinal was a matter of personal knowledge to Count Colvellino, the personage who had first addressed him.

The Count, a man of habitual ferocity, proposed that he should be stabbed on the spot—an opinion which met with universal assent; but the difficulty was, how to dispose of the body. To bury it where they were was impossible for men with no other instruments than their swords; to fling it into the river, would inevitably betray the murder by daylight; and even to convey it through the streets, to the river side, might be perilous, from the number of guards and loiterers brought together by the imperial residence. During the deliberation, the old ecclesiastic returned to his senses. By some accident, his hand had fallen upon the secret packet which contained his credentials; the discovery acted on him as a cure for all his feebleness, and in his delivery of his mission, he even wore an air of dignity. "The length and baste of my journey from Rome," said the venerable man, "may apologize, most noble lords, for my weakness; but this

paper will, I presume, be satisfactory. It is, as you see, the rescript of his Holiness to the Cardinal di Lecco, whose servant and secretary stands before you.—The Cardinal, suddenly occupied by the high concerns of the Secreta Concilia, of which he has just been appointed president, has sent me with his signet, his sign manual, and his instructions, as contained in this cipher, to attend the high deliberations of my most honoured Lords, the Barons of Upper Hungary.” The credentials were delivered. All were authentic. Colvellino acknowledged that he had been premature in condemning the Papal envoy, who now announced himself as the Father Giacomo di Estrella, of the Friars Minors of the Capital; and the point at issue was directly entered upon. It was of a nature which justified all their caution. The Emperor Leopold was supposed to have brought with him to the throne some ideas, hostile alike to the ancient feudalism of Hungary, and the supremacy of the Roman See. Revolution was threatening in Europe; and the Barons felt violent suspicions of a revolutionary inroad on their privileges headed by the possessor of the Imperial Crown. The simple plan of the conspirators on this occasion, was the extinction of the hazard by the extinction of the instrument. Leopold was to be put to death in the moment of his coronation, and the heir of the former royal race of Hungary, a monk in the convent of St. Isidore, was to be placed on the vacant throne. The debate lasted long, and assumed various shapes, in which the Papal Envoy exhibited the complete recovery of his faculties, and showed singular vividness and subtlety in obviating the impediments started to the project of getting rid of Leopold. Still, to overthrow an imperial dynasty, in the very day when its head was in the fullness of power, surrounded by troops, and still more protected by the etiquette that kept all strangers at a distance from the royal person, had difficulties which profoundly perplexed the Barons. But the deed must be done; Colvellino, already obnoxious to suspicion, from his habitual love of blood and violence of life, led the general opinion. After long deliberation, it was decided that as poison was slow, and might fail—as the pistol was too public, might miss the mark, and but wound after all, the secure way was the dagger. But how was this to find the Emperor, through a host of attendants, who surrounded him like a Persian monarch, and through ten thousand men-at-arms, covered with iron up to the teeth, and as watchful as wolves? Fra Giacomo then made his proposal. “To attack the Emperor in his chamber,” said he, “would be impossible; and, besides, would be an unmanliness disgraceful to the warlike spirit of the nobles of Hungary.” All voices joined in the sentiment. “To attack him in his passage through the streets, on the day of his coronation, would be equally impossible, from the number of his guards, and equally dishonourable to the high character of the Hungarian nobles for fidelity to all who trust them.” A second plauditi, almost an acclamation, followed the sentiment. Fra

Jacomo now paused, as evidently waiting to collect his thoughts, and asked, in the humblest voice, whether it was absolutely necessary that Leopold should die? “He or we,” cried Colvellino, indignant at the delay of the timid old priest. “He or we,” echoed all the voices. “I obey,” said the friar, with a sigh, and clasping his trembling hands upon his bosom. “It is not for an old monk, a feeble and simple man like me, my noble lords, to resist the will of so many destined to lead the land of their fathers. But let us, if we must be just, also be merciful. Let the victim die at the high altar of the cathedral.” A murmur rose at the seeming profanation. The friar’s sallow cheek coloured at this mark of disapproval. He was silent; but Colvellino’s impatience spoke. “Let us,” said he, “have no womanish qualms now; what matters it where, or when, a tyrant falls? Church or chamber, street or council, all are alike. The only question is, who shall first or surest send the dagger to his heart? Who among us shall be the liberator of his country?” The question remained without an answer. The service was obviously a difficult one at best, and the Brutus was sure of being sacrificed by the swords of the guards. “Cowards!” exclaimed Colvellino, “is this your spirit? ’Tis but a moment since you were all ready to shed your blood for the death of this German puppet, and now you shrink like children.” “If it were not in the cathedral,” muttered some of the conspirators. “Fools,” muttered the haughty Count, “to such scruples all places are cathedrals. But the cause shall not be disgraced by hands like yours.—Colvellino himself shall do it; aye, and this good friar shall give me his benediction, too, on the enterprise.” The ruffian burst out into a loud laugh. “Peace, my son,” said the priest, with hands meekly waving, and his eyes fixed on the ground. “Let us not disturb our souls, bent as they are on the pious services of the church and his holiness the father of the faithful, by unseemly mirth. But let us, in all humility and sincere soberness, do our duty. The Count Colvellino has nobly offered, with a heroism worthy of his high name, to consummate the freedom of the Hungarian church and state. But this must not be, his life is too precious. If Prince Octar, the last hope of the ancient line of Ladislaus should die, Count Colvellino is the rightful heir. The hopes of Hungary must not be sacrificed.”

The Count’s dark eye flashed, and his cheek burned up with the flame of an ambition which he had long cherished, and which had stimulated him to this sudden and suspicious zeal for his country. “The Emperor must not put the crown of Hungary on his head and live,” said he, in a tone of expressed scorn and hope. “To-morrow,” said the friar, rising, as if he could throw off the infirmities of age in the strength of his resolution—“To-morrow, at the moment of the mass, Leopold dies, and dies by my hand.” All stared. “Noble Lords,” said the friar, almost abashed into his former humility, by the sight of so many bold and proud countenances gazing on

him, in every expression of surprise, doubt, wonder, and applause—"Noble lords," he pursued, "what is my life that I should value it, except as the means of serving his holiness and this illustrious country, which has for so many centuries been the most faithful daughter of the church? To me life and death are the same. But I shall not die. My sacred function, to-morrow, will bring me close to the Emperor unsuspected. I shall be among the prelates who lead him up to the altar. At the moment when he takes the crown into his hand, and before he has profaned it by its resting on his brow, Hungary shall be free."

A loud cry of admiration burst from the whole assembly. Colvellino, alone, seemed to regret the loss of the honour. His countenance lowered, and, grasping the self-devoted friar's sleeve, he said, in a tone of wrath but ill stifled, "Friar, remember your promise. No parleying now. No scruples. Beware of treachery to the cause. But, to make all secure, I tell you, that you shall be watched. As Grand Chamberlain, I myself shall be on the steps of the altar, and the slightest attempt at evasion shall be punished by a dagger, at least as sharp as ever was carried by a priest in either church or chamber." Fra Giacomo bowed his head to his girdle, and only asked, in a tone of the deepest meekness, "Count, have I deserved this? Noble Lords of Hungary, have I deserved this? Is treason laid rightly to my charge? If you doubt me, let me go." He turned to the door as he spoke, but even Colvellino's disdain, felt the folly of losing so willing an accomplice, and one who, besides, was now so much master of the conspiracy. "Well, then, so be it," murmured the Count, "the cause will be disgraced by the instrument. But this Emperor at least will molest Hungary no more." Fra Giacomo bowed but the deeper. All was now concerted for the deed. The conspirators were appointed to wait in the church of Saint Veronica, behind the cathedral, for the signal of Leopold's death, and thence to proceed to the convent, where the heir of Ladislaus was kept, and proclaim him king. Colvellino listened to the latter part of the arrangement with a smile of scorn. They were separated by the sound of the cannon, announcing the dawn of the great ceremonial.

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The morning of the coronation found all Presburg awake. The streets were thronged before day with citizens; noblemen hastening to the palace; troops moving to their various posts in the ceremony; peasants pouring in from all the provinces, in all the wild festivity and uncouth dialects of the land of the Huns. Then came the Magnates, riding on their richly caparisoned horses, and followed by their long train of armed attendants, a most brilliant and picturesque display. The equipages contained all that the kingdom could boast of female beauty and high birth, and the whole formed a singular and vivid contrast of the strange, the lovely, the bold and the graceful, the rude and the magnificent, the Ori-

ental and the Western—all that a feudal, half barbarian people could exhibit of wild exultation—and all that an empire as old as Charlemagne could combine of antique dignity and civilized splendour.

The sun, which so seldom condescends to shine on regal processions, threw his most auspicious beams on the city of Presburg on this memorable day. But it was in the cathedral that all the opulence of the imperial and national pomp was displayed. The aisles were hung with tapestry and banners of the great feudal families, and crowded with the body guards of the Emperor, and the richly costumed heydukes and chasseurs of the Hungarian lords. The centre aisle was one canopy of scarlet tissue, covering, like an immense tent, the royal train, the great officers of the court, and the Emperor as he waited for the consecration. Farther on, surrounding the high altar, stood a circle of the Hungarian Prelacy in their embroidered robes, surrounding the Archbishop of Presburg, and in their unmoving splendour, looking like a vast circle of images of silver and gold. Above them all, glittering in jewels, looking down from clouds of every brilliant dye, and luminous with the full radiance of the morning, the Virgin Mother in celestial beauty, the patroness of Presburg, a wonder-working Madonna, "whom Jews might kiss, and infidels adore."

At length, to the sound of unnumbered voices, and amid the flourish of trumpets, and the roar of cannon from all the bastions, Leopold entered the golden rails of the altar, ascended the steps, followed by the great officers of the kingdom, and laid his hand upon the crown. At that moment, the Grand Chamberlain, Count Colvellino, had knelt before him to present the book of the oath by which he bound himself to the rights and privileges of Hungary. In the act of pronouncing the oath, the Emperor was seen to start back suddenly, and the book fell from his hand. At the same moment a wild scream of agony rung through the cathedral; there was a manifest confusion among the prelacy; the circle was broken down, some rushed down the steps; some retreated to the pillars of the high altar; and some seemed stooping, as if round one who had fallen. Vases, flowers, censers, images, all the pompous ornaments which attend the Romish ritual on its great days, were trampled under foot in the tumult; and prelate, priest, and acolyte, were flung together in the terror of the time. The first impression of all was, that the Emperor had been assassinated, and the startled flying nobles, and the populace at the gates, spread the report through the city, with the hundred additions of popular alarm. But the Imperial body guard, instantly drawing their swords, and pressing their way through the nobles and multitude up to the altar, soon proved that the chief terror was unfounded, by bringing forward the Emperor in their midst, and showing him to the whole assemblage unhurt; he was received with an acclamation that shook the dome.

But blood had been spilled: the Grand Cham-

berlain was found pierced to the heart. He had died at the instant from the blow. But by whom he was thus foully murdered, or for what cause, baffled all conjecture. The general idea, from the position in which he fell, was, that he had offered his life for the Emperor's: had thrown himself forward between his royal master and the assassin, and had been slain by accident or revenge. Leopold recollected, too, that in the act of taking the book of the oath, he had felt some hand pluck his robe; but, on looking round had seen only the Grand Chamberlain kneeling before him. Enquiry was urged in all quarters, but in vain. Colvellino was a corpse; he remained bathed in his loyal blood, the heroic defender of his liege lord; the declared victim of his loyalty; and a reward of a thousand ducats was declared on the spot, by his indignant sovereign, for the discovery of the murderer. The gates of the cathedral were instantly closed; strict search was made, but totally in vain. Order was slowly restored. But the ceremony was too important to be delayed. The crown was placed upon the imperial brow, and a shout like thunder hailed Leopold "King of Hungary." In courts all things are forgotten.

As the stately procession returned down the aisle, all was smiles and salutation, answered by the noble ladies of the court and provinces, who sat ranged down the sides according to their precedence, under pavilions tissue with the arms of the great Hungarian families. In this review of the young, the lovely, and the high born, all eyes gave the prize of beauty, that prize which is awarded by spontaneous admiration, and the long and lingering gaze of silent delight, to the Princess of Marosin. Her dress was, of course, suitable to her rank and relationship to the imperial line, all that magnificence could add to the natural grace, or dignity of the form; but there was in her countenance a remarkable contrast to the general animation of the youthful and noble faces round her—a melancholy that was not grief, and a depth of thought that was not reverie, which gave an irresistible superiority to features which, under their most careless aspect, must have been pronounced formed in the finest mould of nature. Her eyes were cast down, and even the slightest bending of her head had a degree of mental beauty. It was clearly the unconscious attitude of one whose thoughts were busied upon other things than the pomps of the hour. It might have been the transient regret of a lofty spirit for the transitory being of all those splendours which so few years must extinguish in the grave; it might have been the reluctance of a generous and free spirit at the approach of that hour which would see her hand given by imperial policy, where her heart disowned the gift; it might be patriotic sorrow for the fallen glories of Hungary; it might be romance; it might be love. But whatever might be the cause, all remarked the melancholy, and all felt that it gave a deep and touching effect to her beauty, which fixed the eye on her, as if spell-bound. Even when the Emperor passed, and honoured

the distinguished loveliness of his fair cousin by an especial wave of his sceptred hand, she answered it by scarcely more than a lower bend of the head, and the slight customary pressure of the hand upon the heart. With her glittering robe, worth the purchase of a principality drawn round her, as closely as if it were the common drapery of a statue, she sat not unlike the statue, in classic gracefulness, but cold and unmoving as the marble.

But all this was suddenly changed. As the procession continued to pass along, some object arrested her glance which penetrated to her heart. Her cheek absolutely burned with crimson; her eye flashed; her whole frame seemed to be instinct with a new principle of existence; with one hand she threw back the tresses, heavy with jewels, that hung over her forehead, as if they obstructed her power of following the vision; with the other she strongly attempted to still the beatings of her heart; and thus she remained for a few moments, as if unconscious of the place, of the time, and of the innumerable eyes of wonder and admiration that were fixed upon her. There she sat; her lips apart; her breath suspended; her whole frame fevered with emotion; the statue turned to life, all beauty, feeling, amaze, passion. But a new discharge of cannon, a new flourish of trumpet and cymbal, as the Emperor reached the gates of the cathedral, and appeared before the assembled and shouting thousands without, urged on the procession. The magic was gone. The countenance, this moment like a summer heaven, with every hue of loveliness flying across it, in rich succession, was the next colourless. The eye was again veiled in its long lashes; the head was again dejected; the marble had again become classic and cold; the beauty remained, but the joy, the enchantment, was no more.

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The Baron Von Herbert was sitting at a desk in the armoury of the palace. Javelins rude enough to have been grasped by the hands of the primordial Huns; bone-headed arrows that had pierced the gilded corslets of the Greeks of Constantinople; stone axes that had dashed their rough way through the iron head-pieces of many a son of Saxon chivalry; and the later devices of war, mail gold-enamelled, silver-twisted, purple-grained, and Austrian, Italian, and Oriental escutcheon, gleamed, frowned, gloomed and rusted in the huge effigies of a line of warriors, who, if weight of limb, and sullenness of visage, are the elements of glory, must have fairly trampled out all Greek and all Roman fame.

A key turned in the door, and the Emperor entered hastily, and in evident perturbation. He turned the key again as he entered. The Baron stopped his pen, and awaited the commands of his sovereign. But Leopold was scarcely prepared to give counsel or command. He threw a letter on the table.

"Read this, Von Herbert," said he, "and tell me what you think of it. Is it an impudent falsehood, or a truth, concerning the public safety? Read it again to me."

The Baron read :—

"Emperor, you think yourself surrounded by honest men. You are mistaken. You are surrounded by conspirators. You think that, in offering a reward for Colvellino's murderer, you are repaying a debt of gratitude. You are mistaken. You are honouring the memory of a murderer.—You think that, in giving the hand of the Princess of Marosin to Prince Charles of Buntzlau, you are uniting two persons of rank in an honourable marriage. You are mistaken. You are pampering a coxcomb's vanity, and breaking a noble heart. You think that, in sending your Pandours to scour the country, you can protect your court, your palace or yourself. You are mistaken. The whole three are in my power."

"SPERANSKI."

The Baron laid down the paper, and gravely paused for the Emperor's commands. But the Emperor had none to give. He put the simple query—"Is this a burlesque or a reality? Is the writer a charlatan or a conspirator?"

"Evidently something of both, in my conception," said the Colonel; "the paper is not courtly, but it may be true, nevertheless. The writer is apparently not one of your Majesty's chamberlains, and yet he is clearly master of some points that mark him for either a very dangerous inmate of the court, or a very useful one."

Leopold's anxious gesture bade the Baron proceed. He looked over again the letter, and commented on it as he passed along.

"Surrounded by conspirators?" Possible enough. The Hungarian nobles never knew how to obey. They must be free as the winds, or in fetters. The mild government of Austria is at once too much felt and too little. No government, or all tyranny, is the only maxim for the Magnates. If not slaves, they will be conspirators."

"Then this rascal, this Speranski, tells the truth after all?" said the Emperor.

"For the fact of conspiracy I cannot answer yet," said Von Herbert; "but for the inclination I can, at any hour of the twenty-four." He proceeded with the letter—"You are honouring the memory of a murderer."

"An atrocious and palpable calumny!" exclaimed the Emperor. "What! the man who died at my feet? If blood is not to answer honour and loyalty, where can the proof be given? He had got besides every thing that he could desire. I had just made him Grand Chamberlain."

Von Herbert's grave countenance showed that he was not so perfectly convinced.

"I knew Colvellino," said he, "and if appearances were not so much in his favour by the manner of his death, I should have thought him one of the last men in your Majesty's dominions to die for loyalty."

"You are notoriously a philosopher, Von Herbert," cried Leopold impatiently. "Your creed is mistrust."

"I knew the Grand Chamberlain from our school-days," said the Baron calmly; "at school

he was haughty and headstrong. We entered the royal Hungarian guard together; there he was selfish and profligate. We then separated for years. On my return as your Majesty's aide-camp, I found him the successor of an estate which he had ruined, the husband of a wife whom he had banished from his palace, the colonel of a regiment of Hulans which he had turned into a school of tyranny, and Grand Chamberlain to your Majesty, an office which I have strong reason to think he used but as a step to objects of a more daring ambition."

"But his death, his courageous devotion of himself, the dagger in his heart!" exclaimed the Emperor.

"They perplex, without convincing me," said the Baron.

He looked again at the letter, and came to the words, "Breaking a noble heart."

"What can be the meaning of this?" asked Leopold, angrily. "Am I not to arrange the alliances of my family as I please? Am I to forfeit my word to my relative, the Prince of Buntzlau, when he makes the most suitable match in the empire for my relative the Princess of Marosin? This is mere insolence, read no more."

The Baron laid down the letter and stood in silence.

"Appropos of the Princess," said Leopold, willing to turn the conversation from topics which vexed him, "has there been any further intelligence of her mysterious purchase; that far-famed plunder of the Turk, her Hungarian chef-d'œuvre?"

"If your Majesty alludes to the Princess's very splendid watch," said the Baron, "I understand that all possible enquiry had been made, but without effect of tracing any connexion between its sale and the unfortunate assassination of the Turkish envoy."

"So, my cousin," said the Emperor, with a half smile, "is to be set down by the scandalous Chronicle of Presburg, as an accomplice in rifling the pockets of Mohammed? But the whole place seems full of gipsyism, gossiping, and juggling. I should not wonder if that superannuated belle, the Countess Joblonsky, lays the loss of her *pendule* to my charge, and that the Emperor shall quit Hungary with the character of a receiver of stolen goods."

"Your Majesty may be the depredator to a much more serious extent, if you will condescend but to take the Countess's heart along with you," said the Colonel, with a grave smile. "It is, I have no doubt, too loyal, not to be quite at your Majesty's mercy."

"Hah," said Leopold, "I must be expeditious then, or she will be *devote*, or in the other world, incapable of any love but for a lapdog, or turned into a canonized saint. But in the meantime, look to these nobles. If conspiracy there be, let us be ready for it. I have confidence in your Pandours. They have no love for the Hungarians. Place a couple of your captains in my antechamber. Let the rest be on the alert. You

will be in the palace, and within call, for the next forty-eight hours."

The Emperor then left the room. Von Herbert wrote an order to the Major of the Pandours, for a detachment to take the duty of the imperial apartments. The evening was spent at the opera, followed by a court ball; and the Emperor retired, more than satisfied with the dancing loyalty of the Hungarian beaux and belles.

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The night was lovely, and the moon shone with full orb'd radiance upon the cloth of gold, embroidered velvet curtains, and high enchased silver sculptures of the imperial bed. The Emperor was deep in a midsummer night's dream of waltzing with a dozen winged visions, a ballet in the grand Opera given before their majesties of Fairyland, on the occasion of his arrival in their realm. He found his feet buoyant with all the delightful levity of his new region; wings could not have made him spurn the ground with more rapturous elasticity. The partner round whom he whirled was Oberon's youngest daughter, just come from a finishing school in the Evening Star, and brought out for the first time. But a sudden sound of evil smote his ear; every fairy dropped at the instant; he felt his winged heels heavy as if they were booted for a German parade; his blooming partner grew dizzy in the very moment of a whirl, and dropped fainting in his arms; Titania, with a scream expanded her pinions, and darted into the tops of the tallest trees. Oberon, with a frown, descended from his throne, and stalked away in indignant majesty.

The sound was soon renewed; it was a French quadrille, played by a golden Apollo on the harp—a sound, however pleasing to earthly ears, too coarse for the exquisite sensibilities of more ethereal tempers. The God of song was sitting on a beautiful pendule, with the name of *Sismonde* conspicuous on its dial above, and the name of the Countess Joblonsky engraved on its marble pedestal below. The Emperor gazed first with utter astonishment, then with a burst of laughter; his words had been verified. He was in a new position. He was to be the "receiver of stolen goods" after all. But in the moonlight lay at his feet a paper; it contained these words:—"Emperor—You have friends about you, on whom you set no value; you have enemies, too, about you, of whom you are not aware. Keep the *pendule*; it will serve to remind you of the hours that may pass between the throne and the dagger.—It will serve, also, to remind you how few hours it may take to bring a noble heart to the altar and the grave. The toy is yours. The Countess Joblonsky has already received more than its value.

"SPERANSKI."

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The Countess Joblonsky had been the handsomest woman in Paris twenty years before. But in Paris, the reign of beauty never lasts supreme longer than a new Opera—possibly, among other reasons, for the one that both exhibited without

mercy for the eyes or ears of mankind. The Opera displays its charms incessantly, until all that remain to witness the triumph are the fiddlers and the scene-shifters. The Belle electrifies the world with such persevering attacks on their nervous system, that it becomes absolutely benumbed. A second season of triumph is as rare for the Belle as the Opera, and no man ever living has seen, or will see, a third season for either. The Countess retired at the end of her second season, like Diocletian, but not like Diocletian to the cultivation of cabbages. She drew off her forces to Vienna, which she entered with the air of a conqueror, and the rights of one; for the fashion that has fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf" in Paris, is entitled to consider itself in full bloom at Vienna. At the Austrian capital she carried all before her, for the time. She had all the first of the very first circle in her chains. All the Archdukes were at her bidding; were fed at her *petits soupers* of five hundred hungry noblesse, *en comite*; were pilfered at her *loto* tables; were spell-bound by her smiles, laughed at in her boudoir, and successively wooed to make the fairest of Countesses the haughtiest of Princesses. Still the last point was incomplete—she was still in widowed loveliness.

The coronation suddenly broke up the Vienna circle.—She who had hitherto led or driven the world, now condescended to follow it; and the Countess instantly removed her whole establishment, her French Abbe, her Italian chevaliers, ordinaires and extraordinaires, her Flemish lapdogs, her Ceynese monkeys, and her six beautiful Polish horses, to Presburg, with the determination to die *devote*, or make an impress on the imperial soul, which Leopold should carry back, and the impression along with it to Vienna. But cares of state had till now interposed a shield between the Emperor's bosom and the lady's diamond eyes. She had at last begun actually to despair; and on this morning she had summoned her Abbe to teach her the most becoming way for a beauty to renounce the world. She was enthroned on a couch of rose-coloured silk, worthy of Cytherea herself, half-sitting, half-reposing, with her highly rouged cheek resting on her snowy hand, that hand supported on a richly bound volume of the *Life of La Valliere*, delicious model of the wasted dexterity, cheated ambition, and profitless passion of a court beauty, and her eyes gazing on the letter which this pretty charlatan wrote on her knees, in the incredible hope of making a Frenchman feel. The Countess decided upon trying the Valliere experiment upon the spot, writing a letter to the Emperor, declaring the "secret flame which had so long consumed her," "confessing" her resolution to fly into a convent, and compelling his obdurate spirit to meditate upon the means of rescuing so brilliant an ornament of his court from four bare walls, the fearful sight of monks and nuns, and the performance of matins and vespers as duly as the day.

At this critical moment, one of the imperial carriages entered the *porte cochere*. A gentle-

man of the court, stiff with embroidery, and stiffer with Austrian etiquette, descended from it, was introduced by the pages in attendance, and with his knee almost touching the ground, as to the future possessor of the diadem, presented to the Countess a morocco case. It contained a letter. The perusal of the missive brought into the fair reader's face a colour that outburned all the labours of her three hours' toilette. It requested the Countess Joblonsky's acceptance of the trifle accompanying the note, and was signed Leopold. The case was eagerly opened. A burst of brilliancy flashed into the gazer's eyes. It was the superb watch, the long-talked of, the long-lost—the watch of the Princess Marosin, and now given as an acknowledgment of the personal superiority of her handsome competitor. She saw a crown glittering in strong imagination over her head. The Life of La Valliere was spurned from her. The Abbe was instantly countermanded. The Countess had given up the nunnery; she ordered her six Polish steeds, and drove off to make her acknowledgments to the Emperor in person.

But what is the world? The Countess had come at an inauspicious time. She found the streets crowded with people talking of some extraordinary event, though whether of the general conflagration, or the flight of one of the Archduchesses, it was impossible to discover from the popular ideas on the subject. Further on, she found her progress impeded by the troops. The palace was double guarded. There had evidently been some formidable occurrence. A scaffold was standing in the court, with two dead bodies in the Pandour uniform lying upon it. Cannon, with lighted matches were pointed down the principal streets. The regiment of Pandours passed her, with Von Herbert at their head, looking so deeply intent upon something or other, that she in vain tried to obtain a glance towards her equipage.—The Pandours, a gallant looking, but wild set, rushed out of the gates and galloped forward, to scour the forest, like wolf dogs in full cry. The regiment of Imperial Guards, with Prince Charles of Buntzlau witching the world with the best perfumed pair of mustaches, and the most gallantly embroidered mantle in any hussar corps in existence, rode past, with no more than a bow. All was confusion, consternation, and the clank of sabre sheaths, trumpets, and kettle-drums. The Countess gave up the day and the diadem, returned to her palace, and began the study of La Valliere again.

The story at length transpired. The Emperor's life had been attempted. His own detail to his Privy Council was—That before daylight he had found himself suddenly attacked in his bed by ruffians. His arms had been pinioned during his sleep. He called out for the Pandour officers who had been placed in the antechamber; but, to his astonishment, the flash of a lamp, borne by one of the assailants, showed those Pandours the most active in his seizure. Whether their purpose was to carry him off, or to kill him on the spot; to convey him to some cavern or forest

where they might force him to any conditions they pleased, or to extinguish the imperial authority in his person at once, was beyond his knowledge; but the vigour of his resistance had made them furious, and the dagger of one of the conspirators, was already at his throat, when he saw the hand that held it lopped off by the sudden blow of a sabre from behind.—Another hand now grasped his hair, and he felt the edge of a sabre, which slightly wounded him in the neck, but before the blow could be repeated, the assailant fell forward, with a curse and a groan, and died at his feet, exclaiming that they were betrayed. This produced palpable consternation among them; and on hearing a sound outside, like the trampling of the guards on their rounds, they had silently vanished, leaving him bleeding and bound. He had now made some effort to reach the casement and cry out for help, but a handkerchief had been tied across his face, his arms and feet were fastened by a scarf, and he lay utterly helpless. In a few moments after, he heard steps stealing along the chamber. It was perfectly dark; he could see no one; but he gave himself up for lost. The voice, however, told him that there was no enemy now in the chamber, and offered to loose the bandage from his face, on condition that he would answer certain questions. The voice was that of an old man, said he, but there was a tone of honesty about it that made me promise at once.

"I have saved your life," said the stranger; "what will you give me for this service?"

"If this be true, ask what you will."

"I demand a free pardon for the robbery of the Turkish courier, for shooting the Turkish envoy, and for stabbing the Grand Chamberlain in your presence."

"Are you a fool or a madman who ask this?"

"To you neither. I demand, further, your pardon for stripping Prince Charles of Buntzlau of his wife and his whiskers together—for marrying the Princess of Marosin—and for turning your Majesty into an acknowledged lover of the Countess Joblonsky."

"Who and what are you? Villain, untie my hands."

The cord was snapped asunder.

"Tell me your name, or I shall call the guards, and have you hanged on the spot."

"My name!" the fellow exclaimed with a laugh—"Oh, it is well enough known every where—at court, in the cottages, in the city, and on the high road—by your Majesty's guards, and by your Majesty's subjects. I am the Pandour of Pandours—your correspondent, and now your cabinet counsellor. Farewell, Emperor, and remember—Speranski!"

"The chords were at the instant cut from my feet. I sprang after him, but I might as well have sprung after my own shadow. He was gone—but whether into the air or the earth, or whether the whole dialogue was not actually the work of my own imagination, favoured by the struggle with the conspirators, I cannot tell to this moment. One thing, however, was unquestionable, that I had been in the hands of murderers, for I

stumbled over the two bodies of the assassins who were cut down in the melee. The first lamp that was brought in showed me also, that the two Pandour captains had been turned into the two Palatines of Sidlitz and Frankerin, but by what magic I cannot yet conjecture."

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A more puzzling affair never had bewildered the high and mighty functionaries of the imperial court. They pondered upon it for the day, and they might have added the year to their deliberations, without being nearer the truth. The roll of the Pandours had been called over. None were missing except the two captains; and certainly the two conspirators, though in the Pandour uniform, were not of the number.

"More perplexity still. The imperial horseguards returned in the evening terribly offended by a day's gallop through the vulgarity of the Hungarian thickets, but suffering no other loss than of a few plumes and tassels, if we except one, of pretty nearly the same kind, Prince Charles of Buntzlau. The Prince had been tempted to spur his charger through a thicket. He led the way in pursuit of the invisible enemy; he never came back. His whole regiment galloped after him in all directions. They might as well have hunted a mole; he must have gone under ground—but where, was beyond the brains of his brilliantly dressed troopers. He was *un prince perdu*.

Leopold was indignant at this frolic, for as such he must conceive it; and ordered one of his aides-de-camp to wait at the quarters of the corps, until the future bridegroom grew weary of his wild-geese chase, and acquainted him that the next morning was appointed for his marriage. But he returned not.

Next morning there was another fund of indignation prepared for the astonished Emperor. The bride was as undiscoverable as the bridegroom. The palace of the Princess de Marosin had been entered in the night; but her attendants could tell no more, than that they found her chamber doors open, and their incomparable tenant flown, like a bird from its gilded cage. All search was made and made in vain. The Prince returned after a week's detention by robbers in a cave. He was ill received. Leopold, astonished and embarrassed, conscious that he was treading on a soil of rebellion, and vexed by his personal disappointments, broke up his court, and rapidly set out for the hereditary dominions.

He had subsequently serious affairs to think of. The French interest in Turkey roused the Ottoman to a war.—Orders were given for a levy through the provinces, and the Emperor himself commenced a tour of inspection of the frontier lying towards Roumelia. In the Croatian levy, he was struck peculiarly with the Count Corneglio Bancaleone, Colonel of a corps of Pandours, eminent for beauty of countenance and dignity of form, for activity in the manœuvres of his active regiment, and one of the most popular of the nobles of Croatia. The Emperor expressed

himself so highly gratified with the Count's conduct, that, as a mark of honour, he proposed to take up his quarters in the palace. The Count bowed, reluctance was out of the question.—The Emperor came, and was received with becoming hospitality; but where was the lady of the mansion? She was unfortunately indisposed. The Emperor expressed his regret, and the apology was accepted; but in the evening, while, after a day of reviews and riding through the Croatian hills, he was enjoying the lovely view of the sun going down over the Adriatic, and sat at a window covered with fruits and flowers, impearled with the dew of a southern twilight, a Hungarian song struck his ear, that had been a peculiar favourite of his two years before, during his stay in Petersburg. He inquired of the Count who was the singer. Bancaleone's confusion was visible. In a few moments the door suddenly opened, and two beautiful infants, who had strayed away from their attendants, rambled into the room. The Count in vain attempted to lead them out. His imperial guest was delighted with them, and begged that they might be allowed to stay.

The eldest child, to pay his tribute to the successful advocate on the occasion, repeated the Hungarian song.—"Who had taught him?" "His mother, who was a Hungarian." Bancaleone rose in evident embarrassment, left the room, and shortly returned, leading that mother. She fell at the Emperor's feet. She was the Princess of Marosin, lovelier than ever; with the glow of the mountain air on her cheek, and her countenance lighted up with health, animation, and expressive beauty. Leopold threw his arms round his lovely relative, and exhibited the highest gratification in finding her again, and finding her so happy.

But sudden reflections covered the imperial brow with gloom. The mysterious deaths, the conspiracies, the sanguinary violences of Presburg, rose in his mind, and he felt the painful necessity of explanation.

Bancaleone had left the room; but an attendant opened the door, saying that a Pandour had brought a dispatch for his majesty. The Pandour entered, carrying a portefeuille in his hand. The Emperor immediately recognised him, as having often attracted his notice on parade, by his activity on horseback, and his handsome figure. After a few *tours d'adresse*, which showed his skill in disguise, the Count threw off the Pandour, and explained the mystifications of Presburg.

"I had been long attached," said he, "to the Princess of Marosin, before your majesty had expressed your wishes in favour of the alliance of Prince Charles of Buntzlau. I immediately formed the presumptuous determination of thwarting the Prince's objects. I entered, by the favour of my old friend, Colonel Von Herbert, as a private in his Pandours, and was thus on the spot to attend to my rival's movements. The Pandours are, as your majesty knows, great wanderers through the woods, and one of them, by some means or other, had found, or perhaps robbed, a

part of the Turkish courier's dispatches. These dispatches he showed to a comrade, who showed them to me; they were of importance; for they developed a plot which the Turks were concerting with some profligate nobles of Presburg, to carry off your majesty into the Turkish dominions, a plot which waited only for the arrival of the Turkish envoy. I got leave of absence, joined some of the rabble of gypsies who tell fortunes, and rob, when they have no fortunes to tell. We met the Turk, a melee ensued, he was unfortunately killed; but I secured the dispatches. The Turk deserved his fate as a conspirator. His papers contained the names of twenty Mag-nates, all purchased by Turkish gold. The Mag-nates were perplexed by his death. They now waited for the arrival of a Romish priest, who was to manage the ecclesiastical part of your majesty's murder. I went into the woods again, caught the Cardinal alive on his march, put him into the hands of the gypsies, who, feeling no homage for his vocation, put him on a sanative and anti-political regimen of bread and water for a fortnight, and then dismissed him over the frontier. On the day of the coronation, your majesty was to have died by the hands of Colvellino. I volunteered the office. Colvellino followed me, to keep me to my duty. I plucked your robe to put you on your guard; saw the Grand Chamberlain's dagger drawn to repay me for my officiousness, and, in self-defence, was forced to use my own. He was a traitor, and he died only too honourable a death."

"But the magic that changed the Pandour captains into Palatines? That Speranski, too, who had the impudence to lecture me in my bonds?" asked the Emperor with a smile.

"All was perfectly simple," said the Count; "the two captains were invited to a supper in the palace, which soon disqualified them for taking your majesty's guard. Their uniforms were then given to two of the Palatines, who undertook to carry off your majesty, or kill you in case of resistance. But no man can work without instruments. One of the gypsies, who was to have acted as postilion on the occasion, sold his employment for that night to another, who sold his secret to me. I remained in the next chamber to your majesty's during the night. I had posted a dozen of the Pandours within call, in case of your being in actual danger. But my first purpose was to baffle the conspiracy without noise. However, the ruffians were more savage than I had thought them, and I was nearly too late. But two strokes of the sabre were enough, and the two Palatines finished their career as expeditiously at least as if they had died upon the scaffold. In this portefeuille are the Turk's dispatches, the Cardinal's prayers, Colvellino's plot, and the Magnates' oaths."

Leopold rose, and took him by the hand.—"Count, you shall be my aid-de-camp, and a general. You deserve every praise that can be given to skill and courage. But the watch, the pendule, the trap for that prince of parrots, Buntzlau?" said Leopold, bursting out into a

laugh fatal to all etiquette. "Your majesty will excuse me," said the Count, "these are a lady's secrets, or the next to a lady's, a man of fashion's. Mystification all. Magic every where; and it is not over yet. The Vienna paper this morning met my astonished eye, with a full account of the marriage of his Serene Highness of Buntzlau with the illustrious widow of the Count Lublin nee Joblonsky. Capitally matched. He brings her his ringlets, she brings him her rouge. He enraptures her with the history of his loves; she can give him love for love, at least. He will portion her with his debts, and she is as equal as any countess in Christendom to return the politeness in kind. *Vive le beau marriage!* A coxcomb is the true cupidon for a coquette all over the world."

MODERN EDUCATION.

EVEN as a child, I was struck by the absurdity of modern education. The duty of education is to give ideas. When our limited intelligence was confined to the literature of two dead languages, it was necessary to acquire those languages in order to obtain the knowledge which they embalmed. But now each nation has its literature, and each nation possesses, written in its own tongue, a record of all knowledge, and specimens of every modification of invention. Let education, then, be confined to that literature, and we should soon perceive the beneficial effects of this revolution upon the mind of the student. Study would then be a profitable delight. I pity the poor Gothic victim of the Grammar and the Lexicon. The Greeks, who were masters of composition, were ignorant of all languages but their own. They concentrated their study of the genius of expression upon one tongue. To this they owe that splendid simplicity and strength of style, which the imitative Romans, with all their splendour, never obtained. To the few, however, who have leisure or inclination to study foreign literatures, I will not recommend them the English, the Italian, the German, since they may rightly answer, that all these have been in great part found upon the classic tongues, and, therefore, it is wise to ascend to the fountain-head; but I will ask them, for what reason they would limit their experience to the immortal languages of Greece and Rome? Why not study the oriental? Surely, in the pages of the Persians and the Arabs, we might discover new sources of emotion, new modes of expression, new trains of ideas, new principles of invention, and new bursts of fancy.—*D'I-s-raeli, jun.*

Even the dreams of the philanthropist only tend towards equality; and where is equality to be found but in the state of the savage? No; I thought otherwise once; but I now regard the vast lazarus-house around us without hope of relief: Death is the sole physician!

OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

It was on a pouring wet morning in the end of the month of March, 1827, that I sat drowsily ensconced in a "Wooburn," beside the fire in my study^(s) in a front room in Upper Brook Street—for I am in easy circumstances, and rent "a suite of apartments fit for the immediate reception of an M. P. or bachelor of fashion," in the house of a "professional man of celebrity, who has no family." I had spelt through two newspapers, even to the last resource of "Rowland's Kalydor" and "Gowland's Lotion." I had read and dozed over every article in the last page of my last paper, until I caught myself reading the small-printed prices of the markets—potatoes at 8s. and 6d."

I began to feel as hunting gentlemen do during a hard frost—what is called "hard up." I had stirred my fire till it was out; and yawned until I began to fear a locked jaw. In very despair I strolled to the window, hopeless as I was of seeing any thing more amusing than overflowing gutters, half-drowned sparrows, or a drenched apothecary's boy. It was early in the morning, at least in a London morning, and I could not even anticipate the relief of a close carriage, with an oil-skin hammer-cloth, driving by: what then was my delight when, at one glance, as I reached the window, I descried that the bills in a large and handsome house opposite had been taken down! Now do not suppose that I love to pry into my neighbour's affairs for the sake of gossip—far from it; but what is an honest bachelor gentleman to do on a rainy morning, if he may not pick up a small matter of amusement by watching his opposite neighbours now and then?

The houses opposite were worse than no houses at all; for one was inhabited by an old and infirm lady, who had no visitors but an M. D., an apothecary, and a man in a shovel-hat. The other house contained only an elderly and very quiet couple, who had not near so much variety as a clock; they never stopt—never went too fast or too slow—never wanted winding up—they went of themselves—their breakfast and dinner bells rang daily to a minute at half-past eight and at six o'clock—their fat coachman and fat horses came to the door precisely at two o'clock to take them out, always to the Regent's Park, and drove twice round the outer circle. I took care to enquire into that fact. I ascertained too for certain that they had a leg of mutton for dinner every Tuesday and Friday, and fish three times a week, including Sundays, on which day too the butcher always brought roasting beef—always the thick part of the surloin. What could I do with such people as these? I gave them up as hopeless.

Preparations for the reception of a family in my favourite house now went on with great spirit; a thorough internal cleaning and scouring on the first day; on the second, all the windows

were cleaned. I could stand it no longer, and snatching up my hat, I just stepped over *promiscuously* to ask the maid who was washing the steps, by whom the house was taken. She was a stupid, ignorant, country girl, and did not seem at all alive to the interest attaching to her examination. I however discovered that—the house was taken by a baronet, and that his family consisted of his lady and one child (a boy), and his wife's sister.

I took a few turns in the Park, and just as I rapped at my own door, I determined I would make no farther enquiries concerning the expected family—no, it would be infinitely more interesting to discover every thing by my own penetration and ingenuity;—it would be a nice employment for me, for I was dreadfully at a loss for something to do, and would keep me from falling asleep.

I began now to count the hours. I was afraid of stirring from the window lest the strangers should escape my vigilance, and arrive unknown to me. I even dined in my study, and here, by the way, I must let the reader into a little secret. I had a large wire blind fixed on one of my windows, behind which I could stand and direct my enquiries unseen by any body, though few within range were unseen by me.

A few days past slowly on. Muslin curtains were put up, not *blinds*, fortunately for me, (I have a mortal antipathy to blinds to any windows but my own), boxes of mignonette appeared in every window. A cart from Colville's in the King's Road, filled with Persian lilacs, moss roses, and heliotropes, unladed its sweets at the door. They had then a rural taste; county people perhaps; and I sighed as I figured to myself a bevy of plump rosy misses in pink and green, and one or two young squires in green coats and top boots. The arrival, whatever it might be, must be drawing very near—nearer and nearer—for a respectable looking housekeeper made her appearance one morning at the window, who had stolen a march on me; I never could make that out, for I had never seen her arrive. Two or three maids also were flitting about, and a gentleman out of livery appeared, now at the area, and now at the hall door, superintending the unpacking of a grand piano-forte from Broadwood's; then arrived a cart from Brecknell and Turner, wax-chandlers in the Haymarket; and one from Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly, with divers other carts and packages of minor consideration. Then came hackney-coaches with servants and coloured paper boxes—smart looking maids in Leghorn bonnets and drab shawls, and footmen in dark green, and very plain liveries. The family could not be far behind. At last, about four o'clock, the fish arrived—a turbot and two fine lobsters for sauce. I can be on my oath it was not a brill, and fish was very dear that morning, for I enquired; therefore that could not be

for the servants; Sir Charles and family must be close at hand.

I remained rooted to the window, and was soon rewarded for my patient investigation, by hearing, at about six o'clock, a carriage driving rapidly up the street from Park Lane. It was them actually. A green travelling carriage, all over imperials, stopped at the door in good earnest, most beautifully splashed with mud—no arms—only a bird for the crest; four post horses, and a maid and man servant in the rumble. My heart beat thick, my eyes strained in my head lest any one of the inmates of the carriage should escape my vigilance. The hall doors were thrown open in an instant, and the gentleman out of livery, with two of his colleagues, flew out to assist the ladies to alight. First of all, a gentleman—Sir Charles of course—made his appearance, tall, and very distinguished looking, dressed in a brown frock coat, and dark fur travelling cap, and apparently about thirty years of age. Next came a lady, who skipped out very lightly, and who seemed rather in a hurry to see the new abode—that was the *sister*. She was thin, and very graceful, and wrapped in a white cachemere, with rather a narrow border; her features were hidden from my view, as she wore one of those plaguey large coarse straw bonnets, tied down with white satin ribbons—two bows, and the edges cut in vandykes. Another lady then descended, more slowly and carefully, and as she watched the alighting of a nurse who had deposited a fine rosy boy, about a twelvemonth old, into the arms of Sir Charles; therefore, I had already ascertained, beyond a doubt, which was the wife, and which was the wife's sister. The doors then closed, and I saw no more that evening, excepting that the lamp was lit in the dining room, and the shutters closed at seven o'clock, and then in the gloom I saw three figures descend the stairs, from which I concluded they all went to dinner; besides the turbot, they had house lamb, and asparagus.

The next morning, while dressing, I espied the sister, whom I shall call Ellen, standing on the balcony admiring and arranging the flowers.—The morning was beautiful and very light, so that I had a perfect view of her. It was impossible that a more lovely creature could be seen. She appeared not more than sixteen or seventeen; indeed, from the extreme plainness of her dress, I suspected she had not quite left the school-room. She was rather above the middle height, very slight and graceful, bright and beautiful, with long light auburn curls, and a very patrician air about her. Had I been young and romantic, I should most assuredly have fallen in love on the instant, as she stooped over the balcony, with a most enchanting air, smiling and kissing her hand to the baby, whom his nurse, at that moment, carried out of the hall door for an early walk in the park.

Presently she was joined by her sister, whom I shall call Lady Seymour, who evidently came to summon her to breakfast. She appeared about twenty-five or twenty-six years old: pale, inte-

resting, and beautiful; had a mild and pensive, I almost thought a melancholy look, and seemed very quiet and gentle in all her movements.

I should have been inclined to fall in love with her too, if she had not been a married woman, and I had not seen Ellen first; but Ellen was by far the more beautiful of the two fair sisters—the most striking, the most animated, and I always admired animation, for it argues inquiry, and from inquiry springs knowledge. The ladies lingered, and stooped down to inhale the fragrance of their flowers until Sir Charles appeared to summon them, and the whole trio descended to breakfast, Lady Seymour leaning on the arm of her husband, and Ellen skipping down before them. Sir Charles was very handsome, very tall, and very dignified looking. Nothing could be more promising than the appearance of the whole party. I was delighted with the prospect; no more gaping over newspapers; adieu *ennui*, here was food for reflection. My mind was now both actively and usefully employed, and a transition from idleness to useful occupation is indeed a blessing.

Days flew on, and I gradually gathered much important and curious information. The Seymours had many visitors; a vast proportion of coronetted carriages among them; went regularly to the opera. I could not make out who was Ellen's harp-master; but Crivelli taught her singing, from which I argued their good taste. She went out to evening parties; I concluded therefore that she had only just *come out* and was still pursuing her education. A green britska and chariot were in requisition for both ladies, as the day was fine or otherwise: a dark cab with a green page attended Sir Charles on some days, on others he rode a bay horse with black legs, and a star on his forehead. With respect to the general habits of the family, they were early risers, and dined at eight o'clock. The beautiful baby was the pet of both ladies, and lived chiefly in the drawing room; and I observed that Ellen frequently accompanied him and his nurse in their early walks, attended by a footman.

The Seymours occupied the whole of my time; I gave up all parties for the present, on the score of business, and I assure you it was quite as much as one person could do conveniently to look to them. From discoveries I made, the family speedily became very interesting to me, I may say painfully interesting. Now I am not at all given to romance or high-flying notions, seeing that I am but seldom known to invent anything; what I am about to relate, may safely be relied on as the result of an accurate though painful investigation.

Before communicating these discoveries to my readers, I pause, even on the threshold. I have endeavoured to bespeak their interests for the fair Ellen, as I felt a deep one for her myself,—but,—truth must out,—it is my duty.

From the first day of the arrival of the Seymours, as I shall continue to designate them, I had been struck by the evident dejection of Lady Seymour. I frequently observed her, when alone,

bury her face in her hands, as she leant upon a small table beside the couch on which she sat.

The work, or the book, or the pencil,—for she drew,—was invariably thrown aside when her husband or her young sister quitted the apartment. The fine little baby seemed her greatest pleasure. He was a wild, struggling little fellow, full of health and spirits, almost too much for her delicate frame, and apparently weak state of health. She could not herself nurse him long together, but I observed that the nurse was very frequently in the room with her, and that the fond mother followed and watched her little darling almost constantly. She was surrounded by luxuries—by wealth. Her husband, in appearance at least, was one whom all women must admire; one of whom a wife might feel proud;—she had a beautiful child;—she was young, lovely, titled. What then could be the cause of this dejection? What could it be? I redoubled my attention: I was the last to retire and the first to rise. I determined to discover this mystery.

One morning I discerned her weeping—weeping bitterly. Her bedroom was in the front of the house; she was walking backwards and forwards between the window and the opened folding doors, her handkerchief at her eyes. At first I thought she might have the toothache,—not being given as I before said to romance;—then I suspected her confinement was about to take place,—but no, that could not be. No Mr. Blagden appeared—his carriage had not even been at her door for more than a week; at which I was rather surprised. She was evidently and decidedly weeping,—I ascertained that beyond a doubt. A flash of light beamed across my mind! I have it! thought I,—perhaps her husband's affections are estranged. Could it be possible? Husbands are wayward things,—I felt glad that I was not a husband.

A kind of disagreeable and tormenting suspicion at that moment strengthened my belief; a suspicion that—how shall I speak it?—perhaps he might love the beautiful Ellen. I tried to banish the idea: but circumstances, lightly passed over before, returned now in crowds to my recollection to confirm me in it. From that moment I renewed my observations daily, and with still increased vigilance, and was obliged to come to the painful conclusion that my suspicions were not only but too well founded with regard to Sir Charles, but that Ellen returned his passion.—Yes she was romantically in love with the husband of her sister! I seldom find myself wrong in my opinions, yet, in this case, I would willingly have given five hundred pounds to feel sure that I was in error. Such was the interest with which the extreme beauty, the vivacity and grace of the youthful Ellen had inspired me. Here then was food for philosophy as well as reflection. Who shall say that enquirers are impertinent, when such facts as these can be elicited. Had it not been for me—such is the apathy of people about what does not concern them—a base husband, and an artful intriguing sister, might still have maintained a fair face to the world; but

I was determined to cut the matter short, and open the eyes of the deluded wife as to the real extent of her injury. Honour compelled me to it. Let not the reader think me rash,—I will explain the circumstances which influenced my conviction. Oh, Ellen! how have I been deceived in thee! How hast thou betrayed a too susceptible heart.

Sir Charles was an M. P., which my ingenuity in sitting together hours and facts enabled me to make sure of. He frequently returned late from the debates in the house. The weather grew warm, and the shutters were always left open till the family retired for the night. Their lamps were brilliant, and I could discern the fair Ellen peeping over the balustrades of the staircase, and lingering and waiting on the landing place, evidently on the look-out for an anxiously expected arrival. Then the cab of Sir Charles would stop at the door—his well-known knock would be heard, and Ellen would fly with the lightness of a fairy to meet him as he ascended the stairs. He would then fold her in his arms, and they would enter the drawing-room together; yet, before they did so, five or ten minutes' *tele a-tele* frequently took place on the landing, and the arm of Sir Charles was constantly withdrawn from the waist of Ellen, before they opened the drawing-room door and appeared in the presence of the poor neglected wife, whom he greeted with no embrace, as he took his seat beside her on the sofa.

For some time I set down the *empressments* of Ellen to meet Sir Charles as that of a lively and affectionate girl to greet her sister's husband, in the manner she would receive her own brother. I was soon obliged to think differently.

When Ellen played on the harp, which she did almost daily, Sir Charles would stand listening beside her, and would frequently imprint a kiss on her beautiful brow, gently lifting aside the curls which covered it: but this *never* took place when Lady Seymour was in the room—mark that—no, not in a single instance. Sir Charles sometimes sat reading in a chair near the drawing-room window, and would, as Ellen passed him, fondly draw her towards him and hold her hands, while he appeared to converse with her in the most animated manner. If the door opened, and the poor wife came in, the hands were instantly released.

As the spring advanced, the appearance of Lady Seymour, and more frequent visits of Mr. Blagden, led me to suppose her confinement drew near; she became later in rising in the morning, and Sir Charles and Ellen almost constantly took a very early *tele-a-tele* walk in the park, from which they usually returned long before Lady Seymour made her appearance in the drawing-room.

A very handsome man, with a viscount's coronet on his cab, was a frequent visitor in Upper Brook Street. I doubted not but that he was an admirer of and suitor to the fair Ellen. Yet she slighted him; he was entirely indifferent to her: otherwise why did she often leave the drawing

room during his very long morning visits and sit reading in the window of a room upstairs, or playing with the baby in the nursery, leaving her sister to entertain him? The reason was too evident; cruel and heartless Ellen! My heart bled more and more for the poor wife; I absolutely began to hate Ellen.

At length closed bedroom shutters, hurry and bustle, cart-loads of straw, and the galloping chariot of Mr. Blagden, announced the accouchement of Lady Seymour. All seemed happily over before the house was closed for the night.

Sir Charles and Ellen were in the drawing room together. The lady's maid rushed into the apartment; I almost fancied I heard her exclaim, "my lady is safe, and a fine boy." So well did the deceitful Ellen act her joy, she clasped her hands together, and then, in the apparent delight of her heart, shook hands with the maid, who left the room directly. My heart was relenting towards her, as she was flying to follow the woman, no doubt with the intention of hastening to the bedside of her sister; but no—she returned to tenderly embrace Sir Charles before she quitted the drawing-room. At such a time too! Oh, faithless and cruel Ellen!

Sir Charles and Ellen were now more frequently together—more in love than ever. They sang together, read together, walked together, played with the little boy together, and nursed the new little baby in turns.

In due course of time poor Lady Seymour recovered, and resumed her station in the drawing room, and then Sir Charles was less frequently at home. I was furious at him as well as at Ellen. All my tender compassion and interest centred in the unhappy and neglected wife.

One other instance in corroboration of the justness of my suspicions I will relate. A miniature painter, whom I knew by sight, came early every morning to the house. Sir Charles was sitting for his picture. One morning, when I concluded it must be nearly finished, Sir Charles and the artist left the house together. I saw the picture lying on the table near the window, in the same spot where the artist had been working at it for nearly two hours before, while Sir Charles was sitting to him. I had not for a moment lost sight of it, and am ready to affirm upon oath that the miniature was the likeness of Sir Charles, and of no one else; for you must know that I have a small pocket telescope by which I can detect these nice points accurately. Well,—Miss Ellen came into the room;—she was alone;—she walked up to the picture, gazed on it for a long while, and—will it be believed? pressed it several times to her lips and then to her heart!—Yes, I am quite sure she pressed it to her heart; no one can deceive me in that particular. She did not indeed think or guess that any eye observed her.—But oh! Ellen, there was an eye over you that never slumbered, at least very seldom. Things had thus arrived at such a pass, that concealment on my part would have been criminal.—My duty was clear,—an instant ex-

posure without regard to the feelings of any one. But how could it be accomplished without personal danger. Sir Charles was a shot. I had seen a case of pistols arrive from John Marton and Son, Dover-street; besides, he was big enough to eat me, so that putting myself forward was out of the question. I had it—I would write to the Times and the True Sun, under the signature of "a Friend to Morality." That very night I condensed these notes into three columns, as I said to the editor, not to occupy too great a space in his valuable journal; and early on the following morning I arose to dispatch my letters, when, what should greet my astonished senses, but, at the door of the Seymours, their travelling carriage with four post horses! What could it mean? I had seen no signs of packing; no trunks, or wagons! What could it mean? I stood perfectly aghast; my eyes were fixed intently upon the carriage. Oh! I had it again, my wits never fail me—the murder was out. I need not write to the Times. Miss Ellen was discovered, and going to be sent off to school, or perhaps to "dull aunts and croaking rooks" in the country! I was glad to be spared the pain of forwarding the explanation; and yet—Good heavens! what was my surprise and profound mystification when Sir Charles appeared, handing in, first Lady Seymour, a beautiful flush on her countenance, radiant with smiles, and almost as quick and light in her movements as Ellen herself—then the old nurse with the new baby: then Ellen, smiling as usual; and last of all Sir Charles got upon the box, followed by the Viscount!! and then off they drove as fast as the horses could carry them. My eyes and mouth continued wide open long after they had turned the corner into Park Lane. I was at my wits end; at sea without a rudder. What could all this possibly portend? The little boy was left behind too! and all the servants, with the exception of one of the lady's maids, and Sir Charles's own man. Could it be that Ellen was going to be palmed off upon the poor deceived Viscount? But why then should they go out of town to be married? why had not I seen the least glimpse of a lawyer, or any preparation for a *trousseau*? and why did the new baby go with them? *that* could not be of much use at a wedding. No, that *could* not be it. Where *could* they be going? I passed a restless day, a sleepless night. The next morning I grew desperate, and was on the point of sallying forth in my cap and dressing gown, to knock at the door of the deserted mansion, and demand satisfaction of the butler, when who should I pounce upon at the door, but my old friend General Crossby. It was devilish unlucky, but I was obliged to ask him up. "I intended to call on my friends, the St. Legers, over the way, this morning," said he, "but I find they are gone to Portsmouth."

"To Portsmouth, are they? that's very curious," said I, interrupting him. "Do you know the family?" asked I, with something like agitation.

"I have known Sir Charles St. Leger all his

life; he married Fanny Spenser, a daughter of Admiral Spenser."

"Good God!"

"Why are you surprised?" asked he gravely.

"Why, General, I must be candid with you; truth and honour compel me to a disclosure, which, I am sure will, as a friend of the family, cause you exceeding pain." The General was now surprised in his turn.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "Nothing has happened to Mrs. Murray or the child, I hope."

"I don't know who you mean by Mrs. Murray," I replied, with great seriousness. "It is of Lady St. Leger and her sister that I am about to speak." And I then told him every circumstance of guilt, with their corroborating proofs, to which I had been so unwilling a witness; I told him all without disguise; to all of which he listened, as I thought, very calmly, apathetically indeed, considering he was a friend of the family; but on the conclusion of my recital, to my great dismay he arose, put on his hat, and looking at me sternly, said, "Sir, the lady whom you have thus honoured by so great a share of your attention is not the intriguing you suppose, is not the paramour of Sir Charles St. Leger, but is no other than his wife and my god-daughter.—I wish you, Sir, a good morning."

"Wife! God-daughter!" I repeated in a faint voice. "But, General, for God's sake, one instant, the elder lady?" "Is Lady St. Leger's elder sister, the wife of the gallant Captain Murray, whose absence on service she has been for some time lamenting. His ship has arrived at Portsmouth, and they are all gone to meet him."

He had reached the door; I was in an agony; my hair stood on end;—"One word more, the Viscount?" "Is Captain Murray's elder brother. And before I take my leave, permit me to wish you a better occupation than clandestinely watching the actions of others, of misinterpreting the actions of an amiable and virtuous lady, and traducing the character of an estimable man, whose refinement of feeling you have neither mind to understand nor appreciate. Sir, I wish you again a good morning."

What would I not have given at that moment of shame to have been on my travels down the bottomless pit. Anywhere rather than on the first floor at Brook-street. I was positively at my wits end.

I hung my head, completely abashed, discomfited—I had nothing to say, absolutely not a word—and was thoroughly ashamed of myself and my ingenuity. Had I possessed a tail, I should have slunk off with it hanging down between my legs, in the manner I have seen a discomfited dog do: but I had no such expressive appendage, and I could only ejaculate to myself at intervals during the whole of the next three days—

"God bless my soul! what a false scent I have been on! And for a bachelor gentleman too, not at all given to invention! Yet how was I to guess that a wife could be in love with her husband? There is some excuse for me after all. God bless my soul!"

P. S. The St. Legers are returned—Captain Murray is with them—French blinds are putting up all over the house, "Othello's occupation's gone," can't stand it—off to the continent.

THE LILY.

BY MRS. TIGHE.

How withered, perished, seems the form
Of yon obscure, unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
'Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing!
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth.

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

STANZA TO MY HORSE.

BY E. BULWER, ESQ. M. P.

Come forth, my brave steed! the sun shines on the vale
And the morning is bearing its balm on the gale—
Come forth my brave steed, and brush off as we pass,
With the hoofs of thy speed, the bright dew from the grass.

Let the lover go warble his strains to the fair—
I regard not his rapture, and heed not his care;
But now, as we bound o'er the mountain and lea,
I will weave, my brave steed, a wild measure for thee.

Away and away—I exult in the glow
Which is breathing its pride to my cheek, as we go;
And blithely my spirit springs forth as the air
Which is waving the mane of thy dark flowing hair,

Hail, thou gladness of heart, and thou freshness of soul!
Which have never come o'er me in pleasure's control—
Which the dance and the revel, the bowl and the board,
Though they flush'd, and they fever'd, could never afford.

In the splendour of solitude speed we along,
Through the silence, but broke by the wild linnet's song
Not a sigh to the eye—not a sound to the ear—
To tell us that sin and that sorrow are near.

Away—and away—and away then we pass,
The blind mole shall not hear thy light hoof on the grass;
And the time which is flying, whilst I am with thee,
Seems as swift as thyself—as we bound o'er the lea.



THE WOODPECKER.



THE PEACOCK.

THE WOODPECKER.

WOODPECKERS are found in various parts of the world: they live on insects; in search of which they are generally seen climbing up and down trees. They are admirably calculated for their mode of life: the foot of the Woodpecker is scansorial; its tongue is long and slender; its point is sharp and barbed; it is furnished with a powerful set of muscles, affixed to two long, slender and elastic processes of the os hyoides, or bones of the tongue, which, passing backward close to the articulation of the lower mandible, encircle the back part of the head, and terminate on the frontal bone. By means of this curious apparatus, the bird has the power of darting its tongue into clefts and crevices of great depth, where it transfixes the insects on which it feeds. It is also capable, by means of its bill, which is sharp, strong, and pointed, of boring holes in trees. The tail is composed of ten remarkably stiff and sharp-pointed feathers; these are bent inwards, and the bird supports itself upon them when climbing, or clinging to the trunks of trees. Nearly all the Woodpeckers lay their eggs in holes, formed by the birds' bills, except those of Guinea and Brazil, which suspend their curious habitations from slender boughs, "where neither the mischievous monkies, nor the numerous snakes, which, in vain, wreathe their terrific forms round the trunks below, can possibly reach them." It is worthy of observation, that the Woodpeckers in other parts of the world do not even line the holes, in which they lay their eggs, with feathers, wool, or any material whatever.

There are many varieties of this genus. Buffon, in his account of the Yellow Woodpecker of Cayenne, says that the natives call it the Yellow Carpenter. There is also a three-toed Woodpecker, having two toes before and one behind: both of these birds, like most of the genus, have fine plumage. The Green Woodpecker is a well-known English species: it is called, in several parts, the Laugher, from its making a noise very much like laughing, "particularly before the welcome showers of spring." The Carolina Woodpecker is rather less than the Green Woodpecker: the top of its head and neck are of a beautiful scarlet colour; the breast is olive, the belly reddish, and the back, wings and tail black, with markings of light brown and white. The smallest of the genus is a native of South America, and about the size of a Wren.

THE PEACOCK.

THIS bird, now so common in this country, is of eastern origin, and has been the admiration of all ages from that of King Solomon* to the present. Found in a wild state in many parts of Africa and Asia, but are no where so large as in India in the neighbourhood of the Ganges, from whence by degrees they have spread into all parts, increasing in a wild state in the warm climes, but wanting some care in the colder regions. They seem to prefer the most elevated places to roost on of nights, such as high trees, tops of houses, and the like. Their cry is loud and inharmonious, a perfect contrast to their external beauty.

The life of this bird is reckoned by some at about 25 years, by others 100. They average about three feet eight inches in length.

* Every three years once came the ships of Tarshish bringing gold and silver, ivory, asses and peacocks. 2 Chron. ix. 21.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.

ONE of the most singular cases of the effect of the imagination upon weak and credulous minds, stated in Darwin's *Zoonomia*, is that of a gentleman in England, who, walking over his grounds, found a poor old woman upon his premises, gathering sticks. He ordered her to lay them down, and go off his lands. She obeyed the command; but after she had laid down the faggots, she cast her wan eye upon him, and lifting her nerveless arm to heaven, exclaimed in a plaintive tone, "*Mayest thou never know the blessing to be warm!*" The man was struck with her suppliant imprecation; he returned to his house, retired to his chamber, complained of cold, and notwithstanding the application of woollens, and heat from fires, he continued to labour under this disease of the imagination for a few weeks, when he died! His offence was comparatively small; he performed a lawful act, and that in a comparatively lenient manner; but her imprecation upon him was too powerful for his nerves to sustain.

SHAKSPEARE'S CHAMBER.

SUCH is the idolatry manifested for the chamber wherein Shakspeare first inhaled the breath of life, that its walls are literally covered throughout with the names of visitors, traced in pencil by their own hands. The surface of the apartment is merely whitewashed, laid on about twenty years back, during which time, the ceiling, sides, projecting chimney, in short, every portion of the surface, has been written over, so that a list of signatures would at once exhibit all the character and genius of the age, and prove, of itself, a singular curiosity. Among the names thus registered, are those of Moore and Scott, the poets, with the distinguished tragedians, Kemble and Kean; and in honour of the bard, is also the signatures of his late majesty, then Regent, as well as that of his royal brother, the Duke of Clarence, to which may be added those of at least half the two houses of Parliament, and numerous foreigners of the highest distinction, particularly autographs of Lucien Bonaparte and the Austrian Princes.

THE CELEBRATED BARGAROLLE,

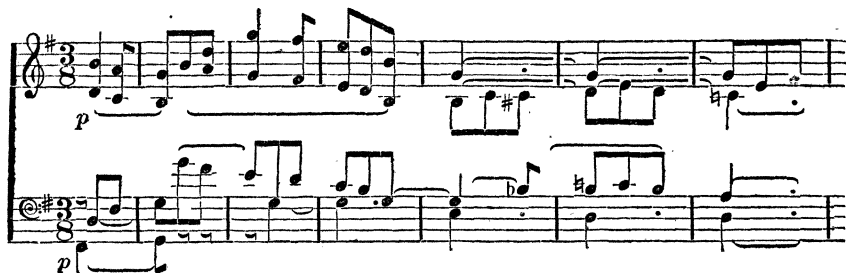
SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR,

IN THE OPERA OF FRA DIAVOLO,

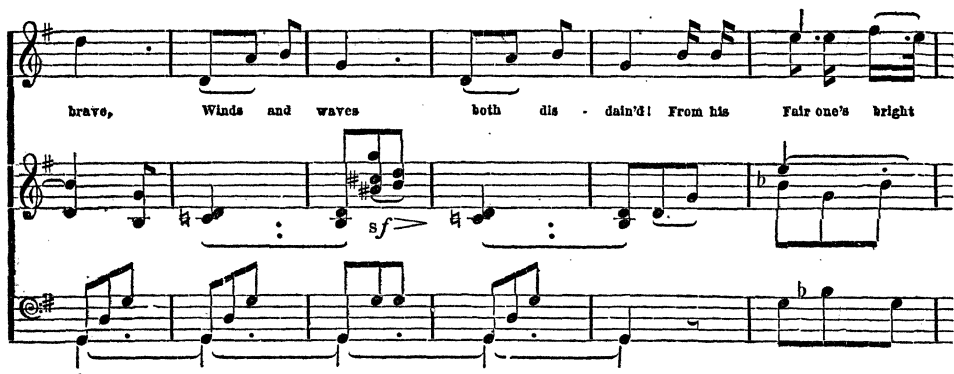
The Poetry by Rophino Lacey—The Music by Auber.

ANDANTE.

$\text{♩} = 96$



(MARQUIS.)





II.

The Gondolier, fond passion's slave,
Will in his Bark each danger brave,
By jealous cares unrestrain'd!
From the lips of his Fair
Let a smile soothe his care;
It is still something gain'd.

III.

The Gondolier, fond passion's slave,
Will thro' the storm the Billows brave,
By sweet hope still sustain'd!
If at last to his breast
He folds her he loves best,
It is still something gain'd!

THE FALSE ONE.

SHE is not happy, tho' she smiles,
And looks as free from care,
As if Life's shadows could not frown
On one so young and fair.

Tho' Pleasure seems to light her eye,
And on her cheek repose,
As beautiful and placidly
As sunbeams on the rose.

'Tis but a simile of joy;
There's that within her breast,
Which takes from every bliss she woos
The sweetness and the zest;

And like some rare sepulchral urn,
In which the dead are laid,
Without she's all surpassing bright,
Within, all gloom and shade.

She lov'd, and yet was false to one,
Young, ardent, kind, and brave,
Whose spirit could not brook the wrong—
Self-doom'd, he sought the grave.

Rank, wealth, and dotage bought her hand;
She's now a thing of art;
But tho' deceit doth sun her brow,
It cannot light her heart.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THE charge is given—trumpets sounding,
Urge the warriors on their way;
Forward their fiery coursers bounding,
Eager for the battle fray.

They glitter in the sun's bright beams,
Their standards reared in pride:
They come, they come, as torrent streams
Roll o'er the mountain's side.

They meet, they meet—foes of ages—
Sons of sires who met to die;
Each one, as the battle rages,
Hears their blood for vengeance cry.

With nerves as firm, and hearts as brave,
Sons their fathers' weapons wield;
They follow where the banners wave,
Welcome Death, but scorn to yield.

They fall, they fall, sires are childless—
Fondest wives are widow'd now;
Death with Glory's laurel's wreaths
Oypress round the blood-stain'd brow.

The strife is o'er—the sun has set
On bands of fallen heroes;
Who proudly rode in martial state,
When first its beams arose.

A STRAY LEAF IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NOVELIST.

"The why—the where—what *boots* it now to tell?"—CORSAIR.
 "My Majesty! this is mere diversion!"—WIDOW CHESHIRE.

"CONFOUND this gout!" pettishly exclaimed Mr. Walton, as he rose from his solitary dinner.

Now, Mr. Walton was a *bon vivant*, a humourist of the first fashion, a tale-writer (it must be owned) of the first talent, and one whose society was so constantly courted, in all dinner-giving and literary circles, that a lonely meal was a most unusual and unpleasant occurrence to him.

"Well," continued he, "I must, per force, content myself with another day of sofa and Quarterly;" for Mr. Walton ranked among the most devoted adherents to the Quarterly creed of politics.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, in a tone half peevish and half resigned, when a servant handed him a letter, bearing an official seal of stupendous dimensions, and marked, in the corner, "private and confidential."

Walton eagerly opened the envelope, and, to his no small dismay, learned that the great man on whose smiles he lived, and to whose fortunes and party he was attached, (by a snug place,) required immediate information on subjects connected with our naval establishments, into the expenditure of which, the great political economist, on the *opposite* side of the house, intended to make certain inquiries in the course of a night or two. Mr. Walton was requested, not to say commanded, to see the commissioner at Portsmouth as speedily as possible, to investigate facts, and to report progress on his return. It was at the same time delicately hinted, that the expenses of this important mission, would be defrayed by the writer from that convenient and ever-open source, the public purse.

"A journey of seventy-two miles, when I'd resolved upon quiet: but in the service of one's country, when it costs one nothing! Well, I must forget the gout, or lose my ———. Hang it! I can't call on the commissioner in list slippers. Travers! step up to Hoby's, and tell him to send me a pair of boots, somewhat larger than my usual fit; and take a place in the Portsmouth coach for to-morrow morning;—'tis too late to night for the mail—but d'ye hear? not in my name, as I travel incog."

Walton made the few arrangements for so short an absence from town, retired earlier than usual to bed, was horrified at the imperative necessity of rising before the sun, found himself booked by his literal servant as "Mr. Incog," had the coach to himself, and, at six o'clock in the evening, alighted at the George, in High-street.

Travelling without a servant, and with so scanty an allowance of baggage, he was ushered into the coffee-room, of which he found himself the sole occupant, asked for the bill of fare, and was served with the usual delicacies of a coffee-

room dinner; cold soup, stale fish, oiled butter, rancid anchovy, flabby veal-cutlet, with mildewed mushroom sauce. Cape and brandy, doing duty for sherry, and a genuine bottle of Southampton port, so well known by the seducing appellation of "Black-strap." All these luxuries were brought him by a lout of a boy, who looked more like a *helper* than a waiter.

"Well," thought Walton, "the sooner I complete my mission the better. I could not bear this sort of thing long. How far is it to the dock-yard, waiter?"

"I don't know; master can tell'e; it's no use going there now, the gates be shut."

"But I wish to see Sir Henry Grayhurst, the commissioner."

"He be gone to the Isle of Wight, with his family, so I heerd master say."

"Is he expected back soon?"

"Lord, Sir, how can I tell? if you ask master, he do know."

"Pleasant and intelligent youth!" sighed Walton, "I'll put him into my next sketch. Well, I've had the bore of this day's journey for nothing, since the man I came to see is absent, as if on purpose to oblige me. How extremely agreeable! I must 'ask master' then. Tell the landlord I want him."

"Master and missus be gone to the play; it's old Kelly's benefit, and they do go every year."

"The play! there's comfort in the name; any thing is preferable to this lonely, gloomy coffee-room. Send the chambermaid to me."

An old woman, with a flat tin candle stick, led the way to a small inconvenient room up numerous flights of stairs, not evincing the slightest sympathy with the limp of our traveller, who, by the way, had nearly forgotten his gout in his annoyances. She assured him that all the best rooms were engaged.

What soothers of irritated feelings are soap and water! Walton washed his handsome face, and aristocratic hands, (novelist-ink had not spoiled them,) got rid of his dusty travelling suit, put on a capacious king's-stock with flowing black drapery, and a well-regulated and well-braided Stulz. His ready-made Hoby's he consigned to "boots," having assumed the *bas de soie* and easy pumps. Leaving word that he should require something for supper, he bent his steps to the theatre.

The acting was sufficiently bad to amuse him, and at a moment when the attention of the audience was directed to the closing scene of the tragedy, and the ladies of the Point were weeping at the distress of the lady *in point*, the door of an opposite box was opened by the identical lout who had waited on him at dinner. The lad,

making his way through a box full of over-dressed and vulgar-looking people, whispered to a man in a blue coat and powdered head, singling out Walton, as though *he* was the subject of this unexpected communication. The landlord of the "George," for it was no less a personage, started up, and instantly left the house, accompanied by the females of his party.

When the curtain fell, a whisper spread from box to box, and during the farce Walton could not help perceiving that he had become a greater attraction in the eyes of the audience than the performers were.

"What the devil does all this mean?" thought he; "have they found out *what I am*? Perhaps they never saw a live author before. Let them stare. If they like to make a lion of me, I'll humour the joke."

On rising to leave the house, Walton found that the door was thronged with people, who, as he approached, respectfully made way for him, and he overheard sundry *sotto voce* remarks as he passed—"That's he."—"Arrived this evening."—"Incog."—"Staying at the George!"

Wondering at the extraordinary interest he had excited, congratulating himself on an evidence of fame that Sir Walter himself might have envied, and, followed by a crowd, he reached the inn. Three or four spruce waiters in *their* full dress, received him at the gateway, with most obsequious homage. The landlord, (his hair re-powdered for the occasion,) carrying a silver branch of four wax lights, stepped up to him with a low bow.

"This way, an' please your —, this way. Supper is ready for your —."

Walton, indulging his love of comic adventure, followed his guide with a dignified air into the drawing-room. The splendid chandelier threw a flood of light over a table, covered "with every delicacy of the season." His host lamented that the champagne had not been longer in ice, and was distressed at having been absent from home when his illustrious guest arrived. Waiters flew about anticipating the asking eye, and, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "all was alacrity and adulation." Walton could not help contrasting the indifference which he encountered at his afternoon meal with the courtesy which graced his evening repast. He made ample amends to his insulted appetite, and regretted that he had no friend to partake in the joke, for he began to find these mysterious attentions too vast for even his literary vanity to swallow. Remembering the purport of his visit, he inquired how soon the commissioner was expected to return.

"Sir Henry came back this evening, may it please—"

"I must see him to-morrow early: take care I am called at eight."

"A carriage shall be in attendance, your—"

"No, no; my visit is of a private nature."

"I understand, so please—and will caution my servants."

Walton, after having discussed some well-made *bishop*, and a segar or two, rang for a night can-

dle. The attentive landlord, like Monk Lewis's beautiful spirit, still bearing the silver branch, led the way to the best bed-room. Walton thought of the loftily-situated apartment first allotted to him, and smiled. Dismissing his officious attendant, he retired to rest.

The next morning, somewhat tired by the parade of the past night, he breakfasted in his bed room, and was preparing for his visit to the dock-yard, when his persevering host entered, beseeching the honour of showing him the way. His offer was accepted; and, finding that the champagne had renewed his gouty symptoms, Walton took advantage of his companion's supporting arm. The good man appeared overwhelmed with this condescension, and looked unutterable things, at the various acquaintance he encountered in his way. At the dock gate, Walton left his delighted cicerone, who intimated his ambition to remain there, to have the supreme felicity of showing him the way back.

Some hours rolled away, during which our traveller received the information he had sought, which appeared of so much import to the Right Honourable —, on whose behalf he had made the inquiry, that he determined on leaving Portsmouth instantly. A footman of the commissioner's was despatched for a chaise and four, with directions that the bill should be brought at the same time. Down rattled the chaise, and down came waiters, chambermaids, boots, and all "the militia of the inn," to the dock-yard! Walton, without looking at items, put the amount into the hands of his gratified host, distributed his favours liberally to the domestics, threw a crown-piece at the head of the lout, and stepped into his chaise, amidst huzzas from the many idlers who had joined the *Georgians*.

"Long life to the Grand —" were the only words the noise of the wheels permitted him to hear.

He reached London, without any farther adventure, in as short a time as four horses could get over the ground. Arrived at his home, he instantly forwarded the essential documents to his patron; and, having disburthened himself of the more weighty affair, fell into a series of conjectures, as to the possible motives for the reverential deference he had met with. Tired with conflicting speculations, between his fond wishes to attribute it all to his literary reputation, and his secret fears that the homage was somewhat too profound, even for a *littérateur* of his eminence to reckon upon, he kicked off *his boots*! Certain characters on the morocco lining attracted his attention. In a moment the mystery was solved. On decyphering them, he discovered no less a title than that of —

"THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS!"

for whom the Hoby's had been originally designed—for whom they had proved either too large or too small; and *for* whom also—our literary diplomatist had been mistaken, from the moment that he consigned them to the polishing hands of the wise waiter at the George!

"Fairly hooked," muttered Walton, as he went grumbling up to bed, and hoping the newspapers on the other side might never get hold of the story.

THE DEAD.

How few there are, as has been remarked by a forcible and impressive writer, who read the ordinary list of deaths, who know any thing of the depth of human feeling, or the intensity of human suffering, which is recorded in the simple and brief notices which we read with so much carelessness, and so coldly in the newspapers.—Finding no familiar name to arrest attention, or awaken sympathy, we think no more of the matter, for what care we for the long midnight vigils of watchful, affectionate friendship—the weary aching head—the afflicted, desponding heart—we do not feel the pain the languishing sufferer has experienced, and we know nothing of the agony which exhausted his frame and wore out his weary nature; nor care we for the spirit which has fled its frail tenement, and uttered its last, final, grasping farewell. We know nothing of the heart breaking anguish which is felt, or the hot burning tears which gush out in the agony of severed friendship, from bosoms swollen and bursting with an excess of passionate grief. We know nothing of the bitterness of parting, of the strength of affections which have been torn asunder—of the hopelessness of the first flood of tears—of the depth of protracted suffering—or of the intensity of the afflictions which real friends have been called upon to suffer and endure.

It is a melancholy, though instructive consideration, that the tendency of every thing is to decay; that the happiest prospects and brightest visions of future bliss, are but delusive fancies, which become extinguished when they shine out most vividly, and give the strongest evidence of permanent duration. "Hopes which were angels in their birth," become, from their intimacy and close connexion with human frailty and decay, but things of earth; and thus it is, that those dear objects upon which we have lavished most flattering hopes of future happiness and bliss are removed from us before we are conscious of the palsying illness which quenched the spirit and laid them low. We grieve that they are taken from us so suddenly—that they could not have been spared a little longer, then we could have appreciated their worth, returned their manifold kindnesses, and gradually prepared ourselves for that event which, from its sudden occurrence, unmans our resolutions and prostrates us in the dust by the sternness and severity of the blow. There is another sad thought, but, nevertheless, a true one—that the more friendships we form, the more attachments we make, the more tender and endearing connexions we weave around us and invest ourselves with, in this world, the more of grief and suffering we shall be called to endure. A time will come when all earthly attachments must be severed, and the more fond we have been of

friends and the more devoted to connexions, the more agonizing and severe will be the struggle which separates us and tears us away from among them. It may be that the Stoic's life is productive, eventually, of less pain and suffering than that individual endures, who possesses more delicate sensibility and is alive to the generous impulses of nature and the finest feelings of the human heart; it may be so, but yet his cold enjoyments, and numbing sympathies afford him but poor comfort, when most he needs the sympathy, the sustaining hand and upholding arm of ardent and enduring friendship. Life would not be worth possessing, if this polar star did not illuminate its dark paths, and throw around its dreariness some evidence of sympathetic love for each other, and though separation, when it comes, crush the heart and tear asunder its very fibres, yet how eagerly we taste of its delicious sweets and exult in the participation of its delirious enjoyments.

TRANSPARENCY OF THE SEA.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, that strikes a northern traveller more than the singular transparency of the waters; and, the farther he penetrates into the Arctic regions, the more forcibly is his attention riveted to this fact. At a depth of twenty fathoms, or one hundred and twenty feet, the whole surface of the ground is exposed to view. Beds, composed entirely of shells, and lightly sprinkled with them, and sub-marine forests, present, through the clear medium, new wonders to the unaccustomed eye. It is stated by Sir Capel de Brooke, and fully confirmed by my observation in Norway, that sometimes on the shores of Norland the sea is transparent to a depth of four or five hundred feet; and that when a boat passes over subaqueous mountains, whose summits rise above that line, but whose bases are fixed in an unfathomable abyss, the visible illusion is so perfect that one who has gradually in tranquil progress passed over the surface, ascended wonderingly the rugged steep, shrinks back with horror as he crosses the vortex, under an impression that he is falling headlong down the precipice. The transparency of tropical waters generally, as far as my experience goes, is not comparable to that of the sea in these northern latitudes; though an exception be made in favour of the China seas, and a few isolated spots on the Atlantic. Every one who has passed over the bank known to sailors as the Saya de Malha, ten degrees north of the Mauritius, must remember with pleasure the worlds of shell and coral which the translucent water exposes to view, at a depth of thirty to five and thirty fathoms.—*Elliott's Letters from the North of Europe.*

Angry friendship is sometimes as bad as calm enmity. For this reason the cold neutrality of abstract justice is, to a good and clear cause, a more desirable thing than an affection liable to be any way disturbed.

Original.

ENIGMA.

In torrid climes, where Phebus' burning ray
 Parches the arid soil, the livelong day,
 In cold and frozen regions of the North,
 Where from each hill the torrent gushes forth,
 In ev'ry mountain, ev'ry lowly vale,
 My presence never has been known to fall,
 Constant as autumn's fruit, or summer's flow'rs,
 Or noiseless flight of swiftly fading hours,
 My dwelling is the clouds, and there my voice
 Speaks in the thunder's roar—the cannon's noise
 In deep redoubling echoes breaks the air,
 Swelling more loud and deep—for I am there.—
 Old Ocean with his wat'ry "waste of waves;"
 The mad tornado that in fury raves,
 Would cease to be, or raise their tumult high,
 Were I not there, would calm and peaceful die.
 And yet, though Nature in her angriest mood
 I love to dwell with—be it understood,
 At times I shun the restless din of strife,
 And lead at worst a very noiseless life.
 I fear the lightning's flash, nor can restrain
 My timid form from shunning falls of rain,
 In beds of violets and roses shrined
 Refuge from danger, and sweet ease I find;
 Or in the cool brook rippled by no storm,
 See in its mirror bright my lengthened form.
 I fly from men, but in their words I breathe—
 The soul of joy—I od'rous garlands wreath,
 In sadness or in pain though never seen,
 By men of ev'ry tribe invoked I've been
 When anguish tortured, or when pleasure smil'd,
 My name but mention'd has their care beguiled.
 Then all ye wits and sages most profound,
 To guess my secret look on all around,
 Nor far in trackless wilds unthinking roam
 But visit at your ease my lowly home.

Y. P.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Mild cresset of Eve, in thy lustre appearing,
 Like Hope's beacon-lamp, midst yon fast-fading ray,
 While the dun-vested twilight in stillness is rearing
 Her flowers to the last golden glances of day;
 How sweet, when in peace sinks each feverish emotion,
 Reclined by the brink of the hoarse sounding shore,
 To watch thy pale beam on the bosom of Ocean,
 And trace the dim records of joys that are o'er.

Say, Star of the lonely—Night's fairest of daughters,
 By whom are thy far distant regions possess'd?
 Do the depths of thy valleys—the banks of thy waters,
 Resound to the praises and strings of the blest;
 Where the morn of content breaks, unclouded by sorrow,
 And joy blooms, unchilled, by the clear-flowing springs,
 And fear shrinks no more from the dark-frowning morrow,
 And Time dooms no parting, and Love has no wings?
 Oh! fain would we deem that the shades of the perished,
 Released from life's ills and the fetters of earth,
 Smile thece on the hearts where their memories are cher-
 ished,
 And still fondly watch o'er the place of their birth;
 And fain would we trust, that each now mourning spirit,
 When one darkness is spread o'er our dust and our
 cares,
 May hope, by those fountains of light, to inherit
 A bliss unpolluted and lasting as theirs.

Whate'er be the scenes which thy radiance discloses,
 Or thy realm's joyous tenants, bright gem of the west!
 Still, as now, when Eve scatters yon heaven with her
 roses,
 Be thine influence descending, as balm to the breast:
 And still, where the minstrel is silently musing,
 May the smile of thy glory be shed from a-far,
 Its own gentle ray on his pathway diffusing,
 Its peace on his visions—thou soft-beaming Star.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE consciousness of how little individual genius can do to relieve the mass, grinds out, as with a stone, all that is generous in ambition; and to aspire from the level of life is but to be more graspingly selfish.

The first thing printed in New England was the Freeman's Oath, the second an Almanac, and the third a version of the Psalms. This was in the year 1636. The first wind-mill erected in New England was located near Watertown, but was, in the year 1632, (200 years ago) removed to Boston.

Conscience implies goodness and piety, as much as if you call it good and pious. The luxuriant with of the schoolmen, and the confident fancy of ignorant preachers has so disguised it, that all the extravagancies of a light or a sick brain, and the results of the most corrupt heart are called the effects of conscience: and to make it better understood, the conscience shall be

called erroneous, or corrupt, or tender, as they have a mind to support or condemn those effects. So that, in truth, they have made conscience a disease fit to be entrusted to the care of a physician every spring and fall, and he is most like to reform and regulate the operation of it.

A newspaper is the history of the world for one day. It is the history of that world in which we now live, and with it we are consequently more concerned than with those which have passed away, and exist only in remembrance: though, to check us in our too fond love of it, we may consider that the present, likewise, will soon be past, and take its place in the repositories of the dead.

God's mercies are more than we can tell, and they are more than we can feel, for all the world; in the abyss of the divine mercies, like a man diving in the sea, over whose head the waters run insensibly and unperceived, and yet the weight

is vast, and the man is not pressed with the burden nor confounded with numbers: and no observation is able to recount, no understanding great enough to apprehend his infinity.

If you find no more books in a man's room, save some four or five, including the red-book and the general almanac, you may set down the individual as a man of genius, or an ass;—there is no medium.

To practise sincerity, is to speak as we think; to do as we profess; to perform what we promise; and, really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

It is provoking, when a vein of precious ore is just discovered, the working of which would have yielded abundant treasure, to have it choked by mere rubbish.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortune of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.

The primitive inhabitants of Mexico believed that the soul had to pass through places full of snow and thorns, and encounter many hardships before it arrived at its destined abode; and they therefore buried them with all their apparel, vestments and shoes.

In the gardens of Chapultepec, near Mexico, the first object that strikes the eye is the magnificent Cypress called the Cypress of Montezuma. It had attained its full growth, when the monarch was on the throne, (1520) so that it must now be at least 400 years old; yet it still retains all the vigour of youthful vegetation. The trunk is forty-one feet in circumference, yet the height is so majestic as to make even this enormous mass appear slender. At Santa Maria de Tula, in Oaxaca, is a Cypress 93½ English feet in circumference which yet does not show the slightest symptom of decay.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope: the balm and life-blood of the soul;
It pleases and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on,
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we can least spare,
Is hope: the last of all our evils, fear.

If you see half-a-dozen faults in a woman, you may rest assured she has a hundred virtues to counterbalance them. I love your faulty, and fear your *faultless women*. When you see what is termed a faultless woman, dread her as you would a beautiful snake. The power of completely concealing the defects that she must have, is of itself a serious vice.

Disappointed pursuers deny the existence of happiness, and call it a phantom present to the view, but perpetually eluding the grasp. Where did they hope to seize it? On the stormy road

of ambition, on the sunny and yet sterile waste of prodigality, or in the grovelling valley of slavish avarice? Amid such scenes it never professed to dwell; it will be found sheltering under the covert of an independent mind, and blooming in deeds of silent benevolence; it is his who, "having nothing, yet possesseth all things."

Valour and Art are both the sons of Jove,
Both brethren by the father, not the mother;
Both peers without compare, both live in love,
But Art doth seem to be the elder brother,
Because he first gave life unto the other.
Who afterward gave life to him again,
Thus each by other doth his life retain.

Julius Cæsar wrote, read, dictated, and listened to the conversation of his friend, at the same time.

There are seasons, when we are suddenly called from ourselves, by the remembrances of early childhood: something touches the electric chain, and, lo! a host of shadowy and sweet recollections steal upon us. We are born again and live anew. As the secret page in which the characters once written seem for ever effaced, but which, if breathed upon, gives them again into view; so the memory can revive the images invisible for years; but while we gaze, the breath recedes from the surface, and all one moment so vivid, with the next moment has become once more a blank.

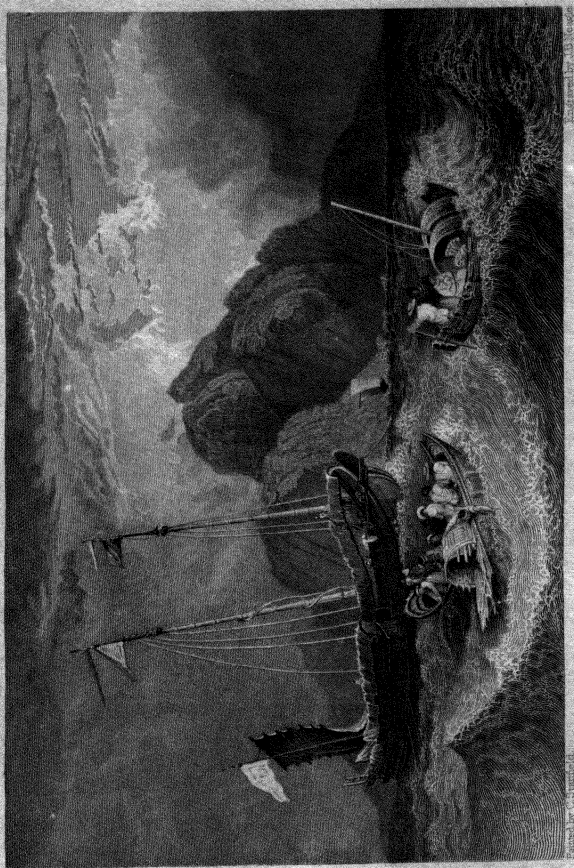
Manlius, who threw down the Gauls from the Capitol, had received twenty-three wounds and taken two spoils, before he was seventeen years of age.

It will hardly be credited, that while all Europe were expressing indignation at the exportation of christian slaves from the Morea, the trade was actually carrying on in the Maltese and Gibraltar vessels, bearing the British flag. The principal consuls, I believe, knew nothing of the fact; but the vice-consuls winked at the abuse, and pocketed the fees.

RECIPE.

REMARKS ON SCOURING WOOLLENS.

It often happens that woollens are dyed with a false dye, which is generally more brilliant than a fast or good dye. When this happens to be the case, especially in very fine colours, as purples, greens, maroons, &c. instead of spotting the cloths with soap in the solid state, other means must be used. A thin solution of soap should be made, and the brush dipped in, and then applied to the dirty places; and in case it is a false green, after it has been treated the same as all light colours, a pan should be filled half full of spring water, and the coat, &c. having been previously well rinsed in two waters at least, a teaspoonful or rather more of the best oil of vitriol should be poured into this vessel of spring water, and the coat put in and handled a minute or two, which will revive the colours, if a chemic green, and if not, it will not hurt any fast green.



TIGHER ISLAND.

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

NOVEMBER, 1832.

Original.

THE PALATINE.

TWENTY miles south-east of the place where I am now writing, there lies on the breast of a beautiful expanse of sea, a dark, sulky looking object, low and humpy, like a sea-serpent, bluff at one end like a spermaceti whale, and, altogether, forming no bad representation of a large specimen of that respectable fish.

It is, however, no whale, but an island. Devoid of the light, buoyant grace, and feathery lift of hills, which make other isles we wot of seem floating gardens of an ocean paradise, and inhabited by a stupid race, half cod, half water-fowl, it earned, and has borne, from the earliest times, the name of Block Island. The Block islander is as much a distinct species among the "long shore" people of New England, as are the Gypsies among Europeans. He may be known in any village on the coast where he goes to procure a grist, or to get his blacksmithing done, by his stature and size; five feet five, at the utmost, and all the way of the same bigness, like a rice cask. He may be known by his inimitable rolling gait, by his peculiar accent, and even by his peculiar voice—now shrill and whistling, like the wind through a key-hole, and anon, hoarse and grum, like the same wind through the forest tops, or the breakers on a reef. Add to these the *national* costume, the renowned roundabout, the body and the sleeves of which are invariably of different colours, and set the Block-islander on board his boat before a furious gale, and you have as *unique* a flying phenomenon as land or water can afford. Other peculiarities they have. They burn nothing but peat; have few vegetables except sea-weed; and use no money but specie—having infinitely more confidence in the *Banks* of Newfoundland, than in the Bank of the United States.

Their island being sterile, Providence seems to have clearly pointed out to them their way upon the mountain wave for the means of life. But sailors—in the nobler acceptance of the word—they are not. I do not believe that a Block islander ever crossed the ocean, or embarked on any other than a fishing voyage. He would not exchange his boat for the best ship afloat. His boat is his darling; he loves it as fondly as the Arab does his desert steed. And well may they be proud of them. Two masted, schooner rigged, exceedingly deep and sharp, they are the swiftest and safest craft that swim. Often are they known to put out to sea, when heavy ships are lying to under storm stay-sails; and the very sea-fowl are seeking shelter on the land.

Fisher men and women then they are in the broadest sense; for even the softer sex are so much given to the waters, that, as I am credibly informed, the pretty creatures are web-footed. Indeed, the Indian philosophers say that the whole island is nothing but a gigantic cod-fish, moored in these seas, time out of mind, by the powerful Manitto, who formed Nantucket with the ashes of his pipe; and that he will one day get under weigh with the mer-men and maidens who have settled on his dorsal fin, and put out to sea.

There is one trait peculiar to these islanders, and to the Bahama wreckers, to which I hardly know how to allude. However, it is considered *peculiarly* unfortunate for a vessel to be cast away upon Block Island; and one hundred years ago, the *national* character was very decidedly dashed with a propensity to petty acts of piracy. Custom house laws were lax, revenue cutters scarce, and pilots, in those days, could not, as now, be expected to know every rock on the bottom of the sea. To the stranger, unacquainted with these facts, Block Island would seem the last place in the world to be associated with any thing romantic. Such however is not the case. The *Phantom Ship* of Block Island has been seen by hundreds.

It is several years ago that I embarked at Stonington, on board one of their boats, to gratify a desire, which I had long indulged, of visiting the island. After waiting till late in the afternoon for a breeze, we at length sailed with a broken winded one, under which we could just lay our course. It puffed and puffed—and, at length, as if completely exhausted, left us in a flat calm off Watch Hill. Here then was a beautiful predicament, fifteen miles from the island, in an open boat on the open ocean, and the prospect of a stormy night; for, just then, the sun dropped behind a huge mountain of a black cloud in the west, and painted on its southern edge a zig-zag line of volcanic brightness. It grew dusk, and the cloud rose higher, stooping over the sea, like some aerial monster that had leagued with darkness and the waves for our destruction. Its outermost edge passed the zenith, and we began to feel its breath. It came gently, at first, and fair.

"W-wing and w-wing!" cried stuttering Bill Rose, our helmsman; and "wing and wing," it was—the two sails being boomed out larboard and starboard, like the wings of a bird.

Our breeze increased to a gale. The sea rose.

It blew harder, and was as dark as I desire ever to see it. I felt most uncomfortably lonely, for none on board sympathised in my emotions. Six out of the seven islanders were snoring in the bottom of the boat. The wind howled, and the sea roared, and the monotonous song of Bill Rose, more intolerable than the wail of the water fiend, chimed in with them.

But I was soon roused from loneliness to a keen sense of danger. The last faint streak of blue in the east was obliterated. The blackness of heaven met the blackness of ocean; and the compact of the elements was complete. It seemed as if the pall of nature had suddenly dropped around us, so terrible was the darkness; so foamless, though strongly agitated, the sea. But the sea soon gave us light. The legions of the tempests were heard in full career in mid heaven and fell upon us with unexampled fury. We cut the water as a bird cleaves the air, but could not outstrip the fiery-crested seas that tumbled on all sides of us, pressing upon our rear with the fleetness of the wind.

Rose managed the helm with unequalled dexterity and coolness. He knew how to take advantage of a path, where, to a landsman's eye, human skill seemed utterly unavailing. And the behaviour of our good boat was above all praise, dashing through the wild chaos of waters with inimitable buoyancy and speed.

Rose had spoken but once since dark, and that was to order the sails reefed. He now suddenly looked round and exclaimed, "It's a c-coming!" The next instant the crest of a sea struck me sharply in the face, and nearly half filled the boat. Our drowsy crew was effectually roused, and flew to the pump and buckets. Another huge billow came curling and roaring towards us. "We are gone, Rose!" I exclaimed, seizing his arm.—"N-no, we a'n't," said he; and obedient to the skilful movement of the helm that followed, the sea dived under us, and rose and rushed away on the other side.

"There are worse craft afloat to-night than the little Sea Flower," I at length remarked.

"Ay," replied Rose, "you may well say that."

He was ever and anon stretching his head forward as if he saw something.

"Is that Point Judith light?" said I.

"Pint Judy? whereaway?" said Rose. "Here's Pint Judy on our larboard beam. But as you say, there is worse boats afloat to-night than this here Sea Flower: ay, and worse fellows a-sailing them too than old Bill Rose."

"But what light can that be ahead of us, a little on the larboard bow?"

"Don't you see by the bearings it can't be on the island nor on the main?"

"Where then can it be?" and as I spake, the light which was at first small, began to expand and stream upwards.

"That, sir," said Rose solemnly, "is on board the ship Palatine!"

"The Palatine!" exclaimed the men, in the suppressed tones of superstitious awe.

"That then," repeated I, "is the Palatine—the phantom ship of Block Island."

"Ay," said Rose; (by the way, I must request my readers to imagine for themselves the double tonguing, and other graces, inimitable on paper, that garnished the conversation of this veteran;) "Ay," said he, "and before now, I have been near enough to count every rope in her, and to see the flames creep up the rigging, till every rope was a thread of fire: ay," and he dropped his voice to a lower key, "and I have seen the poor fellows run up the masts as the fire chased them, and from top to top, till they dropped from the yards into the flames below—ay, and I have seen the *lady* standing at the helm in the thickest of the fire. And there," continued he, "see it shoot up the mainmast—and now, the fore and mizen—and now, she burns all over."

Sure enough, the fire which, at the first, was a shapeless mass upon the sea, and apparently, a mile or two distant, now streamed up in three distinct spires, as high as the masts of a frigate, and even if I had been unacquainted with the supernatural legend of the Palatine, I should have pronounced it a ship in flames. I had frequently heard of the light seen off Block Island, and dark hints of unnatural deeds committed on board a ship whose ghost still haunted these waters. Of course, whatever credit I might have been disposed to give to the account of the lost ship, (and I have seen silver cups that came out of her) I had scouted "the light" as an ingenious fiction of the islanders, or at the best, as the firing of some brush-heap on the headlands.

But here was the phenomenon actually before me, on the open sea, and, to all appearance, *bona fide* fire, burning high and fiercely: and now the foremast fell, and now the mizen; and then it sunk to a smouldering mass on the breast of the sea, threw up fitful bursts of light, and expired.

Soon it appeared again farther out to sea.

"There will be fresh water enough soon to put out all that fire, if there's not enough in the sea," said Rose.

In five minutes it began to thunder and lighten, and a deluge of rain burst upon us; but, in half an hour, we reached the island and landed safely.

I confess that the events of this night completely changed my objects of enquiry. I thought of nothing and talked of nothing but the Palatine; and the business of the webbed feet, which I had determined to make the subject of particular investigation, slipped my memory entirely. I saw nothing however to contradict the popular belief on this point.

It was the morning after my arrival. The thunder gust of the last night had turned into a regular rain storm, and I sat "taking mine ease in mine inn," entertained with the fish talk of several worthies of the isle, when entered Captain William Rose. Well named was stuttering Bill Rose; for verily his face was "like the red red rose."

"Old uncle John Dory is dead," said he, in a low voice.

"Gone off in the *Palatine*," said one; "for she was on the coast last night."

"And if he has," said another, "it is not the first time he has been on board of her, I'll swear."

"Ay, ay," added a third, "he knew more about her than he could have wished, any time these sixty years."

"Well, dead he is," said Rose, "and as I could n't wish my worst enemy to die. He saw the *Palatine* last night."

"He saw the *Palatine*? impossible," cried all.

"Lying on his bed, from which he has not risen this twelve-month," said Rose, "and with his shutters closed, he saw her: and it came nigh freezing my blood, to see his eye roll, and his finger point, so and so, and so he died."

Rose really shuddered, as he tried to make us understand him.

"And who is this John Dory?" I enquired.

"The last man," replied Rose, "who really knows all about the *Palatine* and her passengers."

"Then am I too late," said I, mentally. But oh mysterious power of conscience! how, with its whip of scorpions does it drive the murderer, the successful evader of the laws, to become his own accuser, and to unroll to a shuddering world the black records of his heart, which he had vainly hoped to keep for the archives of hell alone.

Among the papers of John Dory was found a full confession of the whole transaction, written for the peace of his soul. It is, however, so rude and disjointed that, in laying it before the public, I shall throw him out of the narration, and give the story in my own language; carefully adhering however, to the facts.

Early in the last century, Jacob Vanderlin and others chartered the good ship *Palatine* at Hamburg, to convey themselves, their families and effects to Pennsylvania. The cause of their emigration is not stated; but certain it is, that Vanderlin and several others of the company were very wealthy men, and the lading of the ship was extremely valuable. There were in the whole thirty souls, one half of whom were females. Those were the days of the Buccaneers, and the name of Kidd was the terror of all who had business on the great deep. Vanderlin and his colleagues had therefore been careful to procure a well armed ship, and had enjoined upon Captain Horner to engage a faithful and effectual crew. In a few days, the Captain informed them that all was ready. His first and second officers were indeed strangers to him, but they had come recommended by the first commercial house in Amsterdam; his third was young Reynolds, an Englishman, and his own adopted son; his crew picked men, selected by his mates from every maritime nation in Europe, were thirty-five strong sea-dogs, every man among them a match for Kidd himself.

Encouraged by this flattering account, the conclusion of which, at least, was true, but not in the sense that the Captain intended, they at length

set sail; and Mary Vanderlin saw through her tears the blue shores of Germany for the first and the last time sink behind the waters. She was one of the fairest flowers that grew on the banks of the Elbe, and never could have survived this removal from her native soil, but for the presence of those whose smile was her sun. Her father and mother were with her; and one other with whom she would have been content to bloom and blush unscen in a desert. This was young Reynolds, the son of an English merchant, and nephew of Horner. Left independent by his father, he had made several voyages with his uncle rather to gratify his love of roving than from any pecuniary necessity, or to learn the science of navigation. He had for some time known Mary Vanderlin, and worshipped her at a distance, as the Chaldean might a star; till at length, from some peculiar aspect of his beautiful cynosure, the young astrologer began to indulge the most rapturous anticipations of the heaven of purity and love where it rolled. He converted a part of his estate into money, and obtained from his uncle the berth on board the *Palatine* which he held. The star of his destiny pointed westward, and he was determined to follow it. Still they had never told their love. Cruel restraint! soon to be broken—unowned ties! soon to be made stronger than death by common sufferings and dangers.

I pass over an interval of five weeks and present to my readers the *Palatine* becalmed in the middle of the Atlantic. There seemed something unnatural in that calm. The winds had stopped, twelve days before, as if strangled—the sea became motionless, as if frozen to the bottom. The burning August sun had wheeled, day after day, over a hard, arid sky, and set, without a vapour on the horizontal air, to soften the intensity of his beams, or to adorn the twilight. Silence and immensity, a liquid Sahara, and their ship chained in the midst of it, were all that fell upon the senses of our hapless voyagers.

It was the twelfth day of the calm. The sun was dropping towards the sea, as to his grave. A large group was collected on the *Palatine's* deck. A melancholy change had passed upon them. Five weeks before their faces were as bright as health and hope could make them; and they had left their port amid cheers and salutes. Now, they were pale and emaciated. A great part of their provisions had, in some unaccountable way, become spoiled—a malignant fever was in the cabin and steerage, and they were now met at a funeral. The disease, which was of the most virulent type, had not yet reached those parts of the ship inhabited by the sailors, and the bluff tars stood looking on with a grim indifference that contrasted strangely with the saddened looks of the passengers. Vanderlin was there with the fever spot on his cheek, and on his arm leaned his daughter, looking him in the face like the spirit of health; for hitherto she had walked amid the pestilence, like an angel of light, untouched and scathless.

But, the mournful rite proceeded, the last deep

prayer was said, and the body of the veteran commander of the *Palatine* glided into the depths of the sea. Wide waving circles moved upon the glassy waters, and soon seemed to call up an answering and counter ripple from the eastern bound of the horizon.

"Square the yards!" shouted a harsh voice, "our *Jonah's* gone at last, and here comes a breeze." The passengers turned with indignation and amazement at this unfeeling speech. Their eyes met the demoniacal glance of Mark Dusenbach, late first officer, now master of the *Palatine*. His square, brawny form was planted on the quarter deck, and his orders were delivered with clearness and authority, while the sailors braced round the yards, and gave to the breeze the full volume of the sails. The passengers felt that they, as well as the ship, had a new master; and, quailing before glances which they could neither understand nor brook, they retired each to his place in the cabin or steeage.

Well had Captain Horner said that his first officer was a match for Kidd himself. He was a genius in wickedness. He had sailed under Kidd till the common atrocities of piracy had palled upon his appetite; and he left the service, determined to do something refined and original. He entered the merchant service in Holland; and, being an accomplished seaman, was soon able to procure the credentials that gained him his place on board the *Palatine*. He had heard of the proposed emigration, and the fiend of his heart had whispered that now at last was the golden opportunity to give scope to his genius and gather laurels on an untried field. The second mate was a creature of his own, and the crew, whom he as chief mate, had enlisted, were indeed *picked* men. Whether the disease on board was to be ascribed to the unprecedented heat and calm, or to some diabolical arts of his own, certain it is, that, in Horner, it had removed the only obstacle to his operations. Triumph swelled his form as he strode the quarter deck. He beckoned to him his second in command.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good," remarked this worthy, with a smirk like the smile of a wolf.

"Wind?" said Dusenbach, "never talk of wind after such a beautiful calm. It has been better for our purpose than all the industry we could have used. Only think, that old Horner should have been the first to take the fever."

"One would almost think that he was inoculated for it," said the other solemnly.

Have our readers seen the laughing hyena? If so, they may form some idea of the distortion of face with which Dusenbach met this remark.

"But now to business, Mr. Dunscomb;" said the Captain; "are the men *ripe*?"

"*Dead ripe*!" said Dunscomb.

"But the youngster, Reynolds?"

"The boy's *dead ripe*—fierce as a shark. He laughed and jumped and howled like a madman when I let him a leetle into the plot of our comedy. He said, and ground his teeth as if he could have bit a marlin spike in two, that "proud

old hunks Yaucoop Vanderlin had refused him his daughter; and now, all he asked was to be appointed his *family physician*!"

"Ha! ha! he shall be their doctor, and I will find medicine," said Dusenbach. "But let me see," he continued, with mock solemnity, "self-preservation is the first law of nature. They have got the fever down aft here, therefore, there they must stay lest they infect the rest of the ship's company. Provisions and water are getting short, therefore if they have any they must pay well for it. Ha! dunder! this last is a rare bit. 'Tis sweet, to make them *give* even when you mean to *take*."

Dunscomb grinned applause.

"And in this way," continued Dusenbach, "I think they will be done for in a few days, without our having recourse to any more a— a—"

"Inoculation;" said Dunscomb; and with a grin of mutual ferocity, they separated.

Such was the cold blooded decree of these monsters in human shape; a decree to which they adhered with a steadiness more appalling than the blackest murder of the pirate; and seven of the hapless passengers, within as many days, were launched from this floating hell into the ocean.

"This wind is getting too fair," said Dusenbach glancing with discontented eye at the rapid headway made by the vessel; "we are not ready to go up the Delaware yet."

"Shall I get her upon the wind, sir?"

"Do, Mr. Dunscombe." And for six days more they beat up and down the New England seas, daily committing to the waves some two or three of their unhappy victims, till there were not more than six or eight half famished wretches left, most of whom were deeply tainted with the dreadful disease that seemed leagued with these human bloodsuckers for their destruction. Sometimes, when they were allowed to come on deck to witness the sea burial of a companion, they would catch a glimpse of the blue land of promise, and they would weep and wring their hands, and, in the most piteous accents, entreat to be set on shore. But Dusenbach was not yet ready to go into port.

Vanderlin lay in his berth, clasping the hands of his wife and child.

"You are sick—you are dying," said he, tenderly, "let the wretches have all, so they will save us."

"Never!" said his high spirited wife, "they shall have my life first!"

"And our child's?"

"And father's, mother?" said Mary, in an agony of tears.

Madame Vanderlin's lip quivered, but she answered firmly:—"What will it avail, my husband? They must and will have our lives. It is necessary to their safety, and this they knew when they commenced their horrid system. The ministering angel whose care has thus far kept life in us, has told us that nothing short of a miracle can save us; some of the crew have taken the fever: they must go into port soon: they can

not take us with them. Soon, therefore, disease or their knives must end us!"

"You say truly," said the mournful voice of a youth, who, at that moment, softly entered the cabin: "but," and he knelt beside Mary and clasped her passionately to his heart—"living or dying, we will go hence together."

"Oh! since so it must be," cried Madame Vanderlin, "oh! that we could indeed depart together, and instantly! But—His will be done."

"His will be done!" responded her expiring partner; and that very day, at evening, his body was committed to the waves. His wife took his place in the sick berth. Then it was that Mary's fortitude forsook her. "Oh, to be left alone!" was her bitter cry. Again her guardian angel was at her side, and repeated his vow to die with her. She wept upon his faithful bosom, and for a moment was relieved. But suddenly she raised her head wildly. "You die?" she exclaimed—"surely, surely, you can escape."

"I am not the ruffian I am forced to appear on deck," said he, with closed teeth; and he drew from his bosom a dagger, and fiercely clutching it—"Thy life measures Dusenbach's and mine."

It was the day after Vanderlin's death.

"Well, Doctor Reynolds," said Dusenbach, "how's practice? A distressing time of health in the cabin, eh?"

"I dismissed one patient yesterday, you know," said Reynolds with a grim smile.

"Ay, but the faculty on shore could have dismissed all three in less time. Provisions are getting short; we must go into port soon, and with a *clean bill of health*, you know. Quicker cures, or I must send Dr. Dunscomb to consult with you."

Want and disease had indeed reached the crew, and they began to murmur. There still existed in the cabin two witnesses of their atrocities, and in the steerage, six. Dusenbach pondered long and deeply upon the shedding of blood, and the glances of his malignant eye became hourly more baleful. But a power was gathering in the air to hasten the consummation of his crimes, and to work an appalling change in the aspect of our narrative.

"'Twill be a miracle if this northeaster don't bring us a windfall," said John Dory with his nose to the windward, like a jackall scenting his prey. He was standing with a number of hard looking fellows on the outermost beach of Block Island, looking out upon the sea which maddened and drove to the shore with a violence rarely witnessed, even on that weather-beaten coast.

"Belay all that! Tom Rose," said another, as one of the youngest of them reeled and nearly fell before the strength of the wind—"You had better put in your dead lights and rig your sea legs, before you venture to look this wholesome breeze in the eye!" And he fell to whistling in that peculiar key, with which a seaman invokes the wind, with now and then an ejaculation of "Blow, my good breeze, blow!" And they stood upon the beach, gazing out upon the sea,

like birds of ill omen, trying to pierce the increasing darkness of twilight, and ready to devour whatever the elements might spare. It grew darker, and, with discontented looks, they began to disperse.

"Never mind," said John Dory; "if there's any thing within a hundred miles of the coast, it must come in."

"If that tall fellow," said the youngster, "that stood hercaway yesterday morning, were only there now, we should have the picking of her bones."

"Bones, boy?" said Dory; "we'd have her fat—and Davie Jones might pick her bones." And with a laugh they were retiring, when a distant heavy sound came floating with the blended mist and spray, down on the fierce northeaster. They stopped with ears erect. Again and again it came, booming heavily on the night-wind.

"'Tis a signal of distress!" cried John Dory; "now three to the lights and three to my pilot-boat! In a few minutes three fires were lighted at as many different points, and a boat was seen stealing, like a spectre, out of the little harbour into the thick darkness of the ocean. The signal guns continued to be heard, at intervals, for several hours, as the ship neared the coast.

"Are you sure of your bearings pilot?" shouted the anxious voice of Dusenbach, through the din of the tempest.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the voice of John Dory, out of the top of his huge monkey-jacket, "the larboard light and the further light bear dead upon the reef—"

"Keep her away then," cried the excited captain.

"And the starboard light and the further light in a line, brings us into smooth water, and soft bottom. A leetle more—luff now, luff! So—steady!"

But a broad phosphorescent glare now appeared on their weather bow, towards which the ship bowed low with her side to the wind, was furiously dashing.

"Pilot, are you sure?—very sure?" cried the almost distracted captain of the *Palatine*.

"Very sure, sir. The starboard light—"

"To the devil with your lights, sir! What is that there forward?—Don't I see—don't I hear breakers?"

"You must be 'tarnal dull if you don't," said Dory.

With a muttered curse, Dusenbach dealt him a blow that sent him reeling across the deck.

"Keep her away!" he shouted with all the might of his lungs—"away with her—away!" and he sprung to the helm himself, and put it hard up. The ship made a rapid sweep and once more darted off before the wind. The next moment she stopped with a shock that made her quiver in every timber and nearly sent the masts by the board.

"Where are we?" screamed the captain.

"In the *Mouse Trap*," said Dory, coolly shifting his quid—"smooth water and *soft bottom*, you remember—fits like a mould."

Dusenbach ground his teeth with madness.

"Rig a noose in the main-top-gallant hal-yards!" shouted he to his men. "When you next set a *mouse-trap* and catch a *lion*, you'll be careful to keep your hands out of his mouth, my old boy!"

"Look you, master captain," said Dory, very calmly; "you may save yourself the trouble. Do you think me such a fool as to come out on a night like this, for the mere honour of being shipwrecked in your company?"

Dusenbach's only answer was a blank, unmeaning stare.

"I say," continued Dory, with a tone and manner, in which the very spirit of honesty seemed to breathe—"Does it look reasonable that I should leave my warm home on shore, and board you on such a night as this, and risk being drowned or murdered, for the mere pleasure of wrecking you; when it has been proved to-night that the quickest way of doing that, is to let you steer yourself?"

"A'n't there the reef?" said the bewildered captain, "and wan't you steering the ship dead upon it?"

"To be sure it is—to be sure I was. The channel lies close under the lee of the rocks—it a'n't wider than an Indian track—but I can make a ship walk it, the darkest night that ever fell. But you drove the pilot from the helm, and here you are."

"Where?" cried Dusenbach.

"In the *Mouse Trap*—so called," said Dory; "smooth water and soft bottom inside the Horse-Shoe reef."

Day was now slowly breaking, and soon showed them their real situation. Within a short mile under their lee the shore was dimly discernible through the mist; and upon it numerous figures of men, whom expectation, arising from their confidence in Dory's *pilotage*, had kept waiting on the beach all night. The ship was stranded on a sand bank within a semi-circular reef, and hardly a cable's length to leeward of the breakers. She was thus tolerably well defended from the assaults of the sea, save when some gigantic breaker acquired headway sufficient to overleap the barrier of rocks, and to pitch headlong on her deck and sides. But this soon became frequent. The wind rose with the sun, and there raged a perfect hurricane. Wave after wave dashed upon the devoted ship with the force of cataracts. All her boats were swept away—not one could come off from the island, and even John Dory began to cast anxious glances landward. As for the captain and crew they betrayed the most unmanly symptoms of terror.

"How long will she last, think you, pilot?" said Dusenbach.

"Why, I have known a ship thumped to pieces a leetle further out, in about four hours."

But the *Palatine* stood it wonderfully. The clank of the pump brake was indeed heard incessantly, and she seemed settling still deeper into the sands, but the "four hours" had expired, and the storm was gradually abating. At length

the sun set; and the tempest, as if its errand was accomplished, gathered up its clouds and vanished. A brisk southwester sprung up, and several boats from the island came along side.

Released from the absorbing and imminent dangers of the last twenty-four hours, Dusenbach's mind now had leisure to return to its former plans and fears. The bows were badly stove; the ship must be abandoned that very night; if left standing, the islanders must needs come on board, and there were yet eight tongues to publish the foulest crime ever committed on land or sea. He took his resolution; a resolve sufficiently horrid to stagger the understanding of a fiend. He determined after removing the valuables out of the ship, to burn her, and with her, the eight living witnesses of his atrocities. He communicated this to Dunscomb and Reynolds. Through all the storm the cabin and steerage had been carefully locked, and additional caution was used while the islanders were along side or on board.

Although Reynolds was convinced that Dory had purposely cast the ship away, and consequently distrusted him exceedingly, yet he could not let this only opportunity of reaping the reward of his painful and masterly dissimulation, and of saving a life far dearer than his own, pass unimproved. He had therefore very cautiously informed him of the real character of Dusenbach and his crew, and the dreadful fate that awaited the passengers. Dory, half freebooter as he was, was astounded at the information.

"Whew!" said he; "but this beats all nater. I am glad of it, for I thought we were going to be a little *too bad*!" A hurried consultation then took place between them.

It was now quite dark, and the boats were ready to put off. "I will leave my boat under the ship's stern, captain," said Dory. "From the looks of her bows you may have need of one before we return. Twenty of the crew went on shore in the boats to protect the property. Reynolds was sent forward to examine the bows. He went reluctantly, for he felt that the crisis of his fate was at hand.

Dusenbach strode the deck with a hurried step and a gloomy brow. A new thought was cast up in his storm-tossed soul. "Better make all snug at once," said he mentally; and he beckoned to him three grim looking fellows, and gave them some order in a whisper. Two of them entered the steerage, and one the cabin. Darkness shrouded the deed of that night. There were groans and shrieks upon the night wind, but none can tell what caused them; and heavy plunges into the water, but none can say that they were not occasioned by the casting overboard of shot. A solitary lamp burned in the cabin. Mary was kneeling by her sick mother in the attitude of prayer. Her eye met the assassin's, as he entered, and, charmed by their basilisk influence, remained fixed on him in mute horror. He paused; he attempted to approach; still her eye followed his; till, at length, he turned abruptly and rushed up the stairs. Reynolds

was just then returning from the forward part of the ship. He saw the cabin door open, and a figure emerge armed with a knife. Despair and horror shot through his brain and heart, like lightning, and almost prostrated him on the deck. But the next instant, like the lightning, he leaped upon the assassin and grasped him by the throat. "Wretch!" he screamed, "what hast thou done?"

"I cannot do it—I cannot—I cannot," gasped the ruffian.

Reynolds' presence of mind returned instantly.

"Fool! coward!" cried he, hurling the fellow from him—"give me the knife—I'll do it." He rushed down the stairs and fastened the door. Mary was lying apparently lifeless.

"O heavens! the villain told me he could not do it."

"Nor has he," said Madame Vanderlin—"unless his looks have killed her!"

"Mary—dearest—mine in life and death," cried he, passionately, lifting her in his arms—"Be yourself now."

"I am prepared to die," said Mary, opening her eyes.

"But life, Mary! for life now, dearest!" cried he, bearing her towards the cabin window. With a hurried hand he removed the dead-light, and the broad face of John Dory instantly appeared at the window.

"Softly, lad! quick, and softly," said he, receiving from Reynolds his lovely burden, and carefully laying her down in the boat. In less than a minute more, Madame Vanderlin and Reynolds were safely on board; the fast loosed; and the boat suffered to drift clear of the ship. The sails were then hoisted, and she was put upon the wind towards the shore. What language can do justice to the feelings of the mother and child, when the waking certainty—the blessed reality of this wonderful escape, came home full upon their hearts? An escape from such horrors! They wept—they prayed—they fell upon each other's necks—into the arms of one deliverer, and at the feet of the other.

"Well, ma'am, well," said Dory, "it was cutely done, that's certain, almost as well as my piloting last night; and I hope 'twill go somewhat towards balancing a heavy score I have been running up on the debit side of the great account book; and to which I am fearing there will be some items added before morning."

"Well, Captain Reynolds," continued Dory, as they rapidly neared the shore—"here are your trunks, you see, and some of madam's, I suppose from the 'nitals; I was careful to have them stowed in my boat, to which, as they were putting off, I slyly added myself. And now I'm thinking you had better not land on the island at all. It won't be best for you. Block islanders are wreckers, and there are things to be done yet, to which we don't want to have any 'long shore witnesses."

"But, Dusenbach, the villain!" said Reynolds.

"Leave him to John Dory, and a Block Island

Court Martial," said the islander. "His punishment shall be seen from here to Nantucket. But, here we are, near the point. If you leave the boat at Tucker's wharf, at Newport, I shall get her again. So, good bye. Here's a smooth sea, fair breeze, and bright starlight; and yonder's Sekonnet light."

So saying, he wore the boat round, putting her before the wind; and placing the helm in Reynolds' hand; he jumped overboard and pulled for the shore.

Early the next morning, the boat entered Newport harbour. They tarried in that place till the health of Madame Vanderlin was entirely restored. The hands of Reynolds and his Mary were then united at the altar; and then, as if anxious to remove as far as possible from the sea—associated as it was with such dreadful recollections—they retired far west, into the interior of Pennsylvania, and purchased a large tract of land, on which their numerous descendants still live.

Return we to the Palatine. It was "midnight deep." So busy had been the crew and islanders that almost every thing of value was already on shore. Three boats however were still along side, and fifteen of the crew still on board. Of these, five were sick, *down forward*; six were still rummaging the hold for valuables, and four stood at the halyards ready to hoist up whatever they might find. John Dory, and six or eight Block Islanders, were lounging lazily near the main-hatch, and none of them, except Dory, seemed to take any interest in what was going forward. He, ever and anon, approached and looked down the hatchway. Dusenbach stood by, superintending the whole in person.

"What have they got hold of now?" at length said Dory.

All hands clustered round the hatchway, and stood looking down into the hold with eager expectation. Quick as thought, Dory tripped Dusenbach's heels, hurled him head foremost down below. His men accompanied him in his flight; for Dory's associates had, like clock-work, most ably seconded their leader. The hatches were closed and barred, and every avenue to the inner parts of the ship locked. There was a running up and down the decks for a few minutes, and then the boats put off. But ere they reached the shore, three heavy columns of smoke rose from the Palatine; and in a few minutes after the whole ship was a mass of flames. The deliberate murderers, instead of landing, sailed round and round the ship to cut off the retreat by water of any whose impossibility of escape they had already made deathly sure.

But ever on this very night, the superstitious horror connected with this ship began to be felt. Numbers affirmed that they saw some of the poor wretches burst from the hold and run up the masts, where they hung from the yards; till, literally roasted and fried, they dropped into the fires below; and that when the flames raged highest, a female form was distinctly seen from all the boats, standing on the quarter deck in the

very hottest of the fire, till the whole mass suddenly went out, and the last flame curled upwards, as if the arch-fiend had sunk through the sea with his prey.

Of the fate of those of the crew who landed, there is no certain record. Some say that the islanders took the administration of the law into their own hands, and actually gibbeted them. Others, that after a bloody battle over the spoils, in which many fell on both sides, a parley was held, and the few surviving sailors were not only spared, but admitted to all the rights of *island-ship*.

But sure it is, that whatever became of the crew, the islanders were, ultimately, heirs to them and to the hapless passengers of the Palatine. To the final consummators of this tragedy their ill-gotten wealth proved a curse. They led troubled lives. They avoided the sight of each other, and some of them, as if determined to remove as far as possible from their companions in

crime, loaded their boats and removed to different points of the main coast. There hard drinking, to drown the horrors of conscience, soon ended their days. At last only three remained on the island, and to these the curse of a haunted existence was extended to a most preternatural old age. The last of them died as related in the early part of this narrative; and the Phantom Ship, which had appeared at the death of each of them, has not been seen since.

It will, perhaps, be difficult to account for the atmospheric phenomenon which is associated in the minds of the islanders with such a tale of horror. Of its appearance, rare indeed, but attested by hundreds of witnesses, there is not a doubt. That it should haunt the scene of the Palatine's wreck, or that it should appear at all, is certainly extraordinary; and all I can say to the sceptic is,

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

ADIEU TO SCOTLAND.

LAND of my soul! what meet farewell,
Shall trembling lips like mine address thee?
Such struggling thoughts my bosom swell

That words I scarce can find to bless thee!
Fame to thy sons of noble race!
Joy to thy maids of matchless grace!
Peace to my father's dwelling place,
And health to all who love thee!

What child of thine may hope to find,
Amid the climes where fate shall lead him,
The virtues that he leaves behind,

Thy truth, thy honour, and thy freedom?
They shun the blood-stained soil of France,
In Rome they sleep in death-like trance!
Helvetia's mountains knew them once,
And for thy sake—I'll love her!

Yet there, even there—thy heath clad hill,
Thy clear brown streams—the woods that line them,
Thy fairy lakes, shall haunt me still,
And mock the lands that would outshine them.

In vain shall Alps invade the sky,
And rivers roll majestic by,
And mightier lakes expanded lie—
Like thine, I cannot love them!

Sounds too there are—as all have known—
Upon the soul resistless stealing,
From voice of friends, the mingled tone
Of Scotia's music—mirth and feeling!

Oh Italy! thy matchless art
A moment's rapture may impart:
Like these, it ne'er can reach the heart
From infancy that loved them!

There is a spot, a darling spot,
Whose charms no other scene can borrow,
Whose smiles can cheer the darkest lot!
Can double joy, and lighten sorrow;
Through marble halls I'll coldly roam,
Unenvious of the princely dome!
And from their state, my lowly home!
Still more I'll learn to love thee.

But for that friend who guides my way,
That tie which death alone can sever;
Unable for to go, or stay,
My heart would linger on forever,
But duty calls, the sail is set,
And eyes with friendly tears are wet—
Adieu, adieu! Oh! ne'er forget,
Till I return, to love me!

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

OH! tell me not of fairer lands,
Beneath a brighter sky;
Of streams that rolled o'er golden sands,
And flowers that never die!

My native isle! my native isle!
Though bare and bleak thou be;
And scant and cold thy summer's smile,
Thou'rt all the world to me!

The flower that on thy mountain's brow,
When wintry winds assail,
Securely sleeps beneath the snow,
Its cold and kindly veil—

Transplanted to a richer soil,
Where genial breezes play,
In sickly bloom will droop awhile,
Then wither and decay.

Such, such, thy sheltering embrace,
When storms prevail I feel,
My father's father's resting place,
Though cold, yet kindly still.

And ah! the floweret's fate were mine,
If doomed from thee to part—
To sink in sickening slow decline,
The canker of the heart.

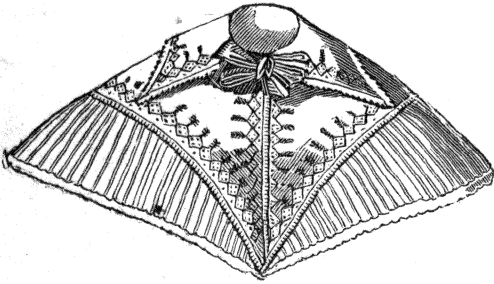
Love's dearest bands, friendship's strong ties,
That round my bosom twine—
All past delight, all present joys,
My native isle! are thine!

If all were gone like summer's dew,
Before the morning beams;
Still friends, that pass not, I should view
In thy wild rocks and streams.

Oh! may thy still, thy changeful skies,
Thy clouds, thy mist be mine!
And the sun that saw my morning rise,
Gleam on thy day's decline.

My native isle! my native isle!
Though bleak and bare thou be,
And scant and cold thy summer's smile,
Thou'rt all the world to me!

PREVAILING FASHIONS.



THE REFUGEE.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "MERCHANT OF LONDON."

SCENE.—A drawing-room, simply but elegantly furnished, opening to a Lawn, with a quiet picturesque Landscape: deep Woods in the half distance. A Summer's Evening, just after Sunset.

CHARACTERS.—The Earl of —; Lady Julia, his daughter; the Conde de —; Don Ribeiro de —; other Guests, male and female, Foreigners and Natives.

EARL. That was a sweet air, Julia, one of those
On which the pleas'd ear lingers. There are melodies
That never pall the sense, and this is one
To me.

CONDE. 'Tis beautiful.

RIBEIRO. Ay, very beautiful,
And sweetly sung.

CONDE. And blends deliciously
With the mellow sunset.

JULIA. You have ta'en perhaps
Its tone hence, and the fine association
Pleases you.

CONDE. Nay—

JULIA. There are some Spanish airs
Which I have heard, that speak true poetry
Of music: such as burst from the full heart
In the natural shout of triumph, or the wailings
Of tenderness ill-fated, or break forth
In throes of o'ercharged pleasure: some, the echoes
Of nature's solitudes, sometimes simply telling
Of peace and beauty, sometimes raised aloud
To piety and worship. Every land
Hath legends of the soul like these. Old lays
Echoing th' eternal passions; thoughts still new
In their pure wisdom, sounds still new in beauty,
And far more touching than the lays of Spain.

RIBEIRO. There is a rough war-song—

CONDE. A war note comes
From Don Ribeiro like the fiery snortings
Of a charger before battle, when his nature
Is waken'd by the trumpet.

EARL. Sing it, sing it!

At such a moment even I could sing;
'Tis part of conversation.

RIBEIRO. You shall have it.

Now the last charge!
The sun goes down in blood,
But not so red,
As the grassy bed,
Of the thousand Moors who firmly stood
With sabre and with targe.

Charge! charge once more!
The infidels must yield;
Bravely they've fought,
And dearly bought
Shall be the trampled field,
Sodden with human gore.

Charge, charge again!
What is it now to die?
Conquer'd who'd live?
And who'd not give
His life for victory,
A victory for Spain?

JULIA. It thrills me.

EARL. Aye; the air is bold and stirring,
And makes the pulse of an old warrior beat
With youthful quickness.

RIBEIRO. You should hear the song
In its own country; you should be a Spaniard
To hear it. These things ever speak to me
With such a mingled voice of memory
And melody. To hear them in one's land,
The noble hymns of war, chanted aloud
By myriad armies, ringing round the hills,

The lion-voice of freemen. I have heard it—
Oh! I have heard it once, when my own tent
Was the mausoleum of my ancestors,
Who had joined in the same song, ere they led forth
Their bands to conquest. Yes, I've heard the song,
When my own name was the battle-word, a name
Had been among the victor cries of Spain
For ages, and had never lost its spell
Till now, when freedom joined with it, a cause
The noblest and the last it e'er shall grace.
Yes, it was something that the very word
Was a historic record, and would raise
A flush in every cheek, in every heart
A throb of glorious pride, that Spain should own it,
And here an unknown, an unheard of sound.
Would I had died then with it! for my country
Is now a ruin, a sad wreck, where honour
Lies buried, and the fame of my great forefathers
Cast on the shore for pilfering slaves to spoil,
Blasting their glories with the shames of Spain.
I go too far, I wrong your hospitality:
I should be more contented. I owe much
To England;—but I've now no country.

EARL. True!

But immortality has given such names
To all ages, and all lands; and such is yours.

RIBEIRO. Thanks, my lord.

CONDE. I remember that a friend
Of mine, an Englishman, praised once a song,
With which, upon our lonely bivouac
In the French war, near Salamanca, once
I wiled away the night—poor Leveson!
He fell next day.

JULIA. What is it?

CONDE. You shall hear.

JULIA. Your lute is by your hand, you looked for it.

CONDE. Yes, it will aid a rough voice.

JULIA. You play well.

THE CONDE'S SONG.

May I not tell, oh! gently tell,
Feelings so kind, so pure, so true?
What means the silent, fearful spell,
That prompts, yet checks me, when I'd sue?

Oh read, then read, my burning cheek,
Are mine eyes dumb? how unlike thine!
Of love, of hope, of heaven they speak—
Does nothing answer them in mine?

The cork-tree waveth silently,
In the soft sighing breeze of night,
Fair Seville's towers pensively
Shadow the placid moon's pale light.

My soul is full of love and thee,
Even nature hallows the firm spell—
And will not nature plead for me,
When to my heart it speaks so well?

JULIA. 'Tis fanciful.

RIBEIRO. And fancifully sung.

EARL. Why, yes; the Conde is young, and half believes
Love's dreams realities.

CONDE. Are they not so?

EARL. Credulity in them grows not with age,
We break the spell at fifty. Why, what a crowd

Of things impossible, are in your song!

CONDE. Aye, you may banter, but as once I heard it,
You had yielded to its magic, and believed
That a thousand times as much, for her
Who sung it. 'Twas a black-eyed maid, so pale,
So gently thoughtful, with a low soft voice,
That you would list to as sweet bells far off,
When the night wind just wafts their holy sound.
She took the veil soon after: as I think,
'Twas the last song of earth she ever sung.

JULIA. She took the veil! poor girl!

EARL. How Julia pities

So hard a fortune!

CONDE. 'Twas an eve of which
This somewhat may remind me—but the air
Of eve in Spain—where was I? We were seated
In a balcony. I was then a stripling,
Some three or four joyous yet gentle girls,
This pale one, and a reckless youth, who smiled
As her eye fell upon his, with a meaning
I knew not, yet remembered her look fell,
Nor sung nor said she more—and I've since thought

'Twas the last breathing of a passionate heart,
That murmured in that song.

JULIA. And he regarded not?

CONDE. No.

EARL. That was dull of him, eh, Julia?

'Twas not yourself, Conde?

CONDE. No, thank Heaven, I sported
With gayer trifles; for I was gay then,
Young, full of hope, one to whom chivalry
Comprised existence. Gallantry and fame
My idol and my care.

EARL. You're yet that boy, Conde.

CONDE. Oh that I were! that I could once more dwell
Among such beauteous visions, such fair truths!
To live in the romance of my own land,
My own beloved Spain! Oh! to recall
Its skies, its hills, its waters, its bright clime,
Its old accustomed manners, charities
Of native country, and of infant home;
Its songs, its loves, its sorrows, and its mirths!

I am a banished man.

* * * * *

THE LOST JAGER.

"I AM for the Gernsjagd this morning, Netty," said young Fritz of the Back Alp, as he swaggered over the threshold of her grandmother's cottage: that is, he did not exactly swagger, but he stepped in with an air, such as became the handsomest bursch, and the stoutest wrestler, and the best shot in Grindlewald, and who knew withal that he was beloved, deeply and dearly, by the prettiest fraulein of the valley. And pretty she was—a dear little bashful drooping mountain daisy, with such hair—not black—not exactly black—but with a glossy golden brightness threading through it, like—what shall I liken it to?—like midnight braided with a sun-beam. And she looked so handsome in her Bernese bonnet, with its airy Psyche-like wings; and she tripped so lightly; and I believe, to say the truth, she had the only handsome foot and ancle in the parish—and such an one!—and then she had such a neat, light, elastic, little figure. Suffice it to say, she was Fritz's liebekken, and Fritz was a passable judge of female beauty, and himself the Adonis of Grindlewald. And she was the sun of the valley, rather the mild moon—or, in short, sun, moon, and stars; and had been so denominated in sundry clumsy German rhymes in her praise, by Hans Keller, who, with a like multiplicity of attributes, was himself the Horace—and Virgil, and Anacreon, and—schoolmaster of the neighbourhood: very clever, and very crazy. Darling Netty—many an evening, as, by a sort of accident prepense, I happened to saunter by with my pipe, and lingered to gossip away half an hour of bad German, with Fritz and his intended, and her dear, drowsy, deaf, old grandmother, I have thought Fritz was a very happy man; and perhaps, to say the truth—perhaps—envied him—a little.—Heaven forgive me!

"I am for the Gernsjagd this morning," said Fritz, as he flung his arm round the blushing

maiden. Old Clausen marked some half dozen of them up by the Roseulani Gletscher yesterday; and I think we shall pull down some of the gallants, before we have done with them. He promised to meet me at the chalet at eleven; and, by the shadow of the Eiger, it must be close upon the hour: so come with me luck, and by to-morrow evening at furthest, we shall be back with a couple of noble gemsen. 'Down, foolish fellow!—down, Blitz!' he said to his dog, that was yelping around him, in anticipation of the sport.—'Why, he is as fond of chamois hunting as his master. Look at him, Netty.'"

But Netty did not look. Fritz knew well enough that she dreaded, on his account, even to terror, the perils of chamois hunting; but he was devoted to it, with an enthusiasm which is so common to those who practise that dreadful diversion. *Perhaps* this passion did not compete with his love for Netty; perhaps it did. He had never gone, it is true, without her consent; but it was as well for both, that the question had never been brought to an issue, whether he would have gone without it. Not but that he loved, really loved Netty; but he thought her fears very foolish, and laughed at them, as men are very apt to do on such occasions. Netty started when he mentioned the Gernsjagd, and bowed her head to his breast—perhaps to hide a tear—perhaps to examine the buckle of his belt, in which, at that moment, she seemed to find something particularly interesting. Fritz talked on laughingly, as he thought the best way to dispel her fears was not to notice them at all: so he talked, as I said, until he had no apology for talking any more; and then he paused.

"Fritz! my dear Fritz!" said she, without looking up, and her fingers trembled in the buckle which she was still examining. "My dear Fritz!"—and then she paused too.

"Why, my dear Netty," said he, answering her implied expostulation, "I wouldn't like to disappoint old Hans—after Wednesday, you know"—and he kissed her cheek, which glowed even deeper than before. "After Wednesday, I promised never to hunt chamois again; but I *must* go, once—just once—to drink a farewell to the Monck and the Aarhom, to their own grim faces—and then—why, I'll make cheese, and cut wood, and be a very earth-cloth of the valley, like our good neighbour Jacob Biedermann, who trembles when he hears an avalanche, and cannot leap over an ice-cleft without shuddering. But once—just once—come with me luck, this time, and, for the future, the darlings may come and browse in the Wergisthal for me."

"I did not say I wished you not to go, Fritz."
—"No; but you looked it, love; and I would not see a tear in those bright eyes, for all the gemsen between this and the Orteles; but you know, my dear, there is really no danger; and if I could persuade you to give me your hearty consent and your good wishes"—

"I'll try, Fritz!"—

"What! with that sigh, and that doleful look?—No, no, Netty; I will send an apology to old Hans." Here Blitz, as he put a small hunting-horn in the dog's mouth, and pointed up the hills, "Off, boy! to the Adelbøden. And now, have you any thing to employ my clumsy fingers, or shall we take a trip as far as Bohren's Chalet, to see if the cream and cheese of my little old rival are as good as their wont. I shall go and saddle old Kaiser, shall I?—he has not been out these two days."

Fritz, peasant as he was, knew something of the practical philosophy of a woman's heart, and had a good idea of the possibility of pursuing his own plan, by an opportune concession to her's. On the present occasion he succeeded completely.

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, with unaffected good-will, "you really must not disappoint Hans, he would never forgive me. So come," said she, as she unbuckled the wallet which hung over his right shoulder—"let me see what you have here. But"—and she looked tearfully and earnestly in his face—"you *will* be back to-morrow evening, will you, indeed?"

"By to-morrow evening, love, Hans—gemsen—and all. My wallet is pretty well stocked, you see; but I am going to beg a little of that delicious Oberhasli Kirchwasser, to fill my flaschen."

I need not relate how Fritz had his flask filled with the said Kirchwasser, or how his stock of eatables was increased by some delicious cheese, made by the pretty hands of Netty herself, or how sundry other little trifles were added to his portable commissariat, or how he paid for them all in ready kisses, or how Netty sat at the window and watched him with tearful eyes, as he strode up the hill towards the Scheidegg.

At the chalet he found that Hans had started alone, and proceeded towards the Wetterhorn. He drew his belt tighter, and began to ascend the steep and craggy path, which wound round

the base of the ice-heaped mass, along the face of which, half way to the summit, the clouds were lazily creeping. It was a still, sunny day, and he gradually ascended far enough to get a view over the splendid glacier of Rosenlani. Its clear ice, here and there streaked with a line of bright crystal blue, that marked the edges of an ice-reft. Hans was not to be seen. All was still, except now and then the shrill piping of the marmot, or the reverberated roar of the summer lavanges, in the remote and snowy wilds above him. He had just reached the edge of the glacier, and was clambering over the lebris, which a long succession of ages had carried down from the rocky peaks above, when the strange whistling sound emitted by the chamois caught his ear. On they dashed, a herd of nine, right across the glacier—bounding like winged things over the fathomless refts, with a foot as firm and confident as if it trod on the green sward. Fritz muttered a grim dormerwetter between his teeth, when the unerring measurement of his practised eye, told him they were out of shot; and dropping down between the huge blocks of stone among which he stood, so as to be out of sight of the game, he watched their course, and calculated his chance of reaching them. They crossed the glacier—sprung up the rocky barrier on the opposite side, leaping from crag to crag, and finding footing where an eagle scarce could perch, until they disappeared at the summit. A moment's calculation, with regard to their probable course, and Fritz was in pursuit. He crossed the glacier further down, and chose a route by which he knew, from experience, he would be most likely, without being perceived by the chamois, to reach the spot where he expected to meet with them. At some parts it consisted but of a narrow ledge, slippery with frozen snow, on which even his spiked mountain-shoes could scarcely procure him footing. Sometimes the path was interrupted, and the only means of reaching its continuation, was by trusting himself to the support of some little projection in the smooth rock, where the flakes, which last winter's frost had carried away, broke off abruptly. Sometimes the twisted and gnarled roots of a stunted pine, which had wrought into the clefts, and seemed to draw their nourishment from the rock itself, offered him their support. He did not look back; he thought not of danger—perhaps not even of Netty—but merely casting an occasional glance to the sky, to calculate the chances of a clear evening, resumed his perilous journey.

Many hours had elapsed in the ascent, for he was obliged to make a long circuit, and the sun was getting low in the west when he arrived at the summit. His heart throbbed audibly as he approached the spot where he expected to get a view. All was in his favour. He was to leeward—the almost unceasing thunder of the avalanches drowned any slight noise which the chamois might otherwise have heard—and a little ridge of drifted snow on the edge of the rock behind which he stood, gave him an opportunity of reconnoitering. Cautiously he made an aperture

through the drift—there they were, and he could distinguish the bend of their horns—they were within reach of his rifle. They were, however, evidently alarmed, and huddled together on the edge of the opposite precipice, snuffed the air, and gazed about anxiously, to see from what quarter they were menaced. There was no time to lose—he fired, and the victim he had selected, giving a convulsive spring, fell over the cliff, while its terrified companions, dashing past, fled to greater heights and retreats still more inaccessible.

The triumph of a conqueror for a battle won, cannot be superior to that of an Alpine huntsman for a chamois shot. The perils run, the exertions undergone, the many anxious hours which must elapse before he can have an opportunity even of trying his skill as a marksman—all contribute to enhance the intense delight of that moment when these perils and exertions are repaid. Fritz leaped from his lurking-place, and ran to the edge over which the animal had fallen. There it was, sure enough, but how it was to be recovered presented a question of no little difficulty. In the front of the precipice, which was almost as steep and regular as a wall, a ledge projected at a considerable distance from the summit, and on this lay the chamois, crushed by the fall. To descend without assistance was impossible, but there was a chalet within a couple of hours' walk, at the foot of the Gauli Gletscher. The evening was fine, there was every promise of a brilliant moonlight night, and Fritz was too good a huntsman to fear being benighted, even with the snow for his bed, and the falling avalanche for his lullaby.

Gaily, therefore, he slung his carabine, paid his respects to the contents of his wallet, not forgetting the Oberhasli Kirchwasser, and as he made the solitude around him ring with the whooping chorus of the kuh-lied, commenced his descent towards the chalet.

On his arrival he found it empty. The inmates had probably descended to the lower valley, laden with the products of their dairy, and had not yet returned. He seized, however, as a treasure, on a piece of rope which he found thrown over a stake, in the end of the house appropriated to the cattle, and praying his stars that it might be long enough to reach the resting-place of the chamois, he once more turned his face towards the mountains.

It was deep night when he reached the spot. The moon, from the reflection of the snow, seemed to be shining from out a sky of ebony, so dark and so beautiful, and the little stars were peering through, with their light so clear and pure; they shine not so in the valleys. Fritz admired it, for the hearts of nature's sons are ever open to nature's beauties, and though he had not been taught to feel, and his admiration had no words, yet accustomed as he was to scenes like this, he often stopped to gaze. The kuh-lied was silent, and almost without being aware of it; the crisping of the frozen snow beneath his footsteps was painful to his ear, as something not in accordance

with the scene around him—'twas a peasant's unconscious worship at the shrine of the sublime. But, to say the truth, he had no thought but one, as he approached the spot where the chamois lay. The ledge on which it had fallen ran a considerable way along the face of the cliff, and by descending at a point at some distance from that perpendicularly above it, where a piece of crag, projecting upwards, seemed to afford him the means of fastening securely his frail ladder, he hoped to be able to find his way along to the desired spot. Hastily casting a few knots on the rope, to assist him in his ascent, he committed himself to its support. He had arrived within a foot of the rocky platform, when the piece of crag, to which the rope had been attached, slipped from the base in which it seemed so firmly rooted, struck in its fall the edge of his resting-place, sprung out into vacancy, and went booming downwards into the abyss below.

Fritz was almost thrown over the edge of the precipice by the fall, but fortunately let go the rope, and almost without at all changing the position in which he fell, could trace the progress of the mass as it went whirling from rock to rock, striking fire wherever it touched in its passage, until it crashed amid the pine-trees. With lips apart, and eyes starting from their sockets, while his fingers clutched the sharp edges of the rock until they were wet with blood, he listened in the intense agony of terror to the sounds which, after a long interval, rose like the voice of death, from the darkness and solitude below. Again all was silent—still he listened—he stirred not, moved not, he scarcely breathed—he felt that kind of trance which falls on the spirit under the stroke of some unexpected calamity, of a magnitude which the imagination cannot grasp. The evil stalks before our glassy eyes, dim, and misty, and shapeless, yet terrible—terrible! He had just escaped one danger, but that escape, in the alternative before him, scarcely seemed a blessing. Death! and to die thus! and to die now! by the slow, graduated torture of thirst and starvation, almost within sight of the cottage of his destined bride. Thoughts like these passed hurriedly and convulsively through his mind, and he lay in the sick apathy of despair, when we feel as if the movement of a limb would be recalling the numbed sense of pain, and adding acuteness to its pangs. At length, with a violent effort, he sprang upon his feet. He ran along the ledge, leaping many an intervening chasm, from which even he would at another moment have shrunk. His hurried and oppressed breathing approached almost to a scream, as he sought in vain for a projection in the smooth rock, by which, at whatever risk, he might reach the summit. Alas! there was none. He stood where but the vulture and the eagle had ever been, and from which none but they could escape. He was now at the very extremity of his narrow resting-place, and there was nothing before him but the empty air. How incredulous we are when utter hopelessness is the alternative.

Once more he returned—once more he exa-

mined every spot which presented the slightest trace of a practicable passage, once more in vain. He threw himself on the rock, his heart seemed ready to burst, but the crisis of his agony was come, and he wept like a child.

How often, when madness is burning in the brain, have tears left the soul placid and resigned, like the calm twilight melancholy of a summer's eve, when the impending thunder cloud has dissolved into a shower. Fritz wept aloud, and long and deep were the sobs which shook every fibre of his strong frame; but they ceased, and he looked up in the face of the placid moon, *hopeless*, and yet not *in despair*, and his breathing was as even and gentle as when he gazed up towards her on yestereve, from the rustic balcony of Netty's cottage. Aye, though he thought of that eve when, her cheek reclined on his bosom, they both sat in the still consciousness of happiness, gazing on the blue glaciers, and the everlasting and unchanging snow-peaks. He had no hope—but he felt not despair—the burning fangs of the fiend no longer clutched his heart-strings. He sat and gazed over pine forest and gray crag, and the frozen and broken billows of the glaciers, and the snows of the Wetterhorn, with their unbroken wilderness of pure white, glistening in the moonlight, and far, far beneath him, the little dusky cloudlets dreaming across the valley, and he could trace in the misty horizon the dim outline of the Faulhorn, and he knew that at its base, was one heart that beat for him as woman's heart alone can beat, and yet he was resigned.

The moon neared to her setting, but just before she went down, a black scroll of cloud stretched across her disk. It rose higher and higher, and became darker and darker, until one half of the little stars which were coming forth in their brightness, rejoicing in the absence of her, by whose splendour they were eclipsed, were wrapped as in a pall; and there came through the stillness and darkness a dim and mingled sound, the whisper of the coming hurricane. On it came, nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, and the pines swayed, and creaked, and crashed, as it took them by the tops, and now and then there passed a flash over the whole sky, until the very air seemed on flame, and laid open for one twinkling the rugged scene, so fitting for the theatre of the tempest's desolation; and then the darkness was so thick and palpable, that to him who sat there, thus alone with the storm, it seemed as if there were no world, and as if the universe were given up to the whirlwind and to him. And then the snow came down small and sharp, and it became denser and denser, and the flakes seemed larger and larger, until the wings of the tempest were heavy with them; and as the broken currents met and jostled, they whirled, and eddied, and shot up into the dark heavens, in thick and stifling masses. Scarce able to breathe, numbed with cold, exhausted with fatigue, and weak from the mental agony he had undergone, Fritz was hardly able to keep his hold of a projecting ledge of rock to which he had clung, when, waiting to gather strength, the gust came down

with a violence which even the Alpine eagle could not resist, for one which had been carried from its perch swept by in the darkness, blindly struggling and screaming in the storm.

Oh, Night! Night! there is something so intensely beautiful in thee! Whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the clear, and placid, and pearly effulgence of thy moon; or when thou wrapp'st thy brow in its black and midnight mantle, and goest with thy tempests forth to their work of desolation—Oh, thou art beautiful! The spirit of poetry mingles its voice with the thrillings of thy wind-harp, and even in thy deep and holy silence there is a voice to which the soul listens, though the ear hears it not. On the wide sea, and on the wide moor, by the ocean strand, and on mountain lake, and dell and dingle, and corn-field and cottage, O thou art beautiful! But amid the lavange, and the icefall, and the mighty masses of everlasting snow rising up into the heavens where the clouds scarce dare, amid *their* solitude and their majesty, there is an awe in thy beauty, which bows down the soul to the dust in dumb adoration. The lofty choir—the dim and massy aisle—the deep roll of the organ—these, even these, often strike like a spell on the scaled spirit, and the well-springs of devotion gush forth fresh and free. Yet, O what are these? The deep music moaning from vault to vault to the roar of the fierce thunder; or the lofty temple, to the mighty hills, atoms though they be in the universe of God; or the studied darkness of the shrine, to the blank dullness of the tempest night, *seeming*, with its grim indefinite, to shadow forth immensity.

What a small portion of the poetry which the heart has felt has ever been recorded. How many wordless thoughts—how many unuttered emotions, such as shine like stars over the pages of the happy few whose lips have been unsealed, rise in the soul of the peasant hind, and are known, and enjoyed, and pass away—into the nothingness of forgotten feelings! Full, deep, and strong, flows onward, silently, and perpetually, the stream of sympathy; and here and there, by the river side, one dips in his little pitcher, and preserves a tiny portion; while all the rest, undistinguished passes on to the sea of wide eternity. Through the mind of the Alpine peasant, on such a night, with a hopeless sentence passed upon him, what a world of feelings must have strayed, to which he could give but lisping and broken utterance. He prayed—with an artless and fervent eloquence, he committed himself and his spirit to the hands of his God, to whose presence he seemed more nearly to approach in his isolation from the world. He prayed, in words such as his tongue had never before uttered, and with feelings such as, till that period, his heart had never known.

The storm became gradually exhausted in its violence. The thunder grew faint, and the gusts came at longer intervals. As the immediate peril decreased, Fritz, whose senses, from the stimulus of danger, had hitherto borne up against the intense cold and his previous fatigue, began

to feel creeping upon him, along with a disinclination to move, a wild confusion of thought, such as one feels when sleep is struggling with pain. There was a dim sense of peril—a thought of falling rocks and cracking glaciers—and sometimes there was a distant screaming of discordant voices—and sometimes they seemed to mumble uncouth and harsh sounds into his ear—and then again would he rally back his recollection, and even find in his known peril a relief from the undefined and ghastly horrors of his wandering thoughts. But his trance at every relapse became deeper and deeper, and his returns of recollection were more and more partial. He had still enough to make an attempt at shaking off the numbing drowsiness which was creeping upon him, and twining round his heart with the slow and noiseless coil of a serpent. He endeavoured to struggle, but every limb was palsied. He seemed to himself to make the efforts of the wildest desperation to raise himself up; but no member moved. A gush of icy coldness passed through every vein, and he felt no more.

During that night there was no little bustle in Grindlewald. Poor, poor Netty. The storm had come down with a sudden violence, which completely baffled the skill of the most sagacious storm-seers in the valley; and even Herr Kruger himself—even Herr Kruger, Old Long Shot, as they used to call him—had been taken by surprise. He was sitting opposite me, with the full red light of the wood fire in the kitchen of mine host of the Three Kings beaming on his wrinkled brow, and thin gray locks, which were twisted and staring in every imaginable direction, as if they had got a set in a whirlwind. The huge bowl of his meerschaum, was glowing and reeking, and the smoke was playing all sorts of antics; sometimes popping out at one side of his mouth, sometimes at the other, in a succession of rapid and jerking puffs, whose frequency soon ran up a sum total of a cloud, which enveloped his head like a napkin. He had just given me the history of the said pipe, and of its presentation to him by the Baron Von —, who, by his assistance and direction, had succeeded in bringing down a gemsbock. The motto, *Wein und Liebe*, was still visible on its tarnished circlet of silver, and the old man pointed out its beauties with a rapture, not inferior, perhaps, to that of the connoisseur, who falls into ecstasies over some bright sunspot on the canvas of Rembrandt. As the low moaning which preceded the storm, caught his ear, he drew in the fragrance of the bright Turkish with which I had just replenished his pipe, and as he emitted the fumes in a slow, cautious stream, turned inquisitively towards the range of casements which ran along one side of the neat wainscotted apartment. He was apparently satisfied, and turned again to the fire. But the growl of the thunder the instant after came down the valley, and disembarassing himself of his mouthful, with a haste which almost choked him, walked hastily to the window. One glance seemed enough. He closed the shutters, and returning slowly to his seat, muttered, as he

habitually replaced his meerschaum in his mouth, God help the Jagers to-night!

"A rough evening, Herr Kruger," said Hans, who this moment entered the room, and clapped his carbine in the corner. He had evidently dipped deep in the kirschwasser.

"What, Hans! is that you? Beym kimmel! I was afraid you were going to pass the night up yonder—and young Fritz? you and he were to have been at the jagd together?"

"True, so we were; but, heaven be praised. Fritz called to bid good bye to pretty Netty—and—and so—old Hans had to go alone."

"And feeling lonely among the hills, had the good luck to come back to Grindlewald, instead of sleeping till doomsday in a dainty white snow wreath. There are no others out?"

"None, thank heaven," and he filled the glass which stood next him from the bottle at my elbow. "So here's your health Herr Kruger, and to you, Herr B—, good health, and good luck, and a good wife, when you get one." I was just putting my German in order, for the purpose, in after-dinner phrase, of "returning thanks," when our hostess, looking in at the door, said, in a voice of the greatest earnestness; "A word, Hans."

Hans was just in the middle of his goblet, and its bottom was gradually turning upwards to the ceiling, when he was thus interrupted. He merely rolled his eyes in the direction of the speaker, with an expression which indicated—"I'll be there immediately," and continued his draught with the good-will of one who hates mincing matters.

"Come, once more, Hans," said I, as I filled his cup to the very brim. "I have a health to give, you will drink heartily I am sure. Here's to our good friend Fritz and his little liebchen—a long life and a happy one."

"Topp! mein bester man!" said Hans, and the second goblet disappeared as quickly as the first.

Once more the head of our hostess appeared at the door, and her previous summons was repeated.

"I'll be there immediately, my dear, pretty, agreeable, good-natured Wirthinn—there immediately—immediately;" hiccuped Hans. "I like you my young Englishman, I like you, and I like you the better for liking Fritz; and if you have any fancy for bringing down a gemsbock, there's my hand, junker! Hans Clausen knows every stone of the mountains as well as—"

Once more the door opened, and—not our hostess, but Netty herself, entered the room.

It seemed to be with difficulty that she crossed the floor. Her face was pale, and her long Bernese tresses were wet with the rain. She curtsied to me as she rose, and would almost have fallen, had she not rested one hand on the table, while the other passed with an irregular and quivering motion over her pale brow and throbbing temples. Hans had become perfectly quiet the instant of her entrance, and stood with an air of the most dogged and determined sobriety, though

the tremulous manner in which the fingers of his left hand played among the skirts of his hunting-jacket, bespoke a slight want of confidence in his own steadiness. Poor Netty! She had just strength to whisper, "Where is Fritz, Hans?" and unable to await his answer, sunk feebly on the bench, and covered her eyes with her trembling fingers.

Kruger laid down his pipe; no trifling symptom of emotion. Hans was thunderstruck. Every idea but that of Fritz's danger, seemed blotted from his memory. He stared and gaped for a few seconds on me and Kruger, and then, utterly forgetful of Netty's alarm, flung himself blubbering upon his knees. "Oh! for God's sake, Madehan, do not tell me, Fritz went to the hunting-to-day. Oh, unglücklich! unglücklich! lost, lost, lost! My poor Fritz; my friend, my best beloved!" and he would have continued longer the maudlin incoherence of his lamentations; but the first words of his despair were too much for Netty, and she sunk down upon the table, helpless, and breathless.

She seemed to be gone for ever, it was so long before the exertions of the hostess and her daughter could recal her to her senses. She was conveyed to bed, and left under the care of her poor old grandmother, who had followed her from the cottage. A consultation was immediately held, under the presidentship of old Kruger; and, notwithstanding the whole collective wisdom of Grindlewald was assembled in mine host's kitchen, nothing could be done. To wait till morning was the only course, and with no little impatience did many a young huntsman watch for the first break of day and the subsiding of the storm. Fritz was a universal favourite, so fearless, so handsome, such a shot, and so good-natured withal. And then, Netty! The little Venus of Grindlewald! There were none who would not willingly have risked their lives to save him.

With the first dawn of morning, half a dozen of the stoutest huntsmen, under the guidance of Hans, started for the Rosenlain. They had made every provision for overcoming the difficulties they expected to meet with in their search. One of them had, from the cliffs of the Eiger, seen Fritz cross the glacier the day before, and commence the ascent which was previously described; a path well known to the hunters, but so perilous, as to be only practicable to those of the steadiest nerves, quickest eye, and most unerring step. Their shoes were furnished with cramps, a light ladder formed part of their equipage, and several short coils of ropes slung over the right shoulder, and so made, that they could be easily connected together, were carried by the party. They had the blessings and the good wishes of all Grindlewald at their departure: I accompanied them to the edge of the Rosenlain, and watched the progress of their journey over its frozen waves. Slowly they ascended the giddy path; sometimes gathering into a little cluster of black atoms on the face of the cliffs, sometimes scattered from ledge to ledge. Then, when obliged

partially to descend, an individual of the party was slung by a rope from the upper platform, for the purpose of fixing the ladders and securing a safe passage to the rest. "Well!" which way shall we turn now," said young round-faced, light-haired, ruddy-cheeked, rattle-pated, Gottfried Basler, who had blubbered like a baby the night before, and, of course, like a baby, had exhausted his grief before morning. "Which way are we to turn now, Hans? I am afraid, after all, we have come out on a fool's errand. There have been wreaths thrown up here last night big enough to bury Grindlewald steeple; and if poor Fritz be really lost in them, we may look till Mont Blanc melts before we find him. It is, to be sure, a satisfaction to do all we can, though, heaven help us, I am afraid there is little use in it."

Hans, poor fellow, was nearly of the same opinion, but it was too much to have the fact thus uncompromisingly stated. He muttered a half audible curse as he turned impatiently away, and walked along the cliff, endeavouring to frame an answer, and make up his mind as to the point towards which the search ought to be directed. His companions followed without uttering a word.

Basler again broke silence.

"Gott, what a monster!" he exclaimed, and his carbine was cocked in a twinkling.

Far below them, a huge lammer-geyer was sailing along the face of the cliff. He seemed not to perceive the group, to whom, notwithstanding the mournful search in which they were engaged, his appearance was so interesting, but came slowly dreaming on, merely giving now and then a single heavy flap with his huge sail-like wings, and then floating forward as before.

"Stay Basler," whispered Hans, as he himself cocked his carbine, "There is no use throwing away your bullet. He will probably pass just below us, and then you may have a chance. Steady yet a little. How odd he does not notice us. Nearer, and nearer; be ready, Basler. Now—fire. A hit! beym himmel!"

Crack! crack! crack! went carbine after carbine, as the wounded bird fell tumbling and screaming into the ravine, while its mate sprung out from the face of the rock on which the slayers were standing, and swept backwards and forwards, as if to brave their shot, uttering absolute yells of rage. Basler's skill, however, or his good fortune, reigned supreme, and, though several of his companions fired from a much more advantageous distance, their bullets, unlike his, whizzed on and spent themselves in the empty air. The object of the practice still swept unhurt across their range, until his fury was somewhat exhausted, and then dropped down towards the dark pine trees, to seek for his unfortunate companion.

"A nest, I dare say," said Hans, as he threw himself on his face and stretched his neck over the cliff. "Ha! a chamois they have managed to throw down—the kerls! You're spoiled their feast, Basler. But—mein Gott! is it possible!

Gottfried—Heinrich—look there. Ja freilich! freilich! it is Fritz!" And he leaped up, screaming like a madman, nearly pushed Gottfried over the precipice to convince him of the reality of the discovery, and then, nearly did the same to Carl, and Frau, and Jacobeber, and Heinrich.

"I am afraid he is dead," said Basler.

Hans again threw himself on his face, and gazed gaspingly down. Fritz did not move. Hans gazed, and gazed, but his eyes filled with tears, and he could see no more.

"Here Jacob," said he, as he once more sprung up, and hastily began looping together the ropes which his companions carried. "Here Jacob, place your feet against the rock there. Now, Gottfried, behind Jacob: Heinric—Carl—now, steady, all of you—or stay, Carl, you had better descend after me, and bring your flaschen along with you."

In a few seconds, Carl and he stood beside their friend. They raised him up. A little kirchwasser was administered to him—they used every

measure which their mountain-skill suggested to waken him from his trance, which was rapidly darkening down into the sleep of death. The sun, which now began to beat strongly on the dark rocks where they stood, assisted their efforts. They succeeded—his life was saved.

That evening Fritz sat on one side of the fire in the cottage of Netty's grandmother, while the good old dame herself plied her knitting in her usual diligent silence on the other. He was pale, and leant back on the pillows by which he was supported, in the languid apathy of exhaustion. Netty sat at his knee, on a low oaken stool, with his hand pressed against her cheek, and many and many a tear, such as overflow from the heart in the fulness of its joy, trickled over his fingers.

"Now, Fritz," said she, looking earnestly up in his face, "you will never—never, go to the gemsjagd again."

"Never—never," echoed Fritz.

But he broke his word, and was chamois-hunting before the end of the honey-moon.

THE SPANISH HEADSMAN.

THE town clock of Menda had tolled the hour of midnight, when a young French officer, leaning on the wall of an extensive terrace, which formed the bounds of the gardens of the chateau, appeared lost in reflection, and absorbed in deeper contemplation than generally accompanies the gay thoughtlessness of a military life: although, undoubtedly, place, season, and all by which he was surrounded; were most propitious to meditation. It was one of the clear and cloudless nights of Spain; the twinkling of the stars, and the moon's pale and partial beams, threw a soft light on the rich and romantic valley, in which, at a hundred feet beneath him, was situated the small but handsome town of Menda, skirting the base of a rock, which sheltered its inhabitants from the north wind, and on the summit whereof was placed the vast and antique chateau; and thence the waters of the Atlantic, extending far on either side, might be fully descried. The chateau of Menda, however, afforded a contrast to the calm and silence of the scene around it. From its numerous casements blazed forth a profusion of light; the lively clamour of the cheerful dance, the sounds of mirthful music, and the joyous voices of the assembly, often mingled with, and oftener overpowered, the noise of the more distant waves dashing against the shore. The refreshing coolness of the night, succeeding a day of extraordinary heat, with the delicious perfume of trees and flowers by which he was surrounded, in restoring him from the severe fatigue which the military duties of the morning occasioned, had long detained the young soldier in that delightful spot, and induced him to forego the social enjoyments which the interior of the mansion afforded.

The chateau itself belonged to a Spanish grandee of the first rank; who, with his family, now resided there. Of his two daughters, the eldest was particularly handsome: and had, during the evening, greatly attracted the admiration of the French officer, whose notice had evidently not been disregarded by the fair Spaniard: but, whenever she addressed him, there was, mixed up with her looks and tones of kindness, so singular an expression of seeming sorrow and compassion, that, haply, the impression it had made on him, had led him to withdraw from the society, and induced his deep and lengthened reverie. Notwithstanding she was one of five children, the great wealth of the Marquis justified the idea that Clara would be richly endowed: but Victor Marchand could scarcely bring himself to hope that, in any event, the daughter of one of the proudest and most powerful nobles in all Spain, would even be permitted to regard, with more than ordinary civility, the son of a Parisian grocer.

The French were hated; and General G***r, the commandant of the province, having had strong reason to suspect that the Marquis de Leganes contemplated an insurrection of the inhabitants of that and the surrounding country, in favour of Ferdinand the Seventh, the battalion commanded by Victor Marchand had been sent to garrison Menda; and to overawe its inhabitants and the people of the neighbouring towns and villages, who were at the disposal and under the influence of the Marquis. Indeed, a recent despatch of Marshal Ney had even communicated the probability of the English attempting a landing on the coast, and of the Marquis being in active correspondence with the cabinet of Lon-

don. So that, notwithstanding the welcome and hospitality evinced by the Marquis to himself and his comrades, Victor Marchand never relaxed in the adoption of every precaution that prudence could suggest. In pacing the garden terrace, and casting a keen and watchful glance from time to time to ascertain the state of the town, of which his position gave him a distinct and general view; or in listening occasionally to whatever sounds arose from the valley below, in which it lay, he strove vainly to reconcile to his mind, the open and almost unreserved friendship the Marquis had displayed towards him, and the peace and tranquillity of the country itself, with the doubts and fears expressed by his general—when his curiosity was suddenly awakened, and his suspicions aroused by new and somewhat unaccountable circumstances. Innumerable lights, at one and the same instant, were to be seen moving in the town below: the hum of many voices simultaneously heard, where all had been for so many hours darkness and repose. Although it was the feast of Sant' Jago, he had issued, that very morning, severe and peremptory orders, that everywhere—with the exception of the chateau—fire and light should be extinguished at the hour appointed by the military regulations. Again he looked, and more intently: and certainly could distinguish the glittering of muskets and bayonets at several of the posts where his sentinels were stationed. The lights were yet seen; but a solemn silence now succeeded to the noise, which was wholly distinct from that which might be supposed to accompany the observance of a festival of the church. Whence could proceed so general and extraordinary an infraction of military orders, in despite of the more than inadequate nocturnal police and rounds which he had organized? He was resolved to fathom the mystery: and at once, and with all the impetuosity of youth, he was in the act of scaling the terrace wall, to reach, by a direct and rapid descent of the rock, the *corps-de-garde* stationed at the entrance of the town, on the side of the chateau, when a slight movement near him, resembling the light step of a female on the sanded alley of the garden, induced him to pause. He looked around him anxiously for some moments, but without success. Again he raised himself to observe, and he became fixed and motionless with surprise, as his strained sight dwelt on some distant object; for, clear and distinct as the moon in heaven, he beheld a fleet of ships riding upon the waters, and nearing the land. He was casting in his mind, with the utmost rapidity of thought, the measures he must instantly pursue, when his reflections were interrupted by a hoarse, low voice, proceeding from a breach in the wall, at some paces distance, above which a human head projected. He hastened to the spot, and ascertained it to be the orderly, who was in attendance upon him at the chateau.

"Is it you, Colonel?"

"It is!"

"The beggars, below there, Sir, are twisting about, like so many worms. I have been upon

the watch, and hastened to make my report to you."

"Speak!" said Victor Marchand.

"Seeing a man leave the chateau privily, with a lantern, I resolved to follow him; for a lantern, and at this hour, looked suspicious, so I stuck close to him, as he crept thitherwards: and on a platform of the rock, there, where my finger points, Sir, I saw him approach an enormous pile of faggots; when——"

A tremendous shout rose from the town beneath. A wide and sudden blaze of light broke forth near him, produced by the firing of straw and dry wood: and, at the same instant, the grenadier he had been talking with, received a ball in his skull, and fell dead upon the spot.

The cheerful sounds within the chateau walls were hushed at once. A death-like silence reigned around for a moment; and then were heard, but for an instant, distant and heart-piercing groans, as of a short conflicting agony: the report of a cannon boomed along the surface of the ocean. Cold drops burst from the forehead of the officer. He was there alone, unarmed, unfriended. His soldiers had all—all perished. He felt himself degraded a dishonoured being; he would be dragged before a council of war, a prisoner, and in chains: all who could vindicate his zeal and prudence were of another world. With a keen rapid glance he scanned the depth below; and, leaping on the terrace walk, was on the point of casting himself into the abyss, when the slight shriek and convulsive grasp of some one by his side restrained him.

"Fly! Oh fly!" whispered Clara, almost breathless from agitation; "my brothers follow me—descend the rock, quickly—without delay—there—that way—below you will find Juniato's horse—begone—haste—haste——"

She urged him onward with all her strength. Lost and confused, the young man gazed on her for a moment; but, quickly yielding to the instinct of self-preservation, which rarely deserts us, he leaped into the park, and rushed onwards in the direction pointed out to him. The steps of persons in pursuit were heard, danger animated him to speed: he hastily scrambled down the rocks, by paths never before trodden but by goats. A shower of musket-balls whistled by him: but, with almost inconceivable rapidity, he gained the valley. The horse was there. He bounded on its back, and disappeared.

A few hours brought him to the head quarters of General G***r, who was at breakfast with his staff, and he was instantly admitted into the commander's presence.

"I come to resign myself to death," exclaimed the Colonel, as he stood before the General, pale and haggard."

"Sit down, Sir," and when you are more composed, I will listen to you;" and the stern severity of his countenance, which truly indicated his well known harsh unyielding character, somewhat abated as he witnessed the emotion of his visitor. As soon as he was able, Victor told his horrible tale: and the downcast looks and deep

silence of his auditors were the only, but expressive comment on his history.

"It appears to me, Sir," at length said the General, calmly, "that you are more unfortunate than criminal; you can hardly be deemed responsible for the guilt of the Spaniards; and, if the Marshal decide not otherwise, I shall not hesitate to acquit you."

These words afforded but feeble consolation to Victor, who falteringly demanded, "But when the Emperor learns the report, Sir?" "It is not impossible he may order you to be shot," observed the General, in a tone of indifference: "but of that hereafter," he added, rising and assuming his more bitter expression of tone and feature. "Let us now only think of vengeance—vengeance, deep, deep and terrible on these Spaniards."

In a short hour, an entire regiment, with detachments of cavalry and artillery, were on their march; at the head of which rode the General and Victor. The troops, informed of the massacre of their comrades, pressed onwards with unrelenting activity, actuated by feelings of hate and fury. The villages through which their road lay were already up in arms: but they were soon reduced to obedience, and, in all of them, each tenth man was told off and shot.

By some unaccountable fatality, the English fleet remained lying to and inactive, without even communicating with the shore: so that the town of Menda was surrounded by the French troops, without the slightest show of resistance on the part of its inhabitants: who, disappointed in the succour on which they had relied, offered to surrender at discretion. Such as were more immediately implicated in the massacre of the garrison, justly presuming that, for their act, the town would be delivered up to flames, and the entire population put to death, by an effort of courage and self-devotion, not unfrequent in the war of the Peninsula, offered to become their proper accusers. This unexpected and extraordinary proposition was acceded to by the General; and he engaged to accord a pardon to the rest of the inhabitants, and prevent the town being fired or pillaged by the incensed soldiery. But, at the same time, he levied an enormous contribution on the people; for the payment of which, within twenty-four hours, he commanded that the principal and wealthiest residences should be given as hostages into his hands; and inflexibly decreed that all the persons appertaining to the chateau, from the Marquis to his lowest valet, should be placed, unconditionally, in his power.

Having seen his soldiers encamped, and taken all due precautions for their safety against a sudden attack, the General proceeded to the chateau, of which he immediately assumed military possession. The respective members, with the domestics of the family of Leganes, were bound with cords, and the ball-room was assigned them as a prison, the casements whereof opened upon the terrace: while the General and his staff occupied an adjoining suit of rooms where a council was holden, to adopt all necessary measures,

in the event of an attempted disembarkation by the British. Orders were given for the erection of batteries on the coasts, and despatches sent off to the Marshal.

The two hundred Spaniards who had acknowledged themselves as the authors of the massacre, and resigned themselves into the General's power, were drawn up on the terrace of the chateau, and shot, without a single exception. As soon as their execution had terminated, General G***r ordered the erection of as many gallows as there were prisoners in the ball-room, on the same spot; directing, moreover, that the hangman of the town should be summoned.

Victor Marchand profited by the interval in the work of death, which the execution of the General's orders required, to visit the unhappy prisoners; and a few minutes only elapsed before he again presented himself to his commanding officer. "I presume, Sir," he said, with much emotion, "to implore your consideration in behalf of the condemned family."

"You!" observed the General, with a sneer! "Alas, Sir; it is a sorrowful indulgence they solicit. The Marquis, in observing the preparations for the approaching execution, trusts that you will deign to change the mode of punishment; and that such as are of noble blood may suffer by decapitation." "Granted," was the laconic reply. "He also hopes you will allow him to have the aid of religion; and in tendering his solemn engagement not to indulge in the thought of escape, he prays that he and his may be freed from their bonds." "Be it so," said the General: "you being responsible for the consequences. What further would you?" he added, sternly and impatiently, seeing the Colonel yet linger and hesitate to speak—"He presumes, Sir, to tender you all his wealth—his entire fortune—so that his youngest son might be spared." "Indeed," said the General; "it is no extraordinary exertion of generosity, as his property is already at the disposal of King Joseph. But," he continued, after some moments of reflection, while an indescribable expression of savage triumph lightened up his features—"I perceive all the importance attached to his last request, and shall even go beyond it. Let him then purchase the continuance of his name and family, that it may exist a memorial of his treason and its penalty. But it shall be on my terms; mark me—I leave his fortune free, and grant like pardon to such one of his sons as shall assume the office of executioner. I have said it—begone! and let me hear no more of him or his." The General turned from Victor towards the chateau, where dinner for himself and staff had been just served; leaving the Colonel thunderstruck.

His brother officers eagerly hastened to satisfy an appetite provoked by fatigue, but he had no thought but for the wretched prisoners; and, summoning resolution again to meet them, he slowly entered the ball-room, where the father and mother, their three sons and two daughters, sat bound to their rich and gilded chairs; while the eight servants of the house stood with their

arms tied behind their backs, mute and motionless, their looks turned on their superiors, as if to derive a lesson of courage or resignation from their bearing. At times a hasty exclamation disturbed the silence, attesting the regret of some bolder spirits, at having failed in their enterprize. The soldiers who guarded them were stern and silent, as if respecting the misfortunes of their enemies; and Victor shuddered as he looked upon the mournful spectacle of their distress, where but so lately joy and gaiety presided; and compared their afflicted state with the gaudy trappings which yet adorned the walls, as in mockery of the dreadful doom which they were sentenced in a few minutes to undergo.

Ordering the soldiers to loose the bonds of the others, he hastened to the release of Clara; and, while every eye was turned towards him with intense interest, he freed her beautifully moulded arms from the cords. Even in that moment of sorrow, he could not but admire the loveliness of the Spanish girl, her perfect form—her raven hair—her long, dark eye-lashes—and an eye too brilliant to be gazed on, suffused as it was with tears of anguish or indignation. "Have you succeeded?" she whispered, as he bent over her; and her look strove to penetrate his inmost thoughts. An involuntary groan was Victor's sole reply; and to avoid her ardent gaze, he threw a wild and piteous look upon her brothers and her parents, and again on her. The eldest son, Juanito, was about thirty years of age, short of stature, and scarcely well formed; but these defects were redeemed by a countenance eminently Spanish, proud, fierce, and disdainful, teeming with all his country's gallantry. Filippo, the second, was about twenty years of age, and bore an extraordinary resemblance to Clara. Raffaele, the youngest, was eight years old; a mild and passive creature, with much of patience or endurance in his gentle features. The venerable countenance of the aged Marquis, and his silver hair, offered a study worthy of Murillo. As he contemplated the mournful group, Victor knew not how to announce the General's determination. Compliance with it was surely out of the question; and why should the cup of grief, already full, be unnecessarily overcharged? The entreaties of Clara, however, overcame him; her face wore the hue of death as she listened, but she struggled violently with her feelings, and, assuming a comparatively calm and tranquil air, she arose and placed herself solemnly on her knees at her father's feet.—"Oh, Sir!—Father!" she exclaimed; and, as all leaned forward in breathless attention, her accents fell clear and distinct around, as earth upon the coffin-lid. "Command—command Juanito to swear, by all his hopes of mercy hereafter, that he will now obey your orders, whatever they may be, to their fullest extent, and we shall yet be happy."

The mother trembled from joy and hope, eagerly, as unobserved she bent forward to participate in the communication her daughter whispered in her father's ears. She heard, and fell

fainting to the earth. Juanito himself seemed evidently aware of its intent; for he writhed from rage and horror.

Victor now commanded the guards to quit the room, the Marquis renewing his promise of unconditional submission. They accordingly retired, leading away the domestics, who, as they issued forth, were delivered over, one by one, to the public executioner, and successively put to death.

Thus relieved from painful intrusion, the old man arose—"Juanito!" said he, sternly. The son, aware of his intention, only replied by an inclination of the head; indicative of a decided refusal. He then sank into a chair, while his wild, fixed, and haggard look rested upon his parent. "Come, come, Juanito; dearest brother!" said Clara, in an encouraging and cheerful tone, as she playfully placed herself upon his knee, one arm encircling his neck, the other hand fondly removing the hair from his burning forehead, which she affectionately kissed. "If you knew, my Juanito, my own kind brother, how welcome death would be, if given at your hand. Think, Juanito! my loved, loved, Juanito! that I shall thus escape the odious touch of the public executioner. You, you will end my sufferings: and so shall we thwart the triumph of——." Her dark eye turned from Juanito full on Victor, as if to awaken in her brother's bosom all his hatred of the French.

"Be a man, brother. Summon all your courage!" said Filippo; "let not our name perish, and by your fault."

Clara arose; while all made way for the Marquis, who addressed his son. "It is my will—I command you, Juanito." The young Count moved not, stirred not; and his father fell at his feet. Raffaele, Filippo, and their sisters did the same, stretching forth their supplicating hands towards him, who alone could save their name from forgetfulness and extinction, while the Marquis, on his knees, continued, "My son, my Juanito, prove yourself a Spaniard. Show the stern resolve, the noble feeling of a Spaniard. Let not your father thus kneel in vain before you. What are your sufferings compared with the honour of those you love—those who so truly love you? Let not your own sorrows prevail against your father's prayer. Would I not die for you, were it required of me? Live then for us. Let not the hand of infamy insult my hoary head.—Is he our son, Madam?" indignantly exclaimed the Marquis, addressing his wife, as he arose, while Juanito, with a fixed and horrid stare, sat dead-like; the distended muscles of his livid front seeming less the traits of mortal man than those of chiselled marble.

"He yields, he yields," shrieked forth the mother, in accents of triumph and despair. "He consents," she cried, as she marked a slight movement of his brow, which she only could understand as implying the hard and cruel obedience of her child.

The almoner of the chateau entering, he was instantly surrounded by the family, who led him

towards Juanito, while Victor, no longer able to endure the scene, made sign to Clara of his intention, and rushed from the room to make one last effort with the General. Him he found in one of his milder moods, cheerfully conversing with his officers, while he partook of the delicious wines the cellars of the chateau afforded.

An hour afterwards, and one hundred of the principal inhabitants of Menda were assembled, by the General's orders, on the terrace, to witness the execution of the family of Leganes.—They were arranged beneath the line of gallows, on which hung the bodies of the Marquis's domestics; and a strong military guard preserved order. At about thirty paces distant, a block had been prepared, on which a large and naked scimeter was laid; while the executioner stood near to act, in the event of Juanito's refusal.

The dead silence which prevailed was interrupted by the sound of many footsteps; the slow and measured tread of soldiery, and the clattering of arms, drowned, at times, by the loud laugh of the officers over their wine. So had the dance and music, but shortly since, been mingled with the expiring groans of the French garrison. All eyes were now directed towards the chateau, and the several members of the Leganes family approached, with firm, unshrinking step, and countenances patient, calm and serene—save one. He pale, wan and heart stricken, leant upon the priest, who unceasingly urged every argument of religion, to sustain and console the wretched being who was alone condemned to live. The Marquis, his wife, and their four children, took their places at some paces distant from the block, and knelt. Juanito was led forward by the priest, and, having reached the fatal spot, the public executioner advanced and whispered him, haply imparting some necessary instructions in his dreadful mystery. The confessor would have arranged the victims so as to avoid, as far as possible, a view of the work of death; but they were Spaniards, and evinced no symptoms of fear.

Clara now darted forwards to her brother.—“Juanito!” she exclaimed, “you must have pity on my weakness. I am a sad, sad, coward.—Begin with me.”

A hasty step was heard approaching—it was Victor. Clara was kneeling by the block, and her white neck already bared to the scimeter. The officer shuddered, but rushed forward—“Your life is spared, Clara. The General pardons you, if you consent—to—*to be mine.*”

The Spanish lady looked on him for an instant; a proud, disdainful glance of withering scorn, “Quick, quick, Juanito,” she murmured, in a hurried hollow voice, as she turned, and her head rolled at Victor's feet.

As the first dull blow of the heavy scimeter was heard, for one moment the mother's whole frame moved convulsively. It was the first and only sign of weakness exhibited.

* * * * *

“Am I well so—my good—good Juanito?” said the little Raffaele,

“You weep, my Marquirita, my sister.” And, verily, the voice of Juanito seemed as a voice from the tomb, as again he lifted the scimeter.

“It is for you, dear brother,” she answered. “Poor, poor Juanito!—you will be without us all, alone, and so unhappy.”

* * * * *

The tall commanding figure of the Marquis now approached. He looked on his children's blood, and then, turning towards the assembled Spaniards, and stretching forth his arms over Juanito, exclaimed, in a loud and resolute tone of voice:—“Spaniards, hear me! A father's blessing I give unto my son; may it ever rest on and with him!—His is the post of duty. Now, *Marquis of Leganes*, strike firm and surely, for thou art without reproach!”

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by the confessor—the scimeter struck heavily against the earth, as he shrieked in bitter agony—“Mother!—God!—God!—it is too much—She bore—she nourished me.—Blood! and my mother's blood!” A cry of horror burst from all around. The bacchanalian orgies within the castle were at once ended.

The Marchioness, sensible that the strength and courage of her son had fled, cast one glance, and one only, at the scene at her feet; and then, aged as she was, leaped the terrace balustrade, and disappeared. As she fell upon the rocks beneath, the reeking instrument of death dropped from the hand of Juanito. His eyes flashed an almost maniac fire. A low, gurgling sound, like a death-greeting, broke from his livid lips—life seemed to forsake his limbs—and he sunk senseless upon the ground, beside the beloved beings who had fallen by his hand.

* * * * *

Notwithstanding the unlimited respect and high honours accorded by his sovereign to the Marquis de Leganes—notwithstanding the title of *El Verdugo*, by which his ancient and noble name has been rendered yet more illustrious, the Marquis now lives an almost heart-broken and solitary man. The birth of an heir to his name and fortune (an event which, unhappily, deprived her who bore him of existence) had been impatiently awaited by him, and as his son saw the light, the father felt it was now his privilege, in Heaven's own time, to join that troop of shadows, that are ever with him and around him. With these, in his long hours of solitude, he holds strange discourse: and if he ever smile, it is when he points out his sleeping boy to those unseen beings—unseen by all, save himself—and swears by its innocent head, and by the generations yet unborn, an eternal enmity to France and to her children.

Man is belligerent by nature, and the thought of war summons up sensations and even faculties within him, that, in the common course of life, would have been no more discoverable than the bottom of the sea: the moral earthquake must come to strip the bosom to our gaze.

THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village Inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipt with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church, across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile
In moralizing o'er the dead,
That moulder'd round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave show'd
Where want and pain and toil did rest;
And many a flatt'ring stone I view'd,
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.

A faded beach, its shadow brown,
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept:
On which, tho' scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclined to take;
And yet they look'd so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

"My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear;
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread which many a heart would cheer?"

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, whilst tears each other chas'd—

"Lady, we've not enough to eat,
And if we had we would not waste.

"But, sister Mary's naughty grown,
And will not eat, whate'er I say,
Though sure I am the bread's her own,
And she has tasted none to-day."

"Indeed, (the wan, starv'd Mary said)
Till Henry eats I'll eat no more;
For yesterday I got some bread;
He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave;
I felt as tho' deprived of speech—
I silent sat upon the grave,
And press'd a clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shiv'ring boy did nearer draw,
And thus their tale of woe impart—

"Before my father went away,
Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,
Sister and I did naught but play—
We lived beside yon great ash tree.

"And then poor mother did so cry,
And look'd so changed, I cannot tell;
She told us that she soon should die,
And bade us love each other well.

"She said that when the war is o'er,
Perhaps we might our father see;
But if we never saw him more,
That God our father then would be,

"She kiss'd us both, and then she died,
And we no more a mother have—
Here many a day we sat and cried
Together on poor mother's grave.

"But when our father came not here,
I thought if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

"We hand in hand went many a mile,
And ask'd our way of all we met,
And some did sigh, and some did smile,
And we of some did victuals get.

"But when we reached the sea, and found,
'Twas one great water round us spread,
We thought that father must be drown'd,
And cried and wish'd us both were dead.

"Lo, we return'd to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be!
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said father died beyond the sea.

"Then since no parents have we here,
We'll go and seek for God around,
Lady, pray can you tell us where
That God, our father, may be found.

"He lives in Heaven, mother said,
And Goody says that mother's there;
So if she thinks we want his aid,
I think, perhaps, she'll send him here."

I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,
And cried—"Come both and live with me,
I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest,
And will a second mother be.

"And God will be your father still;
'Twas he in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

"For the pestilence that walketh in darkness,
nor the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand
shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;
but it shall come not nigh thee."

It is the city of the plague, of mourning, and of death,
There's desolation in the air and poison in its breath;
The sickening scourge of terror has levelled in its train
The high and low, the rich and poor, and ruled the couch
of pain.

It has blanch'd the cheek of beauty, and chased the blooming
rose,
And swept the gentle maiden from her calm and sweet
repose;

It has wreck'd the parent's heart in sorrowing o'er her son,
She murmurs in her wretchedness—"O Lord, thy will be
done!"

It has set the canker-worm on manhood's glowing cheek;
Has bowed the spirit of the brave, the humble and the meek;
The infant is an orphan ere the closing of the day;
Yet 'tis "the will of Him who gave and taketh now away;"
Has dimm'd the eye of childhood with the first full tear of
grief,

And broke the wo-worn heart with pain which struggled for
relief;

Has left the lovely mourner on her widowed couch alone,
The whisperings of love exchang'd for sorrow's anguish'd
moan.

Has fill'd affliction's bitter cup, o'erflowing to the brim;
The world that *is*, the world that *was*, in chaos seems to
swim;

Mankind, in terror, shun to hold communion with their
race;

There's peril in the multitude, despair in every face.

Creator of the Universe! O God above, 'tis Thou,
Who knowest best what is for us; we to thy judgments
bow.

Hear all thy humble suppliants who Thee approach in
prayer;

Spare all the people from the scourge—Thy mercy let them
share!

THE YOUNG WIDOW OF BREMEN.

THERE is a mural monumental tablet, in a common field wall, near a handsome house in the suburbs of Bremen. On one side of the lane in which it stands are the court-yards of some spacious residences; on the other is a walk, leading through some of the prettiest fields near the town.

Two travellers, in the last century, stopped to gaze on this tablet, which appeared to have been very recently erected. It was of very fine execution, and looked fitter for some old church than the place where it stood. The design represented a kneeling female figure, mourning over an urn; in her position and features remorse was mingled with grief. Her eyes were hidden by the hand which supported the weeping head. By the broken sword and entangled balance on which her feet rested, the mourner seemed to personify Justice. No inscription or other guide to the meaning appeared, and our travellers turned eagerly to see if any one were near who could explain what the monument meant, and why it was placed there.

At length an old man, of a sad, but benevolent countenance, came slowly up; and of him they inquired the meaning of this tablet. He sighed deeply, and then bade them sit down beside him on the grass.

You might look long, (said the old man, after a pause of some minutes,) on the crowded ramparts of Bremen, when all the fairest were there, ere your eye rested on a more beautiful face, or a lighter, and more graceful figure, than Mary Von Korper's. Often were her dark eyes beaming, and her little feet seen twinkling, on the favorite resorts of the fair and the gay; and if the stranger asked who she was, whose smile was brightest, and who moved along so trippingly, the answer from all or any of her townsmen would be ever the same, "Tis the young widow of Bremen." And fair—very fair she still was; still looked she younger than many girls under twenty, though she had been the young widow of Bremen for seventeen years at least.

She had been married when a mere child; her husband died soon after the birth of his only son, and marriage seemed never to have dimmed the first freshness of her youth and beauty; so that when her son Hermann returned now and then from Jena, where he studied, and when he and his mother walked together, even her near neighbours thought rather of a brother and sister, than of a mother and her son. And he looked rather her older than younger brother, for Hermann, like his father, was of a thoughtful, deeply-channelled cast of features, whilst our widow had the light, sunny glance of a girl. So young, so handsome, and so fond of life and enjoyment, it seemed strange that Mary had never married again. This was not for want of offers. Each suitor, however, met the same cold, civil repulse, and the same answer, in nearly the same words. She said, that she could not love him. Indeed, the

standing jest of her neighbours was, that Mary never looked serious, save when refusing an offer.

Up to the period of our narrative, her life, during her widowhood, had been pure above the breath of scandal; but the same could not wholly be said of her married career. There were queer tales of a young Bavarian officer, whom her husband had found too familiar with his household on his return from a short absence, and whom he drove *an die degens spitze* out of Bremen; for Hermann Von Korper the older, was a man whom few dared to trifle with. But nothing more was ever made of this story than a mere domestic quarrel, and the early unblemished widowhood of Mary banished it from the memories of all save the very old, or the very scandalous.

Our narrative properly begins with the return of young Hermann home in the autumn. He was now eighteen—full of impetuous passions and feelings; just in this point resembling his father, though when nothing roused him, you would have thought him a quiet, melancholy, low-voiced youth.

The household of Mary Von Korper included a *Verwalter*, or land and house-steward—a sort of confidential manager, raised over all the other servants, and filling, in some sort, the place of master of her establishment. This office had long been filled by one who had entitled himself to the esteem of all the neighbours, and they all sorrowed greatly when old Muller was persuaded by his kind young mistress to better his fortune, by accepting a far higher service which she, unsolicited, procured for him. His place was filled by a wholly different sort of person, and filled so rapidly, that few knew of the change until the stranger was amongst them. Adolphe Brauer was a far younger man than his predecessor, but he was far less liked. Not because he was rude or haughty to the poor; on the contrary his manners were more than commonly courteous. But all this suavity wanted heartiness and sincerity, and he was feared rather than loved.

I knew the widow's family at this time, and with herself I was always on terms of the most friendly and confidential intercourse. Before this visit, I had been as kindly received by her son as was possible with one of his close and reserved character. Now, however, his manners were more than cold; they were absolutely repulsive.

Meanwhile, rumours began to circulate: first scattered and low-whispered—then more uniform and frequent—louder in voice and bolder in assertion, against the character of my fair neighbour. It was said that the new steward seemed high in his lady's confidence and favour; that he was admitted to many long and close private consultations with her; nay, even that *die junge Witwe* had been seen leaning on his arm in the open street; and sorely were the antique Misses

Keppelcranick, time out of mind, the best modistes in Bremen, scandalized thereat. Out of this same walk had further arisen a most remarkable rencontre which was witnessed by Peter Snick the tailor, who lay *perdu* behind a high wall, over which, now and then, he could peep with fear and trembling.

Hermann, who had left his mother's house for the day, but had returned home sooner than he had expected, on turning a corner into the *Bauerstrasse*, met his mother leaning on the arm of Adolphe Brauer; they separated hastily, with fearful looks, the moment they saw him. Hermann merely gave his mother one stern glance; then springing on the steward, he seized him by the throat. Adolphe quailed before his fury; indeed, the steward was rather of a crafty nature than of boiling courage; and when his young master flung him from him, and ordered him home, he obeyed without a word. Hermann then, with a proud cold air, took his mother's arm, who looked more dead than alive; and both vanished from the terrified gaze of Peter Snick.

After this the fair widow was not often seen abroad, until an event occurred which filled the whole neighbourhood with wonder and discussion. The very day when young Hermann should have returned to Jena, Adolphe Brauer vanished as completely as if the earth had gaped and swallowed him. The affrighted widow, on being asked by the servants, who waited for the steward's usual household orders, whether she knew what had become of him, merely shook her head and wept. She begged those most in her confidence to avoid mentioning the name of Brauer, for that her son had taken so deep a hatred to him, that the sound of it excited him to phrenzy. Hermann, however, soon made it known that he had sent Adolphe away, and that he would never return. He recalled the late steward, and stayed a day past the time he had intended, to welcome him home. All this time he was unusually merry; and set off for Jena in high spirits.

But a short interval had elapsed ere I remarked, with sorrow, that the widow's health and spirits grew worse from day to day. Whilst I was pondering over the propriety of writing to her son in Jena, an old man arrived suddenly in Bremen, begging to be directed to the widow Von Korper. He said he was Ludwig Brauer, the father of Adolphe her steward, and that he had come all the way from Weimar to see his son. When he heard that Adolphe had departed, some months before, no one knew whither, he displayed the greatest agitation and grief. In the end, a chapter of minute inquiries was addressed to Hermann, the only person of whom intelligence was to be sought; and until the answer could come from Jena, the restless and anxious stranger asked all the neighbours around for news of his son. But Adolphe Brauer was of a distant and reserved disposition, and had mentioned his designs to none. Yet some tidings of him were gleaned; though these were after all but scanty. Once more had Peter Snick, the tailor, been playing the listener.

None, save himself, had seen Adolphe on the day when he was suddenly missed. But at a very early hour, not long after sunrise, Peter, by some strange chance, happened to be passing the corner of this very wall here, at the back of the widow Von Korper's residence—a lane very little frequented. Suddenly he came up to young Hermann, who stood in his morning gown and slippers. The young man was in a high fury; one hand grasped the collar of Adolphe Brauer, and the other held a stout oaken cudgel. What more passed, Peter Snick knew not. He feared being punished as an eaves-dropper, and sneaked back silently to Bremen.

Nothing would satisfy old Ludwig, but a visit to the very place where his son had been seen for the last time. Peter led him; and to the astonishment of all present, the old man, in sitting down on a stone, covered by high weeds, to rest, whilst Snick acted over his story on the very spot, found something hidden amongst nettles and dock-weeds. It was a man's hat, crushed and broken, which, by a broad lace he wore, was remembered in a moment to have belonged to Adolphe Brauer.

Business called me to Lubeck whilst these strange events were passing; and on my return some months after, I was aghast to learn that Hermann Von Korper was in prison, charged with the murder of Adolphe Brauer, and the concealment of the body. The proof rested principally on their known disagreement—the sudden disappearance of Brauer—the denied story of Peter Snick, and the discovery of this hat on the very spot where their last quarrel was supposed to have taken place. The grand difficulty, which no inquiry threw any light upon, was to find how the body had been disposed of. To complete the chain of testimony, an expedient was resorted to, which cannot be contemplated without horror. They examined the prisoner by torture! Young Hermann was laid upon a low iron bedstead, and his wrists and ancles passed through tight iron rings secured to the four posts. A heavy weight was placed upon his breast. Then the bed was drawn out of the frame by machinery, leaving his body supported by the wrists and ancles alone, and bearing this ponderous load. At first the great muscular force and symmetry of his frame endured this severe tension, and he suffered apparently but little. Soon, however, his limbs quivered violently; and huge drops started upon his forehead, and ran down in a stream to the floor.

Then the judge called aloud, asking him "Whether he would confess where he had hidden the body of Adolphe Brauer, whom he had murdered?" "You may kill me," cried Hermann, in a weak voice broken by agony, "but I die innocent, and have told you all the truth." From the strength displayed by the wretched young man, it was thought he had not suffered pain enough to break his obstinacy. Strong levers were applied to the four sides of the bed, by which his limbs were further strained. Hitherto he had suffered silently; now he scarcely stifled a shriek, and

groaned heavily and incessantly. The executioner then brought a second heavy stone, and laid it over the other upon his breast. Human nature gave way: their barbarity had done its worst. He uttered a loud and piercing shriek, and trembled all over so violently, that the joints of his wrists broke. He became quite senseless. His mouth was wetted with a feather, to recel sensation, and the question repeated, but no sign of consciousness was returned. They were forced to end their horrid cruelty—and by many strong stimulants, with difficulty recalled him to life.

He was taken back to his prison, and left all night alone, barely furnished with some liquid to allay his fever, and keep his poor racked frame alive till morning. On the following day he was again brought up for examination. I was present; for I hoped to be able to bring some evidence in his favour; but I was little prepared for the cruel scene which followed. He was brought in, supported by two officers, looking so pale, so anguish-worn, that I could hardly recognize him. When he was brought near the terrible "bed of judgment," and compelled to touch it whilst he answered the questions put to him, his whole frame trembled like a leaf. He returned the same answer as before, and passionately called Heaven to witness that he was guiltless of the blood of Adolphe. The judges began to pity him, and obviously believed him innocent, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, when the counsel for old Ludwig Brauer craved leave to examine another who had just arrived in Bremen. As soon as young Von Korper looked on this stranger, he half shouted aloud, and then turned his head away. The witness said his name was Ernest Hortsberg, son of the minister of a Lutheran church in Hamburg. He deposed that he was a fellow-student, intimate with young Hermann in Jena; that he had heard the prisoner, on receiving certain letters from Bremen, break out into the most violent and frightful imprecations against Adolphe Brauer, vowing to take his life.

Hermann prayed leave to ask this witness some few questions, when it appeared that they had been rivals for the affections of Sophia Meyer, daughter of the Greek professor at Jena, and that Hermann was the favoured lover; further, that they had fought two separate duels on this quarrel, in both of which young Hortsberg had been worsted. Though these discoveries threw some suspicion over the evidence, yet they seemed important enough to demand a second investigation, by putting "the question"—that is to say, by torture.

Who could paint the looks of young Hermann when this decision was announced, and he was once more asked "what became of Adolphe Brauer?" In a voice that went to my very heart, he called Heaven to witness that if he were torn alive joint from joint, he could not tell more than he had already revealed. They made ready again to tie him to the dreadful bed, but when they touched his swollen dislocated wrists, he fairly

shrieked aloud, and earnestly called on God for the mercy which man denied. He was bound in the rack; and I had covered my eyes, and was prepared to rush out, for I could bear to see no more, when he called out wildly, that "if they would but untie him, and bring him water, he would confess all." I was thunderstruck on hearing these words, and stood fixed to the spot, looking on him in wonder. He spoke hurriedly and confusedly, and told some tale of his having had a quarrel with Brauer for supplanting his friend, old Muller. He said he made some pretext on that fatal morning for their going out early, to give him an opportunity to commit the murder; that a true account had been given by Peter Snick, soon after whose departure he struck Brauer heavily with a bludgeon, and killed him; that a pedlar happening to pass with a pack-horse, he bribed him to take away the body, and that he had never seen the man again, and did not know how he disposed of it; but finding the steward's hat left in the hurry by the pedlar, where it had fallen in the scuffle, he hid it amongst the weeds, just as the old man found it. Having signed this confession, he was taken back to prison.

For some time after he was gone I stood as one stupified; my ears tingled as if I had been hearing the dizzy sounds of a dream, or of delirium. Was young Hermann, then, really a murderer? Impossible! I had known him from a child! But his own confession! I resolved instantly to see him in prison; and though all approach of his friends was denied to him, by a heavy bribe, I obtained that very morning admission to his cell.

When I approached the stone on which he lay heavily manacled, and looked on his sickly emaciated features, I could feel only pity for him, and should have stretched out my hand to him had he been guilty of a hundred murders; but he shrank from me, and hid his face. "You are kind," said he faintly; "but I cannot bear to see you—I am not worthy of the light." "There is forgiveness," I replied, "for all sin which is repented of; and there may have been some palliation for yours—sudden passion—an accidental blow"—he instantly sprang up to the full stretch of his shackles. "You surely *cannot* think that I killed him?" cried he. "*Your own voice* said it," I replied. He answered in low and half-choked accents, "God pardon me! What could I do? I should have died beneath their hands. The very sight of that rack maddened me. I could not bear that second torture (holding up his crushed hands). I said all they wanted, for leave to die in peace; but to stain my fair name—to be beheaded as a murderer—to die with a lie on my lips! God pardon me! My poor, poor mother!"

I now saw the whole truth; and my heart bled with indignation and sorrow. I vowed I would make his innocence appear: it was impossible his judges could be wicked enough to condemn him. He shook his head mournfully, and begged I would comfort his mother.

All my efforts—all that man could do was vain.

His own hand had sealed his fate. He was convicted, and—executed.

I will hasten over what I cannot bear to think of. He died resigned and firm. Up to the very last moment he told no one of his real confession to me. But just ere his eyes were bound, he turned to the multitude, and cried loudly, "That for the sake of his father's name, and his mother, who yet lived, he would not die without raising his voice to declare before God that he died innocent of blood—that in the madness of torture and agony he had confessed to utter falsehoods merely to procure ease, for which he implored Heaven to pardon him!" Then he prayed in silence, and waited for the death-blow.

His poor mother pined daily. She could not be prevailed upon to stir into the open air; and if she had now been seen as of old, gliding along the ramparts, few would have recognized in her wasted features the young widow of Bremen.

There was another sad page in this unhappy story. She received a parcel from Jena, which contained a small box, and a letter from Franz Meyer, the Greek professor. His daughter Sophia was dead; her last care had been to make up this little packet—her last request that he would send it when she died, to Mary Von Korper. It contained young Hermann's portrait, and a note from poor Sophia. She said that she sent her lover's features to the only one now on earth who knew how to love them; and that she prayed with her parting breath, that Heaven might bring her to join them where his innocence would be known to all, as it was now known to them alone.

It was many years before Mary Von Korper crossed her threshold. At last I prevailed on her to walk slowly about the neighbourhood of her house. She seemed slowly sinking into the grave; and her physician told her that exercise was her only chance of life. One morning she expressed a wish to cross some fields at the back of her house, where there was a seat, in a beautiful little woodland, of which she used to be fond. We proceeded onwards; as we slowly passed the corner of this wall here, where the fatal scuffle between Hermann and young Brauer had taken place so long before, I saw an officer—standing on this very spot, his arms folded, looking towards us. Mary was then leaning on me, holding her face down; and just before she lifted her head to speak to me, I was shocked to feel how light was her emaciated frame, though I was then bearing her whole weight. As she raised and turned her head, her eyes fell full on the stranger's features: she gave him one wild earnest look, shrieked, and sank lifeless in my arms. The stranger sprang forwards to hold her. "Lay her on the grass," said he, "she has only fainted; run to the house for water, and I will support her."

When I came back she was sitting on the grass, leaning on the stranger, whom she introduced to me as Ernest Von Harstenleit, a friend of her early days, whom she had not seen for a long—long time; the sudden meeting, she said, had been too great a shock for her weak frame.

I begged her to let us take her home, that she might rest, and quiet her fevered nerves. We proceeded thither—the stranger and I supporting her between us. When we entered she appeared unable to bear up a moment longer, and called, faintly, for water. Old Muller, who had watched her return with much anxiety, came himself to attend on her. She looked wildly but significantly at him, and then at me—pointed to the stranger, and gasped out rather than spoke—"Seize him! He is Adolphe; Adolphe, for whom my boy was murdered!" She fainted as the words left her lips, and we were running towards her, when a quick movement of the stranger warned us not to let him escape. The undefined feeling which had made me gaze so earnestly upon him was fully explained. He was, indeed, Adolphe Brauer, for whose supposed murder my poor young friend had been executed! The conspiracy to procure the death of young Hermann, by this false accusation, was clearly brought home to him, and he was executed for it; but the accomplice who had appeared as his father, escaped detection. The poor widow only survived for a few days the shock of this sudden discovery; and from his confession, and her disclosure to me, just before her death, the tissue of this strange and mournful story was made complete.

Ernest Von Harstenleit was the Bavarian officer, of whom mention was made in the beginning of my story. Mary confessed that her husband's suspicions were not groundless. During his absence her heart had been won by the stranger, and when he returned, she had forgotten her duty and was in Ernest's power. Her husband's fury drove Von Harstenleit ignominiously from the town; and he fled, no one knew whither. During his absence, it appeared by his own confession, that the wretch had employed a woman, since but too notorious throughout Germany, who entered Von Korper's service as cook, merely to poison him.

It was long ere the officer ventured again on the scene; but in his new character of steward he soon regained his ascendancy over the widow, who had no suspicion of his agency in her husband's death. Indeed, I suspect, he was the only man she ever really loved. The fury of young Hermann, who discovered their attachment, drove away the disguised steward; and the scene that ensued, happened just as poor Hermann had confessed—save in the catastrophe.

Burning with hatred, Adolphe fled wounded, and without his hat, which had been struck off in the struggle. He resumed the military dress which he had worn previous to his assuming the disguise of a steward, and Adolphe Brauer was now no more. With the malice of a fiend, Ernest devised the plot, which, by the aid of a suborned villain, brought poor Hermann to the scaffold. He would have remained undetected, had he not madly thought Mary's love would follow him through every depth of crime. No eye but hers could recognize him, and on her he relied undoubtingly.

But though the sanctuary of her affections had been polluted—though even to the last her love remained, and the struggle killed her; Mary Von Korper shrank with horror from the assassin of her son. To clear his memory, she gave up her guilty love; but it was twined in the very heart-strings of her life, and she survived not the sacrifice.

This is the spot, (said the old man, turning to the travellers,) where the murder was alleged to have been committed; and here Mary begged me with her last breath to put up this tablet, that the stranger might learn, and the inhabitant never forget, that this history is mournfully true, and no idle legend.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is certainly a condition upon which the happiness or misery of life does very much depend; more, indeed, than most people think beforehand. To be confined to live with one perpetually, for whom we have no liking or esteem, must certainly be an uneasy state.—There had need be a great many good qualities to recommend a constant conversation with one, when there is some share of kindness; but without *love*, the very best of all good qualities will never make a constant conversation easy and delightful. And whence proceed those innumerable domestic miseries that plague and utterly confound so many families, but from want of love and kindness in the wife or husband—from these come their neglect and careless management of affairs at home, and their profuse, extravagant expenses abroad. In a word, it is not easy, as it is not needful, to recount the evils that arise abundantly from the want of conjugal affection only.

And since this is so certain, a man or woman runs the most fearful hazard that can be, who marries without this affection in themselves, and without good assurance of it in the other. Let your love advise before you choose, and your choice be fixed before you marry. Remember the happiness or misery of your life depends upon this one act, and that nothing but death can dissolve the knot. A single life is doubtless preferable to a married one, where prudence and affection do not accompany the choice; but where they do, there is no terrestrial happiness equal to the married state. There cannot be too near an equality, too exact a harmony, betwixt a married couple—it is a step of such weight as calls for all our foresight and penetration; and, especially, the temper and education must be attended to. In unequal matches, the men are more generally in fault than the women, who can seldom be choosers.

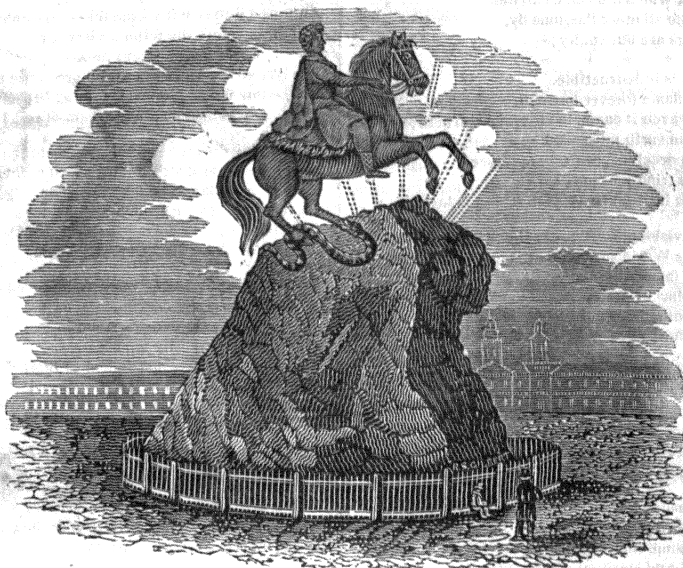
"Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make your fortune than your happiness."

Marriages, founded on affection, are the most happy. Love, says Addison, ought to have shot its roots deep, and to be well grown, before we enter into that state. There is nothing which

more nearly concerns the peace of mankind—it is his choice in this respect, on which his happiness or misery in life depends. Though Solomon's description of a wise and good woman may be thought too mean and mechanical for this refined generation, yet certain it is, that the business of a family is the most profitable and honourable study they can employ themselves in. The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is, when she has in her countenance mildness—in her spirit, wisdom—in her behaviour, modesty—and in her life, virtue.

FORMATION OF MOUNTAINS.

It is an opinion now entertained, almost universally, by the most distinguished geologists, that the great mountain chains have been upraised from the bowels of the earth subsequently to the stratification and consolidation of the exterior crust.—Now, if we admit this theory, it will follow as a natural consequence, that the melted matter extruded by force, acting from below would carry along with it the consolidated strata, which would thus obtain an inclined position, and form a covering to the flanks of the new mountain. The nature of the strata which cover the sides of a mountain chain will therefore indicate the state of the surface at the epoch when the elevation took place; and hence, since geologists are able to assign certain relations, in respect of age or priority of formation, among the different stratifications, we are enabled, by the same means, to determine the relative ages of the mountains. But it is extremely remarkable that those chains which are covered by strata, or sedimental deposits, belonging to the same era of formation, are generally found to range in a direction parallel to the same great circle of the sphere; and this relation between the direction of the mountain chains and the nature of their covering has been found to hold good in so many instances, that some geologists of distinguished name do not hesitate to rank it among the principles of their science, and to regard the parallelism of different chains as a distinctive character of synchronous elevation. According to this theory, which was first broached by Elie de Beaumont, and which Humboldt thinks the phenomena of the Asiatic continent tend to support, the four great parallel chains of Central Asia must have had a contemporaneous formation, while the transverse ranges of the Ural, the Bolor, the Ghauts of Malabar, and the Khing-khan, have been elevated at a subsequent and probably a very different epoch. In the present state of geological knowledge, the hypothesis of Beaumont cannot be admitted to rest on firm or tenable grounds; yet it cannot be disputed that even in the position of the different mountain-chains, and without any reference to the materials of which they are constituted, we have abundant evidence that the earth has only attained its present form through a succession of revolutions caused by the action of internal forces.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT, AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

THIS superb work of modern art stands in one of the finest squares of St. Petersburg, and of Europe, according to Sir Robert Ker Porter. It was erected by command of the Empress Catherine, and, like all her projects, bears the stamp of greatness. The name of the artist is Falconet: "He was a Frenchman; but," adds Sir R. K. P. "this statue, for genius and exquisite execution, would have done honour to the best sculptors of any nation. A most sublime conception is displayed in the design. The allegory is finely imagined; and had he not sacrificed the result of the whole to the prominence of his group, the grand and united effect of the statue and its pedestal striking at once upon the eye, would have been unequalled in the works of man. A mass of granite, of a size at present most immense, but formerly most astonishing, is the pedestal. A steep acclivity, like that of a rugged mountain, carries the eye to its summit, which looks down on the opposite side to a descent nearly perpendicular. The figure of the hero is on horseback, supposed to have attained the object of his ambition, by surmounting all the apparent impossibilities which so arduous an enterprise presented. The victorious animal is proudly rearing on the highest point of the rock, whilst his imperial master stretches forth his mighty arm, as the father and protector of his country. A serpent, in attempting to impede his course, is trampled on by the feet of the horse, and writhing in all the agonies of expiring

nature. The Emperor is seated on the skin of a bear; and habited in a tunic, or sort of toga, which forms the drapery behind. His left hand guides the reins; his right is advanced straight forward on the same side of the horse's neck. The head of the statue is crowned with a laurel wreath." It was formed from a bust of Peter, modelled by a young French damsel. The contour of the face expresses the most powerful command, and exalted, boundless, expansion of thought. "The horse," says Sir Robert, "is not to be surpassed. To all the beauties of the ancient form, it unites the easy grace of nature with a fire which pervades every line; and gives such a life to the statue, that as you gaze you expect to see it leap from the pinnacle into the air. The difficulty of keeping so great a mass of weighty metal in so volent an attitude, has been admirably overcome by the artist. The sweep of the tail, with the hinder parts of the horse, are interwoven with the curvatures of the expiring snake; and together compose a sufficient counterpoise to the figure and forepart of the animal."*

Our representation of this masterpiece of art is copied from a Russian medallion presented to an ingenious English artist, Mr. W. H. Brooke, by M. Francia.

* Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden. By Sir Robert Ker Porter, 4to.

THE HOME OF LOVE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

They sin who tell us love can die.
With Life all other Passions fly,
All others are but vanity;—

* * * * *

But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified:
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.—SOUTHEY.

Thou movest in visions, Love!—Around thy way,
E'en through this World's rough path and changeful day,
Forever floats a gleam,
Not from the realms of Moonlight or the Morn,
But thine our Soul's illumined chambers born—
The colouring of a dream!

Love, shall I read thy dream?—Oh! is it not
All of some sheltering, wood-embosomed spot—
A bower for thee and thine?
Yes! lone and lowly is that Home; yet there
Something of Heaven in the transparent air
Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that glorifies
Bends o'er it ever from the tender skies,
As o'er some Blessed Isle;
E'en like the soft and spiritual glow,
Kindling rich woods, whereon th' ethereal bow
Sleeps lovingly awhile.

The very whispers of the Wind have there
A flute-like harmony that seems to bear
Greeting from some bright shore,
Where none have said *Farewell!*—where no decay
Lends the faint crimson to the dying day;
Where the Storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,
In the deep sanctuary of one true breast
Hidden from earthly ill:
There would'st thou watch the homeward step, whose sound
Wakening all Nature to sweet echoes round,
Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a glorious page,
From mind to mind th' immortal heritage,
For thee its treasures pour;
Or Music's voice at vesper hours be heard,
Or deater interchange of playful word,
Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,
Thence duly should arise;
Lifting the eternal hope, th' adoring breath,
Of Spirits, not to be disjoined by Death,
Up to the starry skies.

There, dost thou believe, no storm should come
To mar the stillness of that Angel-home;—
There should thy slumbers be
Weighed down with honey-dew, serenely bless'd,
Like theirs who first in Eden's Grove took rest
Under some balmy tree.

Love! Love! thou passionate in Joy or Woe!
And can'st thou hope for cloudless peace below—
Here, where bright things must die?
Oh, thou! that, wildly worshipping, dost shed
On the frail altar of a mortal head
Gifts of Infinity!

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful Love!
Danger seems gathering from beneath, above,
Still round thy precious things;—

Thy stately Pine-tree, or thy gracious Rose,
In their sweet shade can yield thee no repose,
Here, where the blight hath wings.

And, as a flower with some fine sense imbued
To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,
So in thy prescient breast
Are lyre strings quivering with prophetic thrill
To the low footstep of each coming ill;—
—Oh! canst Thou dream of rest?

Bear up thy dream! thou Mighty and thou Weak
Heart, strong as death, yet as a reed to break,
As a flame, tempest-swayed!
He that sits calm on High is yet the source
Whence thy soul's current hath its troubled course,
He that great Deep hath made!

Will He not pity?—He, whose searching eye
Reads all the secrets of thine agony!—
Oh! pray to be forgiven
Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
And seek with Him that Bower of Blessedness—
Love! thy sole Home is Heaven!

THE CONTRAST.

SEE you this picture? Such the once bright look
Of that worn aged woman, bending low
O'er the large pages of that Holiest Book,
With dull fixed eye, and pale lips moving slow.

What earnest find you in that ruined shrine
Of weary, wasted, poor humanity,
Of the full loveliness so like divine
Of form and face, she wore in days gone by?

Is this the figure, wrought in truest mould,
Whose natural graces owned such power to move,
Is this the brow—the glance—whose mirror told
Nought dwelt within but joy, and truth, and love?

And more than all, is this the mind that drew
Thought, fancy, feeling, from the meanest thing,
And its own mystery of enchantment threw
O'er other hearts, till echoed every string!

This is strange contrast—but how such things are,
Bewilder not thy watchful wondering heart;
For I will show thee contrast deeper far,
And more enduring—yet thou wilt not start.

Amid the spirits of departed worth,
Who now in sainted glory lifted high,
Look down upon the busy fields of earth,
From their effulgent chambers in the sky;—

Methinks already, throned in light, I see
That feeble matron's soul to heaven upborne—
A floating seraph, blessed, pure, and free,
As golden cloudlet on a summer's morn!

And e'en when dazzling in her life's best hour,
Bloom on her cheek, and beauty on her brow,
Oh! was she not a weak and worthless flower
Compared with all she is in glory now!

That form, so peerless once, was but of clay;
That heart, tho' warm, was mortal in its feeling;—
But radiant now in heaven's æternal day,
Each moment as it flies is aye revealing

More and more clear the spirit's perfect mind;
Whose holy eye our noblest darings here
Views but in sorrow, and compassion kind.
And o'er their stain, lets fall an Angel's tear!

Oh, endless mystery of Almighty Power!
That from the acorn rears the giant tree,
And grants to Faith for a triumphant dower,
The crown that never fades—of Immortality!

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

THE THUNDER-STUCK.

In the summer of 18—, London was visited by one of the most tremendous thunder-storms that have been known in this climate. Its character and effects—some of which latter form the subject of this chapter—will make me remember it to the latest hour of my life.

There was something portentous—a still, surcharged air—about the whole of Tuesday, the 10th of July, 18—, as though nature were trembling and cowering beneath the coming shock. From about eleven o'clock at noon the sky wore a lurid, threatening aspect that shot awe into the beholder; suggesting to startled fancy the notion, that within the dim confines of the "labouring air" mischief was working to the world.

The heat was intolerable, keeping almost every body within doors. The very dogs, and other cattle in the streets, stood everywhere panting and loath to move. There was a prodigious excitement, or rather agitation diffused throughout the country, especially London; for, strange to say, (and thousands will recollect the circumstance,) it had been for some time confidently foretold by certain enthusiasts, religious as well as philosophic, that the earth was to be destroyed that very day; in short, that the awful JUDGMENT was at hand!

By the time I reached home, late in the afternoon, I felt in a fever of excitement. I found an air of apprehension throughout the whole house. My wife, children, and a young visitor, were all together in the parlour, looking out for me, through the window, anxiously—and with paler faces than they might choose to own. The visitor just alluded to, by the way—was a Miss Agnes P—, a girl of about twenty-one, the daughter of an old friend and patient of mine. Her mother, a widow, (with no other child than this,) resided in a village about fifty miles from town—from which she was expected, in a few days' time, to take her daughter back again into the country. Miss P— was, without exception, the most charming young woman I think I ever met with. The beauty of her person but faintly showed forth the loveliness of her mind and the amiability of her character. There was a rich languor, or rather softness of expression about her features, that to me is enchanting, and constitutes the highest and rarest style of feminine loveliness. Her dark, pensive, searching eyes, spoke a soul full of feeling and fancy. If you, reader, had but *felt* their gaze—had seen them—now glistening in liquid radiance upon you, from beneath their long dark lashes—and then sparkling with enthusiasm, while the flush of excitement was on her beautiful features, and her white hands hastily folded back her auburn tresses from her alabaster brow, your heart would have thrilled as mine often has, and you would with me have exclaimed in a sort of ecstasy—"Star of your

sex!" The tones of her voice, so mellow and various—and her whole carriage and demeanour, were in accordance with the expression of her features. In person she was a little under the average height, but most exquisitely moulded and proportioned; and there was a Hebe-like ease and grace about all her features. She excelled in almost all feminine accomplishments; but the "things wherein her soul delighted," were music and romance. A more imaginative, etherealized creature was surely never known. It required all the fond and anxious surveillance of her friends to prevent her carrying her tastes to excess, and becoming in a manner, unfitted for the "dull commerce of dull earth." No sooner had this fair being made her appearance in my house, and given token of something like a prolonged stay, than I became the most popular man in the circle of my acquaintance. Such assiduous calls to enquire after *my* health, and that of my family!—Such a multitude of men—young ones, to boot—and so embarrassed with a consciousness of the poorness of the pretence that drew them to my house! Such matronly enquiries from mothers and elderly female relatives, into the nature and extent of "sweet Miss P—'s expectations?" During a former stay at my house, about six months before the period of which I am writing, Miss P— surrendered her affections—to the delighted surprise of all her friends and relatives—to the quietest and perhaps the worthiest of her claimants—a young man, then preparing for orders at Oxford. Never, sure, was there a greater contrast between the tastes of a pledged couple: she all feeling, romance, enthusiasm; he serene, thoughtful, and matter-of-fact. It was most amusing to witness their occasional collisions on subjects which brought into play their respective tastes and qualities; and interesting to note, that the effect was invariably to raise the one in the other's estimation—as if they mutually prized most the qualities of the other. Young N— had spent two days in London—the greater portion of them, I need hardly say, at my house—about a week before; and he and his fair mistress had disputed rather keenly on the topic of general discussion—the predicted event of the 10th of July. If she did not repose implicit faith in the prophecy, her belief had, somehow or another acquired a most disturbing strength. He laboured hard to disabuse her of her awful apprehensions—and she as hard to overcome his obstinate incredulity. Each was a little too eager about the matter: and for the first time since they had known each other, they parted with a *little* coldness—yes, although he was to set off the next morning for Oxford! In short, scarcely any thing was talked of by Agnes but the coming 10th of July: and if she did not anticipate the actual destruction of

the globe, and the final judgment of mankind—she at least looked forward to some event, mysterious and tremendous. The eloquent enthusiastic creature almost brought over my placid wife to her way of thinking:—

To return from this long digression—which, however, will be presently found to have been not unnecessary. After staying a few minutes in the parlour, I retired to my library, for the purpose among other things, of making those entries in my Diary from which these “passages” are taken—but the pen lay useless in my hand. With my chin resting on the palm of my left hand, I sat at my desk lost in reverie; my eyes fixed on the tree which grew in the yard and overshadowed my windows. How still—how motionless—was every leaf! What sultry—oppressive—unnatural repose! How it would have cheered me to hear the faintest “sough” of wind—to see the breeze sweep freshening through the leaves, rustling and stirring them into life!—I opened my window, untied my neckerchief, and loosened my shirt collar—for I felt suffocated with the heat. I heard at length a faint pattering sound among the leaves of the tree—and presently there fell on the window-frame three or four large ominous drops of rain. After gazing upwards for a moment or two in the gloomy aspect of the sky—I once more settled down to writing; and was dipping my pen into the ink-stand, when there blazed about me, a flash of lightning with such a ghastly, blinding splendour, as defies all description. It was like what one might conceive to be a glimpse of hell—and yet not a *glimpse* merely—for it continued, I think, six or seven seconds. It was followed at scarce an instant’s interval, with a crash of thunder as if the world had been smitten out of its sphere and was rending asunder!—I hope these expressions will not be considered hyperbolic. No one, I am sure, who recollects the occurrence I am describing, will require the appeal!—May I never see or hear the like again!—The sudden shock almost drove me out of my senses, I leaped from my chair with consternation; and could think of nothing, at the moment, but closing my eyes, and shutting out from my ears the stunning sound of the thunder. For a moment I stood literally stupified. On recovering myself, my first impulse was to spring to the door, and rush down stairs in search of my wife and children. I heard, on my way, the sound of shrieking proceed from the parlour in which I had left them. In a moment I had my wife folded in my arms, and my children clinging with screams round my knees. My wife had fainted. While I was endeavouring to restore her, there came a second flash of lightning, equally terrible with the first—and a second explosion of thunder, loud as one could imagine the discharge of a thousand parks of artillery directly over head. The windows—in fact, the whole house, quivered with the shock. The noise helped to recover my wife from her swoon.

“Kneel down! Love! Husband!”—she gasped, endeavouring to drop upon her knees—

“Kneel down! Pray—pray for us! We are undone!” After shouting till I was hoarse, and pulling the bell repeatedly and violently, one of the servants made her appearance—but in a state not far removed from that of her mistress. Both of them, however, recovered themselves in a few minutes, roused by the cries of the children.—“Wait a moment, love,” said I, “and I will fetch you a few reviving drops!”—I stepped into the back room, where I generally kept some phials of drugs—and poured out a few drops of sal volatile. The thought then for the first time struck me, that Miss P—— was not in the parlour I had just quitted. *Where* was she? What would *she* say to all this?—God bless me, where is she?—I thought with increasing trepidation.

“Edward—Edward!” I exclaimed, to a servant who happened to pass the door of the room where I was standing; “where is Miss P——?”

“Miss P——, Sir!—Why—I don’t—Oh, yes!” he replied, suddenly recollecting himself, “about five minutes ago I saw her run very swift up stairs and hav’n’t seen her since, Sir.”—“What!” I exclaimed with increased trepidation, “Was it about the time that the first flash of lightning came?”—“Yes it was, Sir!”—“Take this into your mistress, and say I’ll be with her immediately,” said I, giving him what I had mixed. I rushed up stairs, calling out as I went, “Agnes! Agnes! where are you?” I received no answer. At length I reached the floor where her bedroom lay. The door was closed, but not shut.

“Agnes! Where are you?” I enquired very agitatedly, at the same time knocking at her door. I received no answer.

“Agnes! Agnes! For God’s sake, speak!—Speak, or I shall come into your room!” No reply was made; and I thrust open the door. Heavens! Can I describe what I saw!

Within less than a yard of me stood the most fearful figure my eyes have ever beheld. It was Agnes!—She was in the attitude of stepping to the door, with both arms extended as if in a menacing mood. Her hair was partially dishevelled. Her face seemed whiter than the white dress she wore. Her lips were of a livid hue. Her eyes, full of awful expression—of supernatural lustre, were fixed with a petrifying stare, on me. Oh, language fails me—utterly!—Those eyes have never since been absent from me when alone! I felt as though they were blighting the life within me. I could not breathe, much less stir. I strove to speak but could not utter a sound. My lips seemed rigid as those I looked at. The horrors of nightmare were upon me. My eyes at length closed; my head seemed turning round—and for a moment or two I lost all consciousness. I revived. *There* was the frightful thing still before me—nay, close to me! Though I looked at her, I never once thought of Agnes P——. It was the tremendous appearance—the ineffable terror gleaming from her eyes, that thus overcame me. I protest I cannot conceive any thing more dreadful! Miss P—— continued standing perfectly motionless; and while I was gazing at her in the manner I have been describ-

ing, a peal of thunder roused me to my self-possession. I stepped towards her, took hold of her hand, exclaiming "Agnes—Agnes!"—and carried her to the bed, where I laid her down. It required some little force to press down her arms; and I drew the eyelids over her staring eyes mechanically. While in the act of doing so, a flash of lightning flickered luridly over her—but her eye neither quivered nor blinked. She seemed to have been suddenly deprived of all sense and motion: in fact, nothing but her pulse—if pulse it should be called—and faint breathing, showed that she lived. My eye wandered over her whole figure, dreading to meet some scorching trace of lightning—but there was nothing of the kind. What had happened to her? Was she frightened—to death? I spoke to her; I called her by her name, loudly; I shook her, rather violently: I might have acted it all to a statue!—I rang the chamber-bell with almost frantic violence: and presently my wife and a female servant made their appearance in the room; but I was far more embarrassed than assisted by their presence. "Is she killed?" murmured the former, as she staggered towards the bed, and then clung convulsively to me—"Has the lightning struck her?"

I was compelled to disengage myself from her grasp, and hurry her into the adjoining room—whither I called a servant to attend her; and then returned to my hapless patient. But what was I to do? Medical man as I was, I never had seen a patient in such circumstances, and felt as ignorant on the subject, as agitated. It was not epilepsy—it was not apoplexy—a swoon—nor any known species of hysteria. The most remarkable feature of her case, and what enabled me to ascertain the nature of her disease, was this; that if I happened accidentally to alter the position of her limbs, *they retained, for a short time, their new position.* If, for instance, I moved her arm—it remained for a while in the situation in which I had last placed it, and gradually resumed its former one. If I raised her into an upright posture, she continued sitting so, without the support of pillows, or other assistance, as exactly as if she had heard me express a wish to that effect, and assented to it; but, the horrid vacancy of her aspect! If I elevated one eyelid for a moment, to examine the state of the eye, it was some time in closing, unless I drew it over myself. All these circumstances—which terrified the servant who stood shaking at my elbow, and muttering, "She's possessed! she's possessed!—Satan has her!"—convinced me that the unfortunate young lady was seized with CATAPLEXY; that rare mysterious affection, so fearfully blending the conditions of life and death—presenting—so to speak—life in the aspect of death, and death in that of life! I felt no doubt, that extreme terror, operating suddenly on a nervous system most highly excited, and a vivid, active fancy, had produced the effects I saw. Doubtless the first terrible outbreak of the thunder-storm—especially the fierce splendour of that first flash of lightning which so alarmed my-

self—apparently corroborating and realizing all her awful apprehensions of the predicted event, overpowered her at once, and flung her into the fearful situation in which I found her—that of one ARRESTED in her terror-struck flight towards the door of her chamber. But again—the thought struck me—had she received any direct injury from the lightning? Had it blinded her? It might be so—for I could make no impression on the pupils of the eyes. Nothing could startle them into action. They seemed a little more dilated than usual, and fixed.

I confess that, besides the other agitating circumstances of the moment, this extraordinary, this unprecedented case too much distracted my self-possession to enable me promptly to deal with it. I had heard and read of, but never before seen such a case. No time, however, was to be lost. I determined to resort at once to strong antispasmodic treatment. I bled her from the arm freely, applied blisters behind the ear, immersed her feet, which, together with her hands, were cold as marble, in hot water, and endeavoured to force into her mouth a little opium and ether. Whilst the servants were busied about her, undressing her, and carrying my directions into effect, I stepped for a moment into the adjoining room, where I found my wife just recovering from a violent fit of hysterics. Her loud laughter, though so near me, I had not once heard, so absorbed was I with the mournful case of Miss P—. After continuing with her till she recovered sufficiently to accompany me down stairs, I returned to Miss P—'s bed-room. She continued exactly in the condition in which I had left her. Though the water was hot enough almost to parboil her tender feet, it produced no sensible effect on the circulation or the state of the skin; and finding a strong determination of blood towards the regions of the head and neck, I determined to have her cupped between the shoulders. I went down stairs to drop a line to the apothecary, requesting him to come immediately with his cupping instruments. As I was delivering the note into the hands of a servant, a man rushed up to the open door where I was standing, and, breathless with haste, begged my instant attendance on a patient close by, who had just met with a severe accident. Relying on the immediate arrival of Mr. —, the apothecary, I put on my hat and great coat, took my umbrella, and followed the man who had summoned me out. It rained in torrents, for the storm, after about twenty minutes' intermission, burst forth again with unabated violence. The thunder and lightning were really awful!

The patient who thus abruptly, and under circumstances inopportune, required my services, proved to be one Bill —; a notorious boxer, who, in returning that evening from a great prize-fight, had been thrown out of his gig, the horse being frightened by the lightning, and the rider besides much the worse for liquor, and his ankle dreadfully dislocated. He had been taken up by some passengers, and conveyed with great difficulty to his own residence, a public house

not three minutes' walk from where I lived. The moment I entered the tap-room, which I had to pass on my way to the stair-case, I heard his groans, or rather howls, over head. The excitement of intoxication, added to the agonies occasioned by his accident, had driven him, I was told, nearly mad. He was uttering the most revolting execrations as I entered his room. He damned himself—his ill-luck (for it seemed he had lost considerable sums on the fight)—the combatants—the horse that threw him—the thunder and lightning—every thing, in short, and every body about him. The sound of the thunder was sublime music to me, and the more welcome, because it drowned the blasphemous bellowing of the monster I was visiting. Yes—there lay the burley boxer, stretched upon the bed, with none of his dress removed, except the boot from the limb that was injured—his new blue coat with glaring yellow buttons, and drab-knee-breeches, soiled with the street mud into which he had been precipitated—his huge limbs, writhing in restless agony over the bed—his fists clenched, and his flat, iron-featured face swollen and distorted with pain and rage.

"But, my good woman," said I, pausing at the door, addressing myself to the boxer's wife, who, wringing her hands, had conducted me up stairs: "I assure you, I am not the person you should have sent to. It's a surgeon's, not a physician's case; I fear I can't do much for him—quite out of my way!"

"Oh, for God's sake—for the love of God don't say so!" gasped the poor creature, with affrighted emphasis—Oh, do *something* for him, or he'll drive us all out of our senses—he'll be killing us!"

"Do something!" roared out my patient, who had overheard the last words of his wife turning his bloated face towards me—"do something indeed? ay, and be — to you! Here, here—look ye, Doctor—look ye, *here!*" he continued, pointing to the wounded foot, which all crushed and displaced, and the stocking soaked with blood, presented a shocking appearance—"look here, indeed!—ah, that — horse! that — horse!" his teeth gnashed, and his right hand was lifted up, clenched with fury—"If I don't break every bone in his — body, as soon as ever I can stir this cursed leg again!"

I felt, for a moment as though I had entered the very pit and presence of Satan, for the lightning was gleaming over his ruffianly figure incessantly, and the thunder rolling close over head while he was speaking.

"Hush! hush! you'll drive the doctor away! For pity's sake, hold your tongue, or doctor — won't come into the room to you!" gasped his wife, dropping on her knees beside him.

"Ha, ha! Let him go! Only let him stir a step, and lame as I am, — me! if I don't jump out of bed, and teach him civility! *Here*, you doctor, as you call yourself! What's to be done?" Really I was too much shocked at the moment, to know. I was half inclined to leave the room immediately—and had a fair plea for doing so, in

the *surgical* nature of the case—but the agony of the fellow's wife induced me to do violence to my own feelings, and stay. After directing a person to be sent off, in my name, for the nearest surgeon, I addressed myself to my task, and proceeded to remove the stocking. His whole body quivered with the anguish it occasioned; and I saw such fury gathering in his features, that I began to dread lest he might rise up in a sudden phrenzy, and strike me.

"Oh! oh! oh!—Curse your clumsy hands! You don't know no more nor a child," he groaned, "what you're about! Leave it—leave it alone! Give over with ye! Doctor, —, I say be off!"

"Mercy, mercy, Doctor!" sobbed his wife in a whisper, fearing from my momentary pause, that I was going to take her husband at his word—"Don't go away! Oh, go on—go on! It *must* be done, you know? Never mind what he says! He's only a little worse for liquor now—and—then the *pain!* Go on, doctor! He'll thank you the more for it to-morrow!"

"Wife! Here!" shouted her husband. The woman instantly stepped up to him. He stretched out his Herculean arm, and grasped her by the shoulder.

"So—you —! I'm drunk, am I? I'm *drunk* eh—you lying —!" he exclaimed, and jerked her violently away, right across the room, to the door, where the poor creature fell down, but presently rose, crying bitterly.

"Get away! Get off—get down stairs—if you don't want me to serve you the same again! Say I'm drunk—you beast?" With frantic gestures she obeyed—rushed down stairs—and I was left alone with her husband. I was disposed to follow her abruptly, but the positive dread of my life (for he might leap out of bed and kill me with a blow,) kept me to my task. My flesh crept with disgust at touching his! I examined the wound, which undoubtedly must have given him torture enough to drive him mad, and bathed it in warm water; resolved to pay no attention to his abuse, and quit the instant that the surgeon, who had been sent for, made his appearance. At length he came. I breathed more freely, resigned the case into his hands, and was going to take up my hat, when he begged me to continue in the room, with such an earnest apprehensive look, that I reluctantly remained. I saw he dreaded as much being left alone with his patient, as I! It need hardly be said that every step that was taken in dressing the wound, was attended with the vilest execrations of the patient. Such a foul-mouthed ruffian I never encountered any where. It seemed as though he was possessed of a devil. What a contrast to the sweet speechless sufferer whom I had left at home, and to whom my heart yearned to return!

The storm still continued raging. The rain had comparatively ceased, but the thunder and lightning made their appearance with fearful frequency and fierceness. I drew down the blind of the window, observing to the surgeon that the lightning seemed to startle our patient.

"Put it up again! Put up that blind again, I say!" he cried impatiently. "D'ye think I'm afear'd of the lightning, like my — horse to-day? Put it up again—or I'll get out and do it myself!" I did as he wished. Reproof or expostulation was useless. "Ha!" he exclaimed in a low tone of fury, rubbing his hands together—in a manner bathing them in the fiery stream, as a flash of lightning gleamed ruddily over him. "There it is!—Curse it—just the sort of flash that frightened my horse—d— it!"—and the impious wretch shook his fist, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile!"

"Be silent, sir! be silent! or we will both leave you instantly. Your behaviour is impious! It is frightful to witness! Forbear—lest the vengeance of God descend upon you!"

"Come, come—none o' your — methodism here! Go on with your business! Stick to your shop," interrupted the Boxer.

"Does not that rebuke your blasphemies?" I enquired, suddenly shading my eyes from the vivid stream of lightning that burst into the room, while the thunder rattled over head—apparently in fearful proximity. When I removed my hands from my eyes, and opened them, the first object that they fell upon was the figure of the Boxer, sitting upright in bed, with both hands stretched out, just as those of Elymas the sorcerer, in the picture of Raphael—his face the colour of a corpse—and his eyes almost starting out of their sockets, directed with a horrid stare towards the window. His lips moved not—nor did he utter a sound. It was clear what had occurred. The wrathful fire of Heaven, that had glanced harmlessly around us, had blinded the blasphemer. Yes—the sight of his eyes had perished. While we were gazing at him in silent awe, he fell back in bed speechless, and clasped his hands over his breast seemingly in an attitude of despair. But for that motion, we should have thought him dead. Shocked beyond expression, Mr. — paused in his operations. I examined the eyes of the patient. The pupils were both dilated to their utmost extent, and immovable. I asked him many questions, but he answered not a word. Occasionally, however, a groan of horror—remorse—agony—or all combined) would burst from his pent bosom; and this was the only evidence he gave of consciousness. He moved over on his right side—his "pale face turned to the wall"—and unclasping his hands, pressed the fore-finger of each with convulsive force upon the eyes. Mr. — proceeded with his task. What a contrast between the present and past behaviour of our patient! Do what we would—put him to never such great pain—he neither uttered a syllable, nor expressed any symptoms of passion, as before. There was, however, no necessity for my continuing any longer; so I left the case in the hands of Mr. —, who undertook to acquaint Mrs. — with the frightful accident that had happened to her husband. What two scenes had I witnessed that evening?

I hurried home full of agitation at the scene I

had just quitted, and melancholy apprehensions concerning the one to which I was returning. On reaching my lovely patient's room, I found, alas! no sensible effects produced by the very active means which had been adopted. She lay in bed, the aspect of her features apparently the same as when I last saw her. Her eyes were closed—her cheeks very pale, and mouth rather open, as if she were on the point of speaking. The hair hung in a little disorder on each side of her face, having escaped from beneath her cap. My wife sat beside her, grasping her right hand—weeping, and almost stupified; and the servant that was in the room when I entered, seemed so bewildered as to be worse than useless. As it was now nearly nine o'clock, and getting dark, I ordered candles. I took one of them in my hand, opened her eye-lids, and passed and repassed the candle several times before her eyes, but it produced no apparent effect. Neither the eye-lids blinked, nor the pupils contracted. I then took out my penknife, and made a thrust with the open blade, as though I intended to plunge it into her right eye; it seemed as if I might have buried the blade in the socket, for the shock or resistance called forth by the attempt. I took her hand in mine—having for a moment displaced my wife—and found it damp and cold; but when I suddenly left it suspended, it continued so for a few moments, and only gradually resumed its former situation. I pressed the back of the blade of my penknife upon the flesh at the root of the nail, (one of the tenderest parts, perhaps, of the whole body,) but she evinced not the slightest sensation of pain. I shouted suddenly and loudly in her ears, but with similar ill success. I felt at an extremity. Completely baffled at all points—discouraged and agitated beyond expression, I left Miss P— in the care of a nurse, whom I had sent for to attend upon her, at the instance of my wife, and hastened to my study to see if my books could throw any light upon the nature of this, to me, new and inscrutable disorder. After hunting about for some time, and finding but little to the purpose, I prepared for bed, determining in the next morning to send off for Miss P—'s mother, and Mr. N— from Oxford, and also to call upon my eminent friend Dr. D—, and hear what his skill and experience might be able to suggest. In passing Miss P—'s room, I stepped in to take my farewell for the evening. "Beautiful, unfortunate creature!" thought I, as I stood gazing mournfully on her, with my candle in my hand, leaning against the bed-post. "What mystery is upon thee? What awful change has come over thee?—the gloom of the grave and the light of life—both lying upon thee at once! Is thy mind palsied as thy body? How long is this strange state to last? How long art thou doomed to linger thus on the confines of both worlds, so that those, in either, who love thee, may not claim thee! Heaven guide our thoughts to discover a remedy for thy fearful disorder!" I could not bear to look upon her any longer; and after kissing her lips, hurried up

to bed, charging the nurse to summon me the moment that any change whatever was perceptible in Miss P—. I dare say, I shall be easily believed when I apprise the reader of the troubled night that followed such a troubled day. The thunder-storm itself, coupled with the predictions of the day, and apart from its attendant incidents that have been mentioned, was calculated to leave an awful and permanent impression in one's mind. "If I were to live a century hence, I could not forget it," says a distinguished writer. "The thunder and lightning were more appalling than I ever witnessed, even in the West Indies—that region of storms and hurricanes. The air had been long surcharged with electricity; and I predicted several days beforehand, that we should have a storm of very unusual violence. But when with this, we couple the strange prophecy that gained credit with a prodigious number of those one would have expected to be above such things—neither more nor less than that the world was to come to an end on that very day, and the judgment of mankind to follow: I say the coincidence of the events was not a little singular, and calculated to inspire common folks with wonder and fear. I dare say, if any one could but find them out, that there were instances of people being frightened out of their wits on the occasion. I own to you candidly that I, for one, felt a little squeamish, and had not a little difficulty in bolstering up my courage with Virgil's *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, &c."

I did not so much sleep as dose interruptedly for the first three or four hours after getting into bed. I, as well as my alarmed Emily, would start up occasionally, and sit listening, under the apprehension that we heard a shriek; or some other such sound, proceed from Miss P—'s room. The image of the blind Boxer flitted in fearful forms about me, and my ears seemed to ring with his curses.—It must have been, I should think, between two and three o'clock, when I dreamed that I leaped out of bed, under an impulse sudden as irresistible—slipped on my dressing-gown, and hurried down stairs to the back drawing-room. On opening the door, I found the room lit up with funeral tapers, and the apparel of a dead-room spread about. At the further end lay a coffin on tressels, covered with a long sheet, with the figure of an old woman sitting beside it, with long streaming white hair, and her eyes bright, as the lightning, directed towards me with a fiendish stare of exultation. Suddenly she rose up—pulled off the sheet that had covered the coffin—pushed aside the lid—plucked out the body of Miss P—, dashed it on the floor, and trampled upon it with apparent triumph! This horrid dream woke me, and haunted my waking thoughts. May I never pass such a dismal night again!

I rose from bed in the morning, feverish and unrefreshed; and in a few minutes' time hurried to Miss P—'s room. The mustard applications to the soles of the feet, together with the blisters behind the ears, had produced the usual local

effects, without affecting the complaint. Both her pulse and breathing continued calm. The only change perceptible in the colour of her countenance was a slight pallor about the upper part of the cheeks: and I fancied there was an expression about her mouth approaching to a smile. She had, I found, continued, throughout the night, motionless and silent as a corpse. With a profound sigh I took my seat beside her, and examined the eyes narrowly, but perceived no change in them. What was to be done? How was she to be roused from this fearful—if not fatal lethargy?

While I was gazing intently on her features, I fancied that I perceived a slight muscular twitching about the nostrils. I stepped hastily down stairs (just as a drowning man, they say, catches at a straw) and returned with a phial of the strongest solution of ammonia, which I applied freely with a feather to the interior of the nostrils. This attempt, also, was unsuccessful as the former ones. I cannot describe the feelings with which I witnessed these repeated failures to stimulate her torpid sensibilities into action: and not knowing what to say or do, I returned to dress, with feelings of unutterable despondency. While dressing, it struck me that a blister might be applied with success along the whole course of the spine. The more I thought of this expedient, the more feasible it appeared:—it would be such a direct and powerful appeal to the nervous system—in all probability the very seat and source of the disorder! I ordered one to be sent for instantly—and myself applied it, before I went down to breakfast. As soon as I had despatched the few morning patients that called, I wrote imperatively to Mr. N— at Oxford, and to Miss P—'s mother, entreating them by all the love they bore Agnes, to come to her instantly. I then set out for Dr. D—'s, whom I found just starting on his daily visits. I communicated the whole case to him. He listened with interest to my statement, and told me he had once a similar case in his own practice, which, alas! terminated fatally, in spite of the most anxious and combined efforts of the *élite* of the faculty in London. He approved of the course I had adopted—most especially the blister on the spine; and earnestly recommended me to resort to galvanism—if Miss P—, should not be relieved from the fit before the evening—when he promised to call, and assist in carrying into effect what he recommended.

"Is it that beautiful girl I saw in your pew last Sunday, at church?" he enquired, suddenly.

"The same—the same!"—I replied with a sigh.

Dr. D— continued silent for a moment or two.

"Poor creature!" he exclaimed, with an air of deep concern, "one so beautiful! Do you know I thought I now and then perceived a very remarkable expression in her eye, especially while that fine voluntary was playing. Is she an enthusiast about music?"

"Passionately—devotedly!"—

"We'll try it!" he replied briskly, with a con-

fidant air—"We'll try it! First, let us disturb the nervous torpor with a slight shock of galvanism, and then try the effect of your organ." I listened to the suggestion with interest, but was not quite so sanguine in my expectations as my friend appeared to be.

In the whole range of disorders that affect the human frame, there is not one so extraordinary, so mysterious, so incapable of management, as that which afflicted the truly unfortunate young lady, whose case I am narrating. It has given rise to almost infinite speculation, and is admitted I believe, on all hands to be—if I may so speak—a nosological anomaly. Van Swieten vividly and picturesquely enough compares it to that condition of the body, which, according to ancient fiction, was produced in the beholder by the appalling sight of Medusa's head!—

"Saxifici Medusæ vultus."

The medical writers of antiquity have left evidence of the existence of this disease in their day—but given the most obscure and unsatisfactory descriptions of it, confounding it, in many instances, with other disorders—apoplexy, epilepsy, and swooning. Celsus, according to Van Swieten, describes such patients as these in question, under the term "*attoniti*," which is a translation of the title I have prefixed to this paper; while in our own day, the celebrated Dr. Cullen classes it as a species of apoplexy, at the same time stating that he had never seen a genuine instance of catalepsy. He had always found, he says, those cases which were reported such, to be feigned ones. More modern science, however, distinctly recognises the disease as one peculiar and independent; and is borne out by numerous unquestionable cases of catalepsy, recorded by some of the most eminent members of the profession. Dr. Jebb, in particular, in the appendix to his "*Select Cases of Paralysis of the Lower Extremities*," relates a remarkable and affecting instance of a cataleptic patient.

On returning home from my daily round—in which my dejected air was remarked by all the patients I had visited—I found no alteration whatever in Miss P—. The nurse had failed in forcing even arrow-root down her mouth, and, finding it was not swallowed, was compelled to desist, for fear of choking her. She was, therefore obliged to resort to other means of conveying support to her exhausted frame. The blister on the spine, and the renewed sinapisms to the feet, had failed to make any impression! Thus was every successive attempt an utter failure! The disorder continued absolutely inaccessible to the approaches of medicine. The baffled attendants could but look at her, and lament. Good God! was Agnes to continue in this dreadful condition till her energies sunk in death? What would become of her lover? of her mother? these considerations totally destroyed my peace of mind. I could neither think, read, eat, nor remain any where but in the chamber where, alas! my presence was so unavailing!

Dr. D— made his appearance soon after dinner; and we proceeded at once to the room

where our patient lay. Though a little paler than before, her features were placid as those of the chiselled marble. Notwithstanding all she had suffered, and the fearful situation in which she lay at that moment, she still looked very beautiful. Her cap was off, and her rich auburn hair lay negligently on each side of her, upon the pillow. Her forehead was white as alabaster. She lay with her head turned a little on one side, and her two small white hands were clasped together over her bosom. This was the nurse's arrangement: for "poor sweet young lady," she said, "I couldn't bear to see her laid straight along, with her arms close beside her like a corpse, so I tried to make her look as much asleep as possible!" The impression of beauty, however, conveyed by her symmetrical and tranquil features, was disturbed as soon as lifting up the eyelids, we saw the fixed stare of the eyes. They were not glassy or corpse-like, but bright as those of life, with a little of the dreadful expression of epilepsy. We raised her in bed, and she, as before, sat upright, but with a blank, absent aspect, that was lamentable and unnatural. Her arms, when lifted and left suspended, did not fall, but sunk down again gradually. We returned her gently to her recumbent posture; and determined at once to try the effect of galvanism upon her. My machine was soon brought into the room; and when we had duly arranged matters, we directed the nurse to quit the chamber for a short time, as the effect of galvanism is generally found too startling to be witnessed by a female spectator. I wish I had not myself seen it in the case of Miss P—! Her colour went and came—her eyelids and mouth started open—and she stared wildly about her with the aspect of one starting out of bed in a fright. I thought at one moment that the horrid spell was broken, for she sat up suddenly, leaped forward towards me, and her mouth opened as though she were about to speak!

"Agnes! Agnes! dear Agnes! Speak, speak! but a word! Say you live!" I exclaimed, rushing forwards, and folding my arms round her.—Alas, she heard me—she saw me—not, but fell back in bed in her former state! When the galvanic shock was conveyed to her limbs, it produced the usual effects—dreadful to behold in all cases—but agonizing to me, in the case of Miss P—. The last subject on which I had seen the effects of galvanism, previous to the present instance, was the body of an executed malefactor;* and the association revived on the present

* A word about that case, by the way, in passing. The spectacle was truly horrid. When I entered the room where the experiments were to take place, the body of a man named Carter, which had been cut down from the gallows scarce half an hour, was lying on the table; and the cap being removed, his frightful features, distorted with the agonies of suffocation, were visible. The crime he had been hanged for, was murder; and a brawny, desperate ruffian he looked. None of his clothes were removed. He wore a fustian jacket, and drab knee-breeches. The first time that the galvanic shock was conveyed to him, will never, I dare say, be forgotten by any one present. We all shrunk from the table in consternation, with the momentary belief that we had pos-

occasion were almost too painful to bear. I begged my friend to desist, for I saw the attempt was hopeless, and I would not allow her tender frame to be agitated to no purpose. My mind misgave me for ever making the attempt. What, thought I, if we have fatally disturbed the nervous system, and prostrated the small remains of strength she had left? While I was torturing myself with such fears as these, Dr. — laid down the rod, with a melancholy air, exclaiming—"Well! what *is* to be done now? I cannot tell you how sanguine I was about the success of this experiment! * * * * Do you know whether she ever had a fit of epilepsy?" he enquired.

"No—not that I am aware of. I never heard of it, if she had."

"Had she generally a horror of thunder and lightning?"

"Oh—quite the contrary! she felt a sort of ecstasy on such occasions, and has written some beautiful verses during their continuance. *Such* seemed rather her hour of inspiration than otherwise!"

"Do you think the lightning has affected her?—Do you think her sight is destroyed?"

"I have no means of knowing whether the immobility of the pupils arises from blindness, or is only one of the temporary effects of catalepsy."

"Then she believed the prophecy, you think, of the world's destruction on Tuesday?"

"No.—I don't think she exactly *believed* it; but I am sure that day brought with it awful apprehensions—or at least, a fearful degree of uncertainty."

"Well—between ourselves, —, there was something *very* strange in the coincidence, was not there? Nothing in life ever shook my firmness as it was shaken yesterday! I almost fancied the earth was quivering in its sphere!"

"It was a dreadful day! One I shall never forget!—*That* is the image of it," I exclaimed, pointing to the poor sufferer—"which will be engraven on my mind as long as I live!—But the worst is, perhaps, yet to be told you: Mr. N—, her lover—to whom she was very soon to have been married, He will be here shortly to see her!"

"My God!" exclaimed Dr. D— clasping his hands, eyeing Miss P—, with intense commiseration—"What a fearful bride for him!—'Twill drive him mad!"

"I dread his coming—I know not what we shall do!—And, then, there's her *mother*—poor old lady!—her I have written to, and expect almost hourly!"

tively brought the man back to life; for he suddenly sprang up into a sitting posture—his arms waved wildly—the colour rushed into his cheeks—his lips were drawn apart, so as to show all his teeth—and his eyes glared at us with apparent fury. One young man, a medical student, shrieked violently, and was carried out in a swoon. One gentleman present, who happened to be nearest to the upper part of the body, was almost knocked down with the violent blow he received from the left arm. It was some time before any of us could recover presence of mind sufficient to proceed with the experiments.

"Why—what an accumulation of shocks and miseries! it will be upsetting *you*!"—said my friend, seeing me pale and agitated.

"Well!"—he continued—"I cannot now stay here longer—your misery is catching; and, besides, I am most pressingly engaged: but you may rely on my services, if you should require them in any way."

My friend took his departure, leaving me more disconsolate than ever. Before retiring to bed, I rubbed in mustard upon the chief surfaces of the body, hoping—though faintly—that it might have some effect in rousing the system. I knelt down, before stepping into bed, and earnestly prayed, that as all human efforts seemed baffled, the Almighty would set her free from the mortal thralldom in which she lay, and restore her to life, and those who loved her more than life! Morning came—it found me by her bedside as usual, and her, in no wise altered—apparently neither better nor worse! If the unvarying monotony of my descriptions should fatigue the reader—what must the actual monotony and hopelessness have been to me!

While I was sitting beside Miss P—, I heard my youngest boy come down stairs, and ask to be let into the room. He was a little fair-haired youngster, about three years of age—and had always been an especial favourite of Miss P—'s—her "own sweet pet"—as the poor girl herself called him. Determined to throw no chance away, I beckoned him in and took him on my knee. He called to Miss P—, as if he thought her asleep; patted her face with his little hands, and kissed her. "Wake, wake!—Cousin Aggy—get up!"—he cried—"Papa say, 'tis time to get up!—Do you sleep with eyes open?—Eh?—Cousin Aggy?" He looked at her intently for some moments—and seemed frightened. He turned pale, and struggled to get off my knee. I allowed him to go—and he ran to his mother, who was standing at the foot of the bed—and hid his face behind her.

I passed breakfast time in great apprehension, expecting the two arrivals I have mentioned. I knew not how to prepare either the mother or the betrothed husband for the scene that awaited them, and which I had not particularly described to them. It was with no little trepidation that I heard the startling knock of the general postman; and with infinite astonishment and doubt that I took out of the servant's hands, a letter from Mr. N—, for poor Agnes!—For a while I knew not what to make of it. Had he received the alarming express I had forwarded to him; and did he write to Miss P—! Or was he unexpectedly absent from Oxford, when it arrived?—The latter supposition was corroborated by the post mark, which I observed was Lincoln. I felt it my duty to open the letter. Alas! it was in a gay strain—unusually gay for N—; informing Agnes that he had been suddenly summoned into Lincolnshire to his cousin's wedding—where he was very happy—both on account of his relative's

* I had been examining her eyes, and had only half closed the lids.

happiness, and the anticipation of a similar scene being in store for himself! Every line was buoyant with hope and animation; but the postscript most affected me.

"P. S. *The tenth of July*, by the way—my Aggy!—Is it all over with us, sweet Pythonissa?—Are you and I at this moment on separate fragments of the globe? I shall seal my conquest over you with a kiss when I see you! Remember, you parted from me in a pet, naughty one!—and kissed me rather coldly! But that's the way that your sex end arguments, when you are vanquished!"

I read these lines in silence;—my wife burst into tears. As soon as I had a little recovered from the emotion occasioned by a perusal of the letter, I hastened to send a second summons to Mr. N——, and directed it to him in Lincoln, whither he had requested Miss P—— to address him. Without explaining the precise nature of Miss P——'s seizure, I gave him warning that he must hurry up to town instantly; and that even then it was to the last degree doubtful whether he would see her alive. After this little occurrence, I could hardly trust myself to go up stairs again and look upon the unfortunate girl. My heart fluttered at the door, and when I entered, I burst into tears. I could utter no more than the words, "poor—poor Agnes!"—and withdrew.

I was shocked, and indeed enraged, to find in one of the morning papers, a paragraph stating, though inaccurately, the nature of Miss P——'s illness. Who could have been so unfeeling as to make the poor girl an object of public wonder and pity? I never ascertained, though I made every inquiry, from whom the intelligence was communicated.

One of my patients that day happened to be a niece of the venerable and honoured Dean of —, at whose house she resided. He was in the room when I called; and to explain what he called "the gloom of my manner," I gave him a full account of the melancholy event which had occurred. He listened to me till the tears ran down his face.

"But you have not yet tried the effect of music—of which you say she is so fond! Do you not intend to resort to it?" I told him it was our intention; and that our agitation was the only reason why we did not try the effect of it immediately after the galvanism.

"Now, Doctor, excuse an old clergyman, will you?" said the venerable and pious Dean, laying his hand on my arm, "and let me suggest that the experiment may not be the less successful with the blessing of God, if it be introduced in the course of a religious service. Come, Doctor, what say you?" I paused. "Have you any objection to my calling at your house this evening, and reading the service appointed by our church for the visitation of the sick? It will not be difficult to introduce the most solemn and affecting strains of music, or to let it precede or follow." Still I hesitated—and yet I scarce knew why.

"Come, Doctor, you know I am no enthusiast; I am not generally considered a fanatic. Surely,

when man has done his best, and fails, he should not hesitate to turn to God!" The good old man's words sunk into my soul, and diffused in it a cheerful and humble hope that the blessing of Providence would attend the means suggested. I acquiesced in the Dean's proposal with delight, and even eagerness: and it was arranged that he should be at my house between seven and eight o'clock that evening. I think I have already observed, that I had an organ, a very fine and powerful one, in my back drawing-room; and this instrument was the eminent delight of poor Miss P——. She would sit down at it for hours together, and her performance would not have disgraced a professor. I hoped that on the eventful occasion that was approaching, the tones of her favourite music, with the blessing of heaven, might rouse a slumbering responsive chord in her bosom, and aid in dispelling the cruel "charm that deadened her." She certainly could not last long in the condition in which she now lay. Every thing that medicine could do, had been tried—in vain; and if the evening's experiment—our forlorn hope, failed—we must, though with a bleeding heart, submit to the will of Providence, and resign her to the grave. I looked forward with intense anxiety—with alternate hope and fear—to the engagement of the evening.

On returning home, late in the afternoon, I found poor Mrs. P—— had arrived in town, in obedience to my summons; and heart-breaking, I learned, was her first interview, if such it may be called, with her daughter. Her shrieks alarmed the whole house, and even arrested the attention of the neighbours. I had left instructions, that in case of her arrival, during my absence, she should be shown at once, without any precautions, into the presence of Miss P——; with the hope, faint though it was, that the abruptness of her appearance, and the violence of her grief, might operate as a salutary shock upon the stagnant energies of her daughter. "My child! my child! my child!" she exclaimed, rushing up to the bed with frantic haste, and clasping the insensible form of her daughter in her arms, where she held her till she fell fainting into those of my wife. What a dread contrast was there between the frantic gestures—the passionate lamentations of the mother, and the stony silence and motionlessness of the daughter! One little, but affecting incident occurred in my presence. Mrs. P—— (as yet unacquainted with the peculiar nature of her daughter's seizure) had snatched Miss P——'s hand to her lips, kissed it repeatedly, and suddenly let it go, to press her own hand upon her head, as if to repress a rising hysterical feeling. Miss P——'s arm, as usual, remained for a moment or two suspended, and only gradually sunk down upon the bed. It looked as if she voluntarily continued it in that position, with a cautioning air. Methinks I see at this moment the affrighted stare with which Mrs. P—— regarded the outstretched arm, her body recoiling from the bed, as though she expected her daughter were about to do or appear something dreadful! I learned from Mrs. —

that her mother, the grandmother of Agnes, was reported to have been twice affected in a similar manner, though apparently from a different cause; so that there seemed something like a hereditary tendency towards it, even though Mrs. P—— herself had never experienced any thing of the kind.

As the memorable evening advanced, the agitation of all who were acquainted with, or interested in the approaching ceremony, increased. Mrs. P——, I need hardly say, embraced the proposal with thankful eagerness. About half past seven, my friend Dr. D—— arrived, pursuant to his promise; and he was soon afterwards followed by the organist of the neighbouring church—an old acquaintance, and who was a constant visitor at my house, for the purpose of performing and giving instructions on the organ. I requested him to commence playing Martin Luther's hymn—the favourite one of Agnes—as soon as she should be brought into the room. About eight o'clock the Dean's carriage drew up. I met him at the door.

"Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it!" he exclaimed, as soon as he entered. I led him up stairs; and, without uttering a word, he took the seat prepared for him, before a table, on which lay a bible and prayer-book. After a moment's pause, he directed the sick person to be brought into the room. I stepped up stairs, where I found my wife, with the nurse, had finished dressing Miss P——. I thought her paler than usual, and that her cheeks seemed hollower than when I had last seen her. There was an air of melancholy sweetness and languor about her, that inspired the beholder with the keenest sympathy. With a sigh, I gathered her slight form into my arms, a shawl was thrown over her, and, followed by my wife and the nurse, who supported Mrs. P——, I carried her down stairs, and placed her in an easy recumbent posture, in a large old family chair, which stood between the organ and the Dean's table. How strange and mournful was her appearance! Her luxuriant hair was gathered up beneath a cap, the whiteness of which was equalled by that of her countenance. Her eyes were closed; and this, added to the paleness of her features, her perfect passiveness, and her being enveloped in a long white unruffled morning dress, which appeared not unlike a shroud, at first sight—made her look rather a corpse, than a living being! As soon as Dr. D—— and I had taken seats on each side of our poor patient, the solemn strains of the organ commenced. I never appreciated music, and especially the sublime hymn of Luther, so much as on that occasion. My eyes were fixed with agonizing scrutiny on Miss P——. Bar after bar of the music melted on the ear, and thrilled upon the heart; but, alas! produced no more effect upon the placid sufferer than the pealing of an abbey organ on the statues around! My heart began to misgive me: if *this* one last expedient failed! When the music ceased, we all kneeled down, and the Dean, in a solemn, and rather tremulous tone of voice, commenced read-

ing appropriate passages from the service for the visitation of the sick. When he had concluded the 71st psalm, he approached the chair of Miss P——, dropped upon one knee, held her right hand in his, and, in a voice broken with emotion, read the following affecting verses from the 8th chapter of St. Luke:

"While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

"But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

"And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

"And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, *Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she rose straightway.*"

While he was reading the passage which I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P—— moving. I trembled from head to foot; but, alas, it was a delusion.

The Dean, much affected, was proceeding with the fifty-fifth verse, when such a tremendous and long-continued knocking, was heard at the street door, as seemed likely to break it open. Every one started up from their knees, as if electrified; all moved but the unhappy Agnes; and stood in silent agitation and astonishment. Still the knocking was continued, almost without intermission. My heart suddenly misgave me as to the cause.

"Go—go—See if"—stammered my wife, pale as ashes—endeavouring to prop up the drooping mother of our patient. Before any one had stirred from the spot on which he was standing, the door was burst open, and in rushed Mr. N——, wild in his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his dress covered with dust from head to foot. We stood gazing at him, as though his appearance had petrified us.

"Agnes—my Agnes!" he exclaimed, as if choked for want of breath.

"AGNES!—Come!" he gasped, while a laugh appeared on his face that had a gleam of madness in it.

"Mr. N——! what are you about! For mercy's sake be calm! Let me lead you, for a moment into another room, and all shall be explained!" said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm.

"AGNES!" he continued, in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P—— lay. I endeavoured to interpose, but he thrust me aside. The venerable Dean attempted to dissuade him, but met with no better a reception than myself.

"Agnes!" he reiterated, in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, "why won't you speak to me? what are they doing to you?" He stepped within a

foot of the chair where she lay—calm and immovable as death! We stood by, watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat, which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and, before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he was about, he snatched Miss P— out of the chair, and compressed her into his arms with frantic force, while a delirious laugh burst from his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His arms gradually relaxed—he muttered, “Music! music! a dance!” and almost at the moment that we removed Miss P— from him, fell senseless into the arms of the organist. Mrs. P— had fainted; my wife seemed on the verge of hysterics! and the nurse was crying violently. Such a scene of trouble and terror I have seldom witnessed! I hurried with the poor unconscious girl up stairs, laid her upon the bed, shut and bolted the door after me, and hardly expected to find her alive: her pulse, however, was calm, as it had been throughout the seizure. The calm of the Dead Sea seemed upon her!

* * * * *

I feel, however, that I should not protract these painful scenes; and shall therefore hurry to their close. The first letter which I had despatched to Oxford after Mr. N— happened to bear on the outside the words “special haste!” which procured its being forwarded by express after Mr. N—. The consternation with which he received and read it may be imagined. He set off for town that instant in a post-chaise and four; but, finding their speed insufficient, he took to horseback for the last fifty miles, and rode at a rate which nearly destroyed both horse and rider. Hence his sudden appearance at my house, and the frenzy of his behaviour! After Miss P— had been carried up stairs, it was thought imprudent for Mr. N— to continue at my house, as he exhibited every symptom of incipient brain fever, and might prove wild and unmanageable. He was therefore removed at once to a house within a few doors off, which was let out in furnished lodgings. Dr. D— accompanied him, and bled him immediately, very copiously. I have no doubt that Mr. N— owed his life to that timely measure. He was placed in bed, and put at once under the most vigorous antiphlogistic treatment.

The next evening beheld Dr. D—, the Dean of —, and myself, around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The Dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer.

“Well, my friend,” said he to me, “she is in the hands of God! All that man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence!”

“Aye, nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear!” replied Dr. D—.

“How much longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?” enquired the Dean.

“I cannot say,” I replied with a sigh. “She

must sink, and speedily. She has not received, since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant’s meal!”

“I have an impression that she will die suddenly,” said Dr. D—; possibly within the next twelve hours; for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from, or bear longer, this fearful paralysis!”

“Alas, I fear so too!” * * *

“I have heard some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this,” said the Dean. “I hope in heaven that you will not think of committing her remains to the earth, before you are satisfied, beyond a doubt, that life is extinct.” I made no reply—my emotions nearly choked me—I could not bear to contemplate such an event.

“Do you know,” said Dr. D—, with an apprehensive air, “I have been thinking, latterly, of the awful possibility, that, notwithstanding the stagnation of her physical powers, her MIND may be sound, and perfectly conscious of all that has transpired about her!”

“Why—why?”—stammered the Dean, turning pale—“what if she has—has HEARD all that has been said!”*

“Aye!” replied Dr. D—, unconsciously sinking his voice to a whisper, “I know of a case—in fact a friend of mine has just published it—in which a woman”—— There was a faint knocking at the door, and I stepped to it for the purpose of enquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr. D—’s voice exclaim, in an affrighted tone, “Great God!” and, on turning round, I saw the Dean moving from the bed, his face white as ashes, and he fell from his chair, as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw, on approaching the bed?”

The moment before, I had left Miss P— lying in her usual position, and her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of what I had seen when I first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth—in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed. In a moment both Dr. D— and I lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken! The trance over!—I implored Dr. D— to recollect himself, and conduct the Dean from the room, while I would attend to Miss P—. The nurse was instantly at my side, shaking like an aspen-leaf. She quickly procured warm water, sponges, cloths, &c., with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The first sound uttered by Miss P— was a long deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bosom of an intolerable sense of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, at the same time raising her trembling right hand to her face. Again she sighed—again opened her eyes, and to my delight, their expres-

* In almost every known instance of recovery from Cataplexy, the patients have declared that they heard every word that had been uttered beside them.

sion was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed-curtains—and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy and water, and gave her a little in a tea-spoon. She swallowed it with great difficulty. I ordered some warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her, watching every motion of her features with the most eager anxiety. "How are you, Agnes?" I whispered, kissing her. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly—but gave me no answer.

"Do you feel pain anywhere?" I enquired. A faint smile stole about her mouth, but she did not utter a syllable. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly recovered energies; so I ordered her a gentle composing draught, and left her in the care of the nurse, promising to return by and by; to see how my sweet patient went on. I found that the Dean had left. After swallowing a little wine and water, he recovered sufficiently from the shock he had received, to be able, with Dr. D——'s assistance, to step into his carriage, leaving his solemn benediction for Miss P——.

As it was growing late, I sent my wife to bed, and ordered coffee in my study, whither I retired, and sat lost in conjecture and reverie till nearly one o'clock. I then repaired to my patient's room; but my entrance startled her from a sleep that had lasted almost since I had left. As soon as I sat down by her, she opened her eyes—and my heart leaped with joy to see their increasing calmness—their expression resembling what had oft delighted me, while she was in health. After eyeing me steadily for a few moments, she seemed suddenly to recognise me. "Kiss me!" she whispered, in the faintest possible whisper, while a smile stole over her languid features. I *did* kiss her; and in doing so, my tears fell upon her cheek.

"Don't cry!" she whispered again, in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling, lilled fingers, with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation; and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered, as though she were going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion; and lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I once more kissed her—bade her good-night—her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine—and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered caution to step to me instantly, if any change should take place in Agnes. I could not sleep! I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife that she might share in my joy.

I received no summons during the night; and, on entering her room about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that Miss P—— had taken a little arrow root in the course of the night, and slept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequently; and once or twice conversed

for a short time with the nurse about *heaven*—as I understood. She was much stronger than I had expected to find her. I kissed her, and she asked me how I was—in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

"Is the storm over?" she enquired, looking towards the window.

"Oh yes—long, long ago!" I replied, seeing at once that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

"And are you all well?—Mrs. —," (my wife) "how is she?"

"You shall see her shortly."

"Then, no one was hurt?"

"Not a hair of our heads!"

"How frightened I must have been!"

"Pho, pho, Agnes! Nonsense! Forget it!"

"Then—the world is not—there has been no—is all the same as it was!" she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

"The world come to an end—do you mean?" She nodded, with a disturbed air—"Oh, no, no! It was merely a thunder-storm."

"And it is quite over, and gone?"

"Long ago! Do you feel hungry?" I enquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

"Did you ever see such lightning?" she asked, without regarding my question.

"Why—certainly it was very alarming!"

"Yes, it was! Do you know, Doctor," she continued, with a mysterious air—"I—I—saw—yes—there were terrible faces in the lightning."

"Come, child, you rave?"

—"They seemed coming towards the world!"

Her voice trembled, the colour of her face changed.

"Well—if you *will* talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife. Would you like to see her?"

"Tell N—— to come to me to-day—I must see HIM. I have a message for him!" She said, this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. I kissed her and retired. The last words surprised and disturbed me. Were her intellects affected? How did she know—how did she conjecture that he was within reach? I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned Mr. N——'s name to her, but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I had kissed her, and was quitting the room, when, happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I returned.

"I MUST see N—— this evening!" said she, with a solemn emphasis that startled me; and, as soon as she had uttered the words, she turned her head from me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr. N——, whom I found in a very weak state, but so much recovered from his illness, as to be sitting up and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest enquiries, I gave him a

full account of the nature of Miss P——'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favourable change that had occurred, with evident, though silent ecstasy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice repeated request she had made. The intelligence blanched his already pallid cheek to a whiter hue, and he trembled violently.

"Did you tell her I was in town? Did she recollect me?"

"No one has breathed your name to her!" I replied. * * *

"Well, Doctor—if, on the whole, you think so—that it would be safe," said N——, after we had talked much on the matter—"I will step over and see her; but—it looks very—very strange!"

"Whatever whim may actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal *may* be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from me again. I will see if she continues in the same mind; and, if so, I will step over and tell you." I took my leave.

A few moments before stepping down to dinner, I sat beside Miss P——, making my usual enquiries; and was gratified to find that her progress, though slow, seemed sure. I was going to kiss her, before leaving, when, with similar emphasis to that she had previously displayed, she again said—

"Remember! N—— must be here to-night!"

I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity? I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N——. I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue; and yet, what could I do?

It was evening—a mild, though lustrous, July evening. The skies were all blue and white, save where the retiring sun-light produced a mellow mixture of colours towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I set on each side of the bed where lay our lovely invalid, looking, despite of her recent illness, beautiful, and in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionally flushed with colour. She spoke scarce a word to us, as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware that health could not possibly produce the colour and vivacity of her complexion and eyes, and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

"Agnes, love!—How beautiful is the setting sun!" exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

"Raise me! Let me look at it!" replied Miss P——, faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes; and then abruptly said to me—

"He will be here soon?"

"In a few moments I expect him. But—Agnes—Why do you wish to see him?"

She sighed and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr. D—— should accompany Mr. N—— to my house, and conduct him up stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth—as the saying is—when I heard the expected knock at the door.

"N—— is come at last!" said I, in a gentle tone, looking earnestly at her, to see if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but evinced no trepidation.

"Shall he be shown in at once?" I enquired.

"No—wait a few moments," replied the extraordinary girl, and seemed lost in thought for about a minute. "Now!" she exclaimed; and I sent down the nurse, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr. D—— and Mr. N——.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I looked anxiously at my patient, and kept my fingers at her pulse. There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, and Dr. D—— slowly entered, with N—— upon his arm. As soon as his pale, trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss P——. It was full of ineffable loveliness! She stretched out her right arm: he pressed it to his lips, without uttering a word.

My eyes were riveted on the features of Miss P——. Either they deceived me, or I saw a strange alteration—as if a cloud were stealing over her face. I was right!—We all observed her colour fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr. D—— also came nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eye was fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

"PREPARE!" she exclaimed, in a low thrilling tone;—her features became paler and paler—her arms fell. She had spoken—she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months poor N—— followed her; and to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind but the momentous warning which issued from the expiring lips of Agnes P——, PREPARE!

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred; and hope they may not be told in vain!

OUR complexion is such, that we are palled with enjoyment, and stimulated with hope; that we become less sensible to a long possessed benefit, from the very circumstance that it is become habitual.—Specious, untried, ambiguous prospects of new advantage recommend themselves to the spirit of adventure, which more or less prevails in every mind. From this temper, men, and factions, and nations, too, have sacrificed the good of which they have been in assured possession, in favour of wild and irrational expectations.

O MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED ROSE
A FAVOURITE SCOTCH AIR,

SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR,

Arranged by John Daby.



ANDANTE.



O my Love's like the red, red Rose, That's new - ly sprung in June, O my



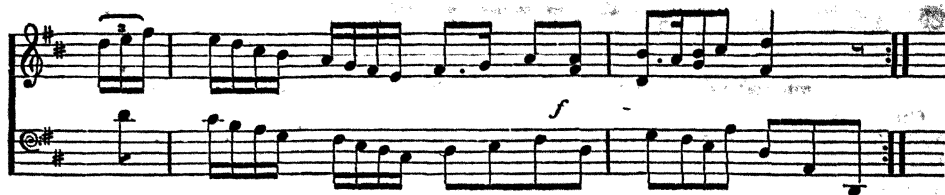
Love's like the me - lo - dy That's sweet - ly play'd in tune.



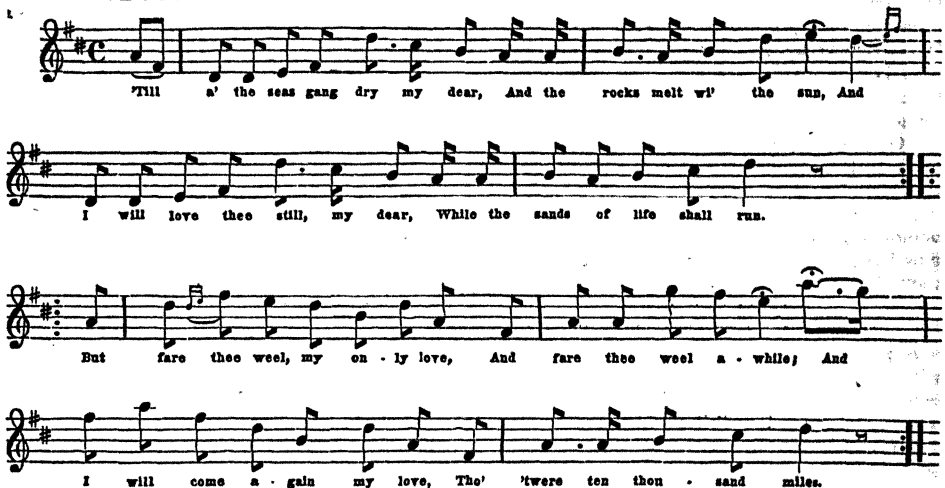
As fair art thou, my bon - nie Lass, So deep in Love am I, And



I will love thee still, my dear, Tho' a' the seas gang dry.



SECOND VERSE.



THE RETURN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"ART thou come with the art of thy childhood back,
The free, the pure, the kind?"
So murmured the trees in my homeward track,
As they play'd to the mountain wind.

"Hast thou been true to thine early love?"
Whisper'd my native streams.
"Doth the spirit, rear'd amidst hill and grove,
Still revere its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent halls?"
Thus breath'd a voice on the thrilling air
From the old ancestral walls;

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead
Whose place of rest is nigh?
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed?
With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gush'd forth in sudden rain,
As I answer'd—"O, ye shades!
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glades!"

"I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
O, bright rejoicing streams!
Light after light in my soul hath died,
The early glorious dreams!"

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd,
The prayer at my mother's knee—
Darken'd and troubled, I come at last,
Thou home of my boyish glee!"

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears,
To soften and atone;
And, O ye scenes of those blessed years!
They shall make me again your own."

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the Cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearl lie deep—
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
In leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same great tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with songs the hearth—
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, Oh earth!

A TRAGICAL STORY.

CHARLES had been absent two days. Poor Julia had been wishing and wishing for him. His well known step sounded in the entry; the door opened, and she met him with a heightened colour in her cheek, and her blue eyes flashing from beneath their long lashes with sparkles of unwonted pleasure. Shall I mention particulars? It is scarcely necessary. He who cannot imagine how a warm hearted young wife, in the honey moon, would meet her idol, after an absence of *two whole days*, is no reader for me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, after the first transport had a little subsided, "I am glad you have returned, dear, dear Charles! I was afraid you might not come—that you were sick, or some accident had occurred. But here you are. And now have you had a pleasant time? and how do they all do? and whom did you see? and——"

Charles stopped her mouth.

"Yes, here I am, safe and sound, and full of news; but you huddle question upon question with such volubility that I shall never get a chance to answer them, and your mouth here wide open to ask I don't know how many more."

"Well, then," answered she, flinging herself into an attitude of attention, and folding her arms like a judge upon a bench—"there—I am dumb, and ready to listen to the news; I won't speak another word till you have done."

And, with considerable apparent difficulty, she closed her lips.

"Now then," said Charles, "mark me."

"I will," said Julia.

"Well, then," continued her husband, laughing, "in the first place, they are all well; in the next, I have had a very pleasant time; and, lastly, I have seen old Mr. Peterson, and aunt Sarah, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderdyke, and little Bob, Henry, and Maria."

"And this," inquired Julia, "is the news that you are to tell? and these are all you saw?"

"Oh, no!" replied Charles, mysteriously; "far from it, Julia. I have met one more—one most beautiful, bewitching, being more—the very counterpart of Venus. Such complexion—such ringlets, long and glossy—and cheeks—roses and lilies are nothing to them! There is nothing in all nature sweeter than her lips, and her eyes are bright dangers no man should rashly encounter. They were soft, melting, liquid, heavenly blue—full of the light of intellect, and tremulous every beam of them with a tenderness that makes the heart ache."

"You are only jesting with me," said Julia, endeavouring, but in vain, to check the change that came over her face, as the shadow of the cloud flits across a stream. "This is some stupid Dutch beauty, and you can scarcely describe her without laughing. Come, now, tell the truth."

"You may believe, or not, just as you please," said Charles; "but I assure you the whole account is as true, as the enjoyment of it was enrapturing, and the memory is delicious."

Julia was sensitive and artless. She loved her husband with that deep tenderness which knew

all the thrills of love's hopes and fears. Her heart was like a goblet filled to the brim, whose contents tremble and overflow, when shaken ever so lightly. There was, therefore, in these enthusiastic praises of another, something strange and even cruel. Still she could not believe that he was serious; and forcing a smile, and struggling to keep down her rising emotion, she listened to him in silence as he rattled on.

"Our meeting was marked with uncommon interest. Old Mr. Peterson introduced me to her, after having previously hinted that, before I was married, she had regarded me with more than common complacency."

"Charles!——"

"Well, we met. I addressed her by name; she said nothing—but oh! those eyes of hers were fixed on me with a gaze that reached into the innermost recesses of my heart, and seemed to touch all those chords of feeling which nature had strung for joy. Wherever I went, I found her eyes still turned towards me, and an arch smile just played around her saucy lips, and spoke all the fine fancies and half hidden meanings that woman will often look, but not always trust to the clumsy vehicle of words. I could restrain myself no longer—but, forgetting all but those heavenly lips, I approached and——"

Poor Julia—she thought she heard the knell of her young dreams. The hue of her cheek, and the sparkle of her azure eye, were gone, long before; and as he painted, in such glowing colours, the picture of his feelings, her lip quivered, and tears swelled up and dimmed the blue light of eyes beautiful as day.

"I will never speak to you again, Charles," sobbed she, "if this be true."

"It is true," he exclaimed, "only not half like the reality. It was your own picture, my sweet girl, that I kissed again and again."

She looked at him a moment, and buried her wet eyes in his bosom. As she lifted her head, and, shaking back the clustering ringlets that fell around her brow, displayed her face smiling through tears, his arm softly found its way around her waist, and—but I am at the end of my sheet.

INDIA RUBBER.

THIS valuable product, first made known by La Condamine, in 1736, is the juice of several species of trees growing in South America. It flows from the trees as a milky fluid, which soon hardens upon exposure to the air. Various attempts have been made to transport it to Europe in its fluid state, without success. Its application to the arts is various, but, until recently, no advantage has been taken of one of its most remarkable properties, its elasticity. Two ingenious chemists of Paris, Messrs. Rattier and Guibal, by an entirely new solvent and a very delicate process, have succeeded in *spinning it into threads of various sizes*. This is subsequently woven into suspenders, garters, surgical bandages, for ruptures, fractured or dislocated limbs, &c.

INSCRIPTION FOR A WOOD.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

STRANGER, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs
 No school of long experience, that the world
 Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
 Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares,
 To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood
 And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
 Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
 That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
 To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
 Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
 And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
 Fell, it is true, upon the unsmiling earth,
 But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt
 Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence, these shades
 Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
 Of green and stirring branches is alive
 And musical with birds, that sing and sport
 In wantonness of spirit; while below
 The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
 Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
 Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
 That waked them into life. Even the green trees,
 Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
 To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
 Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
 Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
 Existence, than the winged plunderer
 That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves
 And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
 That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
 Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark rocks,
 With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
 Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
 Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
 Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
 Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
 In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
 Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
 That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
 That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
 Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass,
 Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

STANZAS.

We parted—when the western breeze
 Blew freshly o'er the main,
 But then I thought those quiet seas
 Would bring thee back again—
 That hope, to each affection warm
 Was, like the rainbow on the storm,
 A sacred promise given—
 That when the gathered clouds that cast
 A shadow o'er my fate had pass'd,
 All would be bright at even.

But the lone evening hour has come—
 Its shadows round me press—
 And ah! my still sequestered home
 Thou comest not to bless—
 Often I bend a listening ear
 The voice of singing girls to hear—
 But *thine* is never there—
 And mingling in the giddy maze,
 On light seraphic forms I gaze,
 Yet none with *thine* compare.

They say that in a distant clime,
 Beyond the mountain wave,
 In youth and beauty's glorious prime
 They laid thee in the grave—
 That strangers heard thy latest sigh—
 That strangers closed thy dying eye—
 Received thy last request—
 That thy bright spirit, o'er the storm
 Of trial soared—and thy loved form
 Went peacefully to rest.

Well, my light bark is on the stream—
 And I will wend alone;
 Cling only to the one dear dream
 Of her—now broken—gone—
 And when the still moon rides on high,
 To memory's ever watchful eye
 Shall come—a vision bright,
 And bid me not her love forget—
 And tell me, can she love me yet,
 In yonder world of light?

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

It may be noted that the enthusiasts of learning and revery have, at one time or another in their lives, been, of all the tribes of men, the most keenly susceptible to love; their solitude feeds their passion; when love is once admitted to their hearts, there is no countercheck to its emotions, and no escape from its excitation.

In life, every individual may find happiness in three different ways; the happiness of religion, of wisdom, and of virtue.

"Former," "latter," and "namely," are three verbal dowdies—the anti-graces of diction, who still, by prescriptive right, are sometimes found in good society.

In Camden's account of Cornwall, the chough

is thus described—"In the rocks underneath, all along this coast, breeds the pyrrhorax, a crow with a red bill and red feet, not peculiar to the Alps, as Pliny imagined. This bird is found by the inhabitants to be an incendiary, and very thieving, for it often sets houses on fire privately, steals pieces of money, and then hides them."

An elegant writer observes: "the coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed in what we ought to be."

The first degree of proficiency is, in painting, what grammar is in literature, a general preparation for whatever species of the art the student

may afterwards choose for his more particular application. The power of drawing, modelling, and using colours, is very properly called the language of the art.

Reason is a lamp that sheddeth afar a glorious and general light, but leaveth all that is around it in darkness and gloom.

There is a labour of the mind as well as of the body, and some employ themselves very usefully to society, who do but little with their hands. But the labour of the body, if not excessive, strengthens the mind, and those who do not labour from necessity, should labour for health.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

Than in England, there is no where more true zeal in the many forms of devotion, and yet no where more knavery under the show and pretences: there are no where so many disputers upon religion, so many reasoners upon government, so many refiners in politics, so many curious inquisitives, so many pretenders to business and state employments, greater porers upon books, nor plodders after wealth; and yet no where more abandoned libertines, more refined luxurists, extravagant debauchees, conceited gallants, more dabblers in poetry as well as politics, in philosophy, and in chemistry.

The soul is like a bolsterous working sea,
Swelling in billows for disdain of wrongs,
And tumbling up and down from bay to bay,
Proves great with birth of indignations;
Yet with revenge is brought to calm allay,
Disburden'd of the pain thereto belongs;
Her powers are turn'd to bright faced sunshine braves,
And fair content plays gently on her waves.

Of all our infirmities, vanity is the dearest to us; a man will starve his other vices to keep that alive.

Weigh not so much what men may say, as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not invective to apparel her comeliness.

You cannot spend money in luxury without doing good to the poor. Nay, you do more good to them by spending it in luxury—you make them exert industry, whereas, by giving it, you keep them idle.

Public men cannot always go direct to their object, as the crow flies. It is but fair to make allowances for the thick medium in which they act, and the courtly windings they are often compelled to follow.

To satisfy the sentence of labour, which God wrote with his finger on the brow of Man, sureties can be found; the houses of the rich are filled with offices and servants, who take pains in their fields, prune their vines, carry corn to the mill, go to the ocean to fish for habits and attires for them; and many times live within four fingers of death to give them means to flow in delicacies.

Only Death it is, that takes no surety. For which cause, man dies in his own person, and labours by deputy. If death would give a little way, no great man would die but by Attorney.

TIGER ISLAND.

[A spirited Engraving of which, executed on Steel, embellishes this Number.]

SHOULD there chance to be among the readers of this work, any one who has ever visited the Celestial Empire, he may remember to have passed, near the mouth of the river of Canton, an island whose steep cliffs, and the rounded tops of whose mountains rise high against the horizon. The waves of the ocean, when roused by the fierce gales that often spring up in those tropical regions, dash with tremendous fury against the coast; and the frail barks and vessels of the natives may be seen, at such periods, shunning with every effort the dangerous shore. When, however, the long calms, which often prevail, remove every sense of danger, or when gentler breezes do not excite the fears of the native mariners, who are expert though their craft is rude, they are found lying, many at a time, under the shadows of the mountains of Tiger Island.

It is a spot rendered sacred by a celebrated temple dedicated to Confucius, where the sayings of that great sage are emblazoned in singular characters and with great pomp along the walls; but where, perhaps, they are not more zealously regarded, than are the words of other law-givers and holy men in other countries. Nor is this the only circumstance which makes the island a place of frequent resort. It is a custom of the Chinese, not without its utility as well as its intrinsic moral beauty, to devote uncommon care to the sepulchres of their ancestors. They select for them always some lovely spot, not the crowded and confined space which an obscure corner of a populous city affords, but where nature has been lavish of her charms. The round summits of verdant hills, the deep bosoms of fertile and secluded valleys, the shores of the blue ocean fanned by gentle gales, are adorned with monuments, seen from afar, where lie in peace for ages the remains of ancestors, who are remembered and loved by their posterity. To such spots the descendants repair once a year, and they delight to celebrate, as their gayest and most splendid festival, the period at which they thus assemble to honour the virtues of those from whom they are sprung.

We are little inclined to admire, much less to follow, the customs of nations remote from ourselves; and we are happy in that vanity, common to our race, which denounces, as inferior to ourselves, most people who vary from us in the habits of life. Yet few, perhaps none, who have witnessed the tombs scattered through the remoter kingdoms of Eastern Asia; few who have witnessed the annual pilgrimages of their people to the sepulchres of their forefathers; have failed to regret or to denounce that system, which heaps indiscriminately together, in the midst of the busiest haunts, the remains of human beings.



G. R. H. S.

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

DECEMBER, 1832.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

ANNA SEWARD.

ANNA SEWARD, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, was born in 1747, at Eyam, in Derbyshire. Very early in life she manifested a talent for poetry, which her father vainly endeavoured to discourage. Her first productions were contributions to *Lady Miller's Vase* at Bath, Easton; her first separate work, an *Elegy on Captain Cook*, appeared in 1780. From that period she came frequently before the public as a poet, and acquired considerable reputation. She died in 1809. Her poems have been collected in three volumes. She also wrote a *Life of Dr. Darwin*; and *Letters*.

LADY JANE GREY.

LADY JANE GREY, a female, whose accomplishments and whose fate have rendered her an object of universal admiration and pity, was the daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, and was born, about 1537, at Bradgate Hall, in Leicestershire. Her talents, which were of a superior order, were early developed, and by the time that she was fourteen she had mastered Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, and French and Italian. Aylmer, who was afterwards bishop of London, was her tutor. In 1553, she was united to Lord Guildford Dudley; and, shortly afterwards, reluctantly accepted the Diadem which the intrigues of her father and father-in-law had induced Edward VI. to settle upon her. Her brief reign of nine days ended by her being committed to the Tower with her husband, and in February, 1554, they were brought to the scaffold by the relentless Mary. She refused to apostatize from the protestant faith, and died with the utmost firmness. Her remains were published after her death, and some of her letters and devotional pieces are preserved in Fox's *Martyrology*.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, was born at Kilworth in Leicestershire, in 1743, and received an excellent education from her father, the Rev. Dr. Aikin. In 1772, she published a volume of poems, which gave her a high place among her poetical contemporaries; and, in the following year, she joined her brother in giving to the press a volume of miscellanies. Her marriage took place in 1774. For the last forty years of her life, she resided in the vicinity of the metropolis; first at Hampstead, and next at Stoke Newington, at which latter place she died, on the 9th of April 1825. Her literary productions are nu-

merous. Among the most prominent of them may be named, *Early Lessons* and *Hymns*, in prose; a *Poetical Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce*; *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven*, a poem; and *Biographical and Critical Essays*, prefixed to a selection from the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, to *Richardson's Correspondence*, and to an edition of the best English novels.

Many of Mrs. Barbauld's compositions are distinguished by an elevated spirit of piety, a pure and fervent morality—a manifest anxiety to improve and refine the judgment, and at the same time, to soften the heart, and expand the gentler affections; and, in all her writings, she displayed a cultivated intellect; vigorous imagination; great power of language, and a refined taste.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

MRS. HANNAH MORE was born in 1745. She was the daughter of a clergyman whose residence was at Hanham, near Bristol. Her love of knowledge early displayed itself, and induced her, after exhausting the slender domestic library, to have recourse to borrowing from her village friends. She removed in the year 1765, with her four sisters, to Bristol, where they jointly conducted a boarding school for young ladies, with great and deserved celebrity.

In various works of charity, particularly in the establishment of schools for the poor, these excellent sisters co-operated, bringing to the relief of ignorance and penury, the unwearied energy of congenial spirits. In this hallowed seclusion, the three elder inmates paid the debt of nature, in the order of their birth, each having attained her 75th year; and in the autumn of 1819, the youngest was taken at the age of 67, leaving the beloved survivor to pursue a solitary pilgrimage.

Mrs. More was rather short, but otherwise of an usual size, with a face that never could have been handsome, and never other than agreeable. She had a remarkably bright and intellectual eye; it was as clear, and seemed as fully awake with mind and soul, as if it had but lately opened on a world full of novelty. The whole of her face was strongly characterized by cheerfulness.

In tracing the literary course of this distinguished personage, from her first production, the "*Search after happiness*," to her last, the "*Spirit of Prayer*," embracing a period of nearly half a century, it is impossible not to be impressed with that spirit of benevolence which pervades the whole.

Original.

THE PATRIOT MARTYR.

A TALE OF 1776.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.

SCOTT.

"WHY Mellicent! sweet sister Mellicent, are you dreaming that you stand so motionless, gazing at the heavens? or are you summoning spirits from the vasty deep of the bright waters?"

The maiden started from her reverie—

"I was indeed dreaming, Marmaduke, and the vision was so glorious that I would you had not awakened me: see!" she continued with much energy, as she drew him forward to the bank where she was standing—"I looked forth upon this splendid picture, and dreamed that America might yet be free!"

The scene, to which she enthusiastically pointed, was magnificent indeed; the declining rays of an autumnal sun, had lit up the golden bowers of the west with gorgeous beauty, and the bright waters beneath glittered like an oriental maid when decked in her bridal robes of glory. The boundless woods, which lined the river's side, were coloured with every variety of shade, and their proud summits caught a radiance from the glowing heavens, like the jewelled trees of a fairy dream. Range upon range of the distant mountains reared their Titan heads to the sky, while a silvery mist, which hung gracefully about them, seemed to veil from earth the insupportable lustre of the Eternal's throne. All was hushed into Sabbath stillness, save the occasional rustling of the leaves, when the wind spirit swept them with his fragrant wing.

"Is this," said the maiden, with a brightened cheek and flashing eye, "is this a land for slaves? Shall we, who draw our breath amidst this proud creation, stoop our necks to the oppressor's chain? Oh! shall we not rather water the ground with the best blood of her children's veins!"

"Why you audacious little rebel, what will a *certain person* say to this unfilial disaffection to the mother land!"

"And why should Algernon Leslie think otherwise; he has indeed been educated in England, but America is still his country—the land of his birth and his affections? Besides, I am well assured, that all the generous and truly noble among the British, would rejoice to see America awake from her long trance of submission; and willingly hail us as brethren, did we assert our right to be called so by the free!"

"But should it be otherwise with this same *ami unconnue*," continued her brother, who appeared to delight in bringing the bright blush into his sister's cheek—"should he be so staunch

a royalist, that he would rather fight for King George than against him; what then, dear Mellicent?"

The girl paused a minute before she answered him, there was an apparent struggle in her feelings, but it past, and an expression of deep devotion sat on her young brow, as she replied—

"Marmaduke—it is true that my heart turns warmly to my cousin, though we can hardly be said to know each other—the wishes of his noble father—the last commands of my sainted mother—my own remembrance of happy childhood, all conspire to endear him to me; but if I know myself, I dare to say, that were the warmest and dearest affections, the brightest prospects, the most cherished hopes put into competition with my country's love, or opposed to her interests, I would trample them beneath my feet, though every fibre of my heart bled as I rent them away."

"Take care, take care," exclaimed Marmaduke, laughing; "that your eloquence does not raise some British official to arrest you for high treason! and see, here certainly comes some one—now all good angels guard your neck, sister—for it is in jeopardy!"

As he spoke, a figure emerged from behind a cluster of chesnuts, and came hesitatingly forward. He had the appearance of an Englishman (then more distinguishable than now,) was tall and finely formed, and wore his own bright brown hair unincumbered with powder or queue. Marmaduke regarded him for a moment, then suddenly exclaimed, "Saints preserve us, for our words have raised a ghost, I think—this must be either Algernon Leslie or his spectre! Speak!" he said, springing gaily forward—"I'll call thee friend! cousin! noble Leslie! so thou'lt but answer me!"

"I will not give you so much trouble," replied the stranger, advancing, "I am too happy not to answer to that name, the very first time of asking!"

"And is it you, indeed!" said Marmaduke, clasping his cousin's hand; "when did you land? what ship did you come by? what news do you bring?"

"Before I answer these many enquiries," replied the other, whose eyes had already wandered to the graceful figure of Mellicent Glanville—"Reply to one of mine. Is not this?"—

"To be sure it is—why, man, I knew what you were going to say. Yes, this is little Milly, your wife, as you used to call her, fifteen years ago!"

Mellicent came forward as he spoke; his words had called a brilliant blush over the composed paleness which was the general hue of her features! and as Leslie gazed on the pure beauty of those features, and met the soul fraught intelligence of her dark eye, and heard the sweet music of her voice, speaking his welcome home, he might be forgiven for the hacknied simile "of an Angel" which rose in his mind—or even for doubting, that Heaven held any thing half so desirable and lovely. The father of Algernon Leslie, and the mother of Mellicent Glanville, had been left orphans while very young, and their desolate condition had bound them to each other with a lasting affection, that neither absence or other ties had power to break. No sooner was Mellicent born, than the parents projected her future union with Algernon's only child; a noble boy of five years old; and though his affairs afterwards carried him to England, where he died, the last wish he expressed, was for his son's re-union with the family of his beloved sister. Eighteen years had past since then, but the link seemed unbroken betwixt the cousins, for every letter brought affectionate remembrances to his little wife, and warm assurances of his unchanging regard to America and home. And now he was returned, to find her all that the warmest fancy could believe of heaven or know of earth; and so fixed was his admiring gaze, so warm his claimed salute, that Mellicent felt embarrassed, and proposed that they should seek her father in the house.

"But," said Marmaduke, who had been talking all the time, unheard and unattended to by either—"but you have not answered one of my questions. Do you indeed like England so much better than America?"

"Yes—yes—much better," vacantly replied Leslie.

"And you really think there is nothing here worth looking at."

"No—nothing at all!"—

"Why you must devoutly wish yourself back then?"

"Exactly—precisely so!"—

A loud laugh from the mischievous young man roused Leslie to consciousness. He looked up and beheld the arch look of Mellicent, and apologised with a smile for his inattention.

"You must forgive me, Marmaduke, for my excuse is a fair one. Now, what was it that you said?"

"Why you spoke in your last letter of a British officer, Lord Frederick Montague, who was to accompany you over, has he arrived?"

The absence of Leslie seemed to return at this question, for he spoke not for several minutes, and then said with some confusion—

"No—yes—that is, he sailed certainly; but he has not arrived, for he died upon the voyage."

"I wonder (thought Marmaduke to himself,) if my cousin is a born natural? He could not have a better reason," continued he aloud, "but considering he was your intimate friend, you do not seem overburdened with sorrow for his loss."

"No," answered Leslie, thoughtfully. "I have all his clothes and effects."

A broad stare from his cousin, and a slight start from Mellicent, made him continue more sadly—

"No doubt I regretted him deeply as my friend, but his sentiments as a man were so much opposed to my own, that it barred the attachment which would otherwise have subsisted between us."

"A thundering royalist, I suppose.—Well! I am glad you are not one also: what did you want good friend?" said he to a man in livery, who approached them.

"To speak with my master, sir!" said the groom touching his hat—"will you give me an order to get out the luggage, my lord?"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Leslie, hastily—"pray drop that ridiculous appellation. This man was servant to poor Lord Frederic, and forgets that he now serves only simple Algernon Leslie!" continued he to Marmaduke.

"Indeed," replied he: "well, give him the order, and let us adjourn to the house."

Leslie took out his pocket-book and tore a leaf from it, but stopt short when about to write, and wrung his right hand with an expression of pain.

"I twisted my hand while on board," he said to Marmaduke, who was looking over his shoulder, "and cannot write a letter since. Do scrawl that fellow an order to the captain, while I and Miss Glanville walk forward to the house."

"Nonchalant enough, at all events," thought Marmaduke, as with the polished ease of high breeding, Leslie drew Mellicent's hand within his arm, and walked away.—"And so, friend, your old master died on board."

"Lord Frederick Monk—Monkton—what call you him?"

"Montague, sir."

"Aye, Montague—I say, what like was he? a cursed ugly fellow—wasn't he?"

"Much such another as yourself, sir."

"Humph! Nay, then, the devil take him who asks you any more questions;" muttered Marmaduke, as with imperturbable gravity and politeness, the English servant bowed himself away. "One may dig gold from the ocean, before one gets any thing out of those liveried lacquies!—Well, I will follow my newly imported relative and Milly; they, I suppose, are travelling at the rate of ten miles a minute, on the road of love to the temple of marriage."

It was night; the moon had risen high in the azure vault of heaven, and poured a shower of silver light on the bright water, which mirrored back her beauty, and here and there a few solitary stars had kindled their pale lamps, and harmoniously sang together their eternal hallelujahs of praise and love. The night blowing flowers were unfolding their crystal bells to the silent night, like holy vestals whose charms are veiled from earthly gaze, while their perfumed oblation of sweets, hung on the wings of the whispering zephyr, and were wafted up to His throne, who hath made all things to praise Him

in their beauty—clumps of the cedars and locusts spread their graceful foliage over the lawn, through which the moonlight shone on the turf like mosaic pavement, while the fire-flies flashed through the air, bright as human hope, alas! as transient too. The stillness and holy calm of nature seemed to reprove the maddening passions of man, and speak to the troubled breast of a better, happier home—of a home the fountain of eternal light, where the flowers ever blossom and the streams of living water flow unalterably pure—where the rejoicing footfall never wearies, and the incense of melody is ever breathing—where sin hath not darkened the beauty of holiness, nor sorrow dimmed the bright eye of faith with a tear—where the wicked may not trample on the bruised heart—where the weary and heavy laden may be at rest.

Beneath the clematis bower sat Leslie and his cousin Mellicent, and both were silent; yet far different feelings filled their hearts. She was sitting with her hands placidly folded on her bosom, her features composed into tranquil love, and holy gratitude, while her upraised eyes seemed to hold communion with the stars, which were not purer than her spirit. He was standing beside her, but the beauty of earth was unseen by him, on her alone he gazed with passionate emotion, and his flushed cheek and burning eye offered a strange contrast to the heavenly serenity of her aspect.

"Mellicent!" said he softly.

She turned, and as his flashing glance met her's, a troubled blush of earthly feeling tainted the saintly purity of her cheek.

"Let us return to the house!" she said, "for my brother appears to have forgotten us, and my father will wonder at our stay."

"And does the time seem long to you, Mellicent? To me it passes rapidly as a dream of enchanted land—nay, do not rise," he continued, gently replacing her; you may not pass from this fairy bower, until you have paid its monarch tribute!"

"And I do," she answered with bashful confusion, "I pay a tribute of unfeigned admiration and love to the power of beauty before me."

"But is your love for nature alone! May no earthly being ask a share," asked Leslie.

"Let us return"—

"No, Mellicent, the hour is come when from your own lips I must know my fate. Oh! surely words cannot be wanting to tell you *how* I love you; my thoughts by day, my dreams by night, are filled with you alone, you are become the essence of my being, the pervading power of my spirit, without you, earth is joyless and heaven would be none were you away."

From the moment when he began to speak, Mellicent had ceased to turn from him; there was not in her noble nature one particle of coquetry, and she scorned that refusal which is given, that it may be won over by entreaty. But her air was sad, as she listened to his impassioned words, and the tears started unbidden from her clear dark eyes. He took her hand.

"Speak to me, sweet Mellicent. Alas! I am most unworthy of your love, yet cannot live without it. Oh! speak to me, for never Indian worshipped the sun of his idolatry, as I do you, who are alone the light in which I live."

"Oh! hush, Leslie hush! These words are wild, and ill befit a very weak and faulty girl. Leslie, you are my cousin, and our parents' last wishes were for our union—you are my countryman, and feel, like me, the deepest interest in our bleeding land!"

Leslie impatiently interrupted her.

"And are these the only claims I have on your heart, Mellicent? Is a cold duty to the dead and a colder tie of birth-place, all you return for my engrossing love, for my idolatry of heart?"

The maiden blushed, but instantly answered—

"No, Leslie—I cannot affect a coldness which I do not feel, you are individually dearer to me than any of these bonds could make you; yet, alas! what avails our affection? Can we wrap ourselves in selfish gladness, while all around us is desolate and sad? Nay, be patient and hear me; the first feelings of my heart, the first devotion of my spirit, was to my country; enslaved and oppressed as she was, I loved her; were she a thousand times more so, I should continue to do the same, as long as I drew the breath of life: but the hour of her emancipation is at hand; the long, long dream of subjection is passing from the souls of our brave countrymen, and America will dash off her chains with a vigour that will break them for ever!"

"Sweet enthusiast!—that hour lives alone in your warm fancy."

"I believe it not. The flame of Liberty is already kindled, and God grant that it may never be extinguished, until it lights the bonfire of Freedom!"

"It will sooner light the funeral pyre of all who have followed its devious ray."

"Leslie!" said Mellicent sadly, "is it meet for you, around whose neck is the usurper's chain, to damp those hopes which are the only sunbeams that pierce our darkness? But you have seen so much of English pride and English glory, that you believe them invincible."

"Not so, dearest! But what have these wars and tumults to do with my cherished hopes; you will not turn soldier, will you, my beloved, and strike yourself, for America and Freedom!"

"And if I could," she replied, with a kindling eye, "think you that I would grudge the life's blood of my heart? Think you that I would shrink, though torture and death lay in my path? But these are idle words. I am a weak woman, and can only love the land I live in; but while her fate is thus uncertain, her glory so darkened, I will not bind a bridal wreath around my mourning brow, nor rejoice while she is weeping. Go, Leslie, the time is near, when the blow will be struck, strike with it. America needs every arm, every heart of her children. I will lend her yours, as I have already devoted my own. And should the God of battles aid our faithful

cause, we shall pledge our hands in joy, at the free altar of a freed land."

"Mellicent," interrupted Leslie, impatiently, "this is a mere mockery and madness. You have received a visionary phantom into your imagination, and to it you mercilessly sacrifice my hopes and happiness."

"Leslie, if you loved your country, as it deserves to be beloved, all selfish interests would be as naught."

"I do not pretend to your seraphic purity, sweet love. I do love this country because you inhabit it. I wish her glory, for you wish it—nay, spare that reproving look—you may make me as ardent a patriot as yourself—give me your hand—join her interests and yours together—send me forth as your champion, and St. George himself shall not be a more puissant one. You shall not say me nay. Behold, I beseech you in behalf of the land you love!"—He bent his knee, and gently took the hand of Mellicent—it laid trembling but unrelenting within his own. He started from his posture and folded her passionately to his breast—a merry laugh near, broke the agitated silence of his rapture.

"Too warm by half, man," said Marmaduke, who advanced with Mr. Glanville, "remember the market is to last for life."

"Hush, boy!" said his father, as they entered the arbour, "and you my beloved child, turn not thus bashfully away, but reply to my questions as you have ever done with sincerity and truth."

"Algernon Leslie, you are the only child of my sainted wife's only brother. You are dear to me as a relation, nor have I seen in you aught that disgraces the name you bear. But you have been long away, and it is not a small thing you ask of me, in the hand of my blessed child. Algernon, when I lost the wife of my bosom, this child, in her baby loveliness, was all that stood between me and my despair—she has grown up to be the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart—her love and duty to her widowed parent has been passing the love of children, and I fondly hope, that when the Almighty shall call me to join the holy dead, that her hand shall close my dying eyes, her voice speak the last fond farewell, her affection brighten the dark shadows of death. Algernon Leslie, if you should neglect this modest flower, and leave her to wither in unkindness, the curse of a bereaved father would be on your head. Should you tear her from her native land, and sever her from those who love her better than life, you would bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the dust, and she would fade and die, and go down mourning to the grave, for the old man who died forsaken and alone."

There was a deep pause. Mellicent lay sobbing on her father's breast, and Leslie listened in uncontrollable emotion; even Marmaduke was awed and silent.

"Look up, my own, my blessed child," continued the old man, solemnly—"duteous and good have you ever been, and He who was himself obedient to his earthly parents, shall bless and reward you. God shall bless my child, and

give her children that may be to her as she has been to her parent in his age. Look up, my Mellicent, and faithfully, openly, solemnly, as if before the judgment seat of Christ, answer me. Do you love this man?"

Mellicent checked her tears, and looked up with sacred awe and love. Her voice, as she answered, was low, but assured and firm.

"I do!—so may God add His blessing unto yours, my father!"

"It is answered worthy of your innocence and truth. Algernon Leslie, you have heard the frank avowal of this pure hearted maiden. Will you in the face of that God, whose eye is now upon us, swear to love and cherish her, not only while the bloom is on her cheek, but in sickness or in sorrow? Will you call on His eternal name to witness for you that there is no guile nor deception in your bosom. Will you answer to an aged parent, whose hope, and pride, and joy, she is, that you love her, not with the passing passion of a moment, but with steadfast, true, and unalterable faith?"

A glow of passion flashed for a moment across the brow of the young man, then left it pale as death. Twice he essayed to speak, in vain—his voice died in a convulsed murmur—the eyes of all were anxiously bent on his pale and agitated features, nor was there a sound to break that deathlike pause. At last, with a dreadful effort, he conquered himself, and spoke in tones, hoarse with suppressed agony.

"You have asked me if I love your daughter!—Let this anguish which chills my blood and palsies my frame, speak for me *how* I love her!—Could the thrones and sceptres of a world be offered me in exchange for her hand, I would spurn them as nothing worth. Could the possession of her heart be obtained by years of toil, imprisonment and torture, I would welcome them with joy as the path to heaven; but I cannot deceive a father standing before his God—a daughter laying on that father's bosom—I *am* not *Algernon Leslie*!"

"Eternal God!—Man of mystery and pride, who then are you?"

From the moment he had spoken the last words he had covered his face as if afraid to look upon the mute agony of Mellicent; but the first effort had exhausted the violence of his despair, and he continued more calmly.

"My name is Frederic Montague. I was Leslie's intimate friend and companion, and had agreed to accompany him to America. It is far from my wish to accuse him in order to vindicate myself; but it is necessary to the explanation, to say, that owing to a dissipated quarrel in which he became involved at Liverpool, we changed names, that he should not be recognised, as his own was unknown to the injured party. This accounts for the captain and crew's belief, that I was indeed Algernon Leslie. His health was injured greatly by his dissipated life, and he died while on board, still bearing my name and title."

"He died?"

"He died, and with his last breath, impor-

tuned me to acquaint his friends myself of the melancholy event, which could be thus more gently done, than by rectifying the names, and allowing the newspapers to inform you that he died on board the Algonquin."

"Proceed, in mercy end this dreadful suspense."

"Alas! how shall I excuse my subsequent conduct. I had often heard Leslie speak of his cousin, and when I first came through these gardens, and beheld a lady in conversation with her brother, I at once imagined it to be herself; as I approached I heard her words, and struck as I immediately was by her beauty and grace, who shall wonder that I was unwilling to present myself as one of those, whom her vehement language censured as tyrants; as, moreover, a bearer of that intelligence, which the blushes that arose at his name showed, would be most deeply felt. It avails not to dwell upon what I felt; what I did, was to own to the name by which Marmaduke, induced by my appearance, hailed me; the consequences of that deceit are here, here in my aching heart and maddened brain!"

"And shall be felt still deeper, base hypocrite that you are," exclaimed Marmaduke, rushing passionately forward—"by heavens you shall account to me for this!"

"Peace, vain boy," said Montague, proudly, "it is not to beardless striplings that a British officer draws his sword. Old man, my tale is nearly ended; I saw, I loved your daughter; I had come here in the silly belief that no American could possess feeling or refinement, and at first I courted her as one who must be honoured by my notice; since I have beheld her formed of purity, honour, and truth; since I have witnessed the refined superiority of her mind, and seen heaven itself shine in her spotless soul. I have learned to love her beauty less than her worth, and at this moment would give up rank, fortune, and friends, nay, would forfeit my country and my home, to win her love, and be deemed worthy of her hand."

A dreary silence followed his words, broken only by the laboured breathing of the poor girl, who stood more like a marble monument of the dead, than a living thing of earth. Mr. Glanville spoke first.

"Lord Frederic Montague, if that be your name, I have no desire to upbraid you; that you have not dared to perfect your wickedness, is a proof that your conscience is not all dead within you, and its stings will be sufficient, without my words. It is not to me that your crime has been heaviest, though you have eaten of my bread while deceiving me. It is this unhappy one, whom you have most deeply wronged, and to her I refer you for your answer! Speak, Mellicent, my child, make answer to this man!"

"Answer him as is worthy of yourself, your friends and your country, my sister," said her brother; "send back this lordling to his own land, with a lesson, that an American girl despises his pretensions as she scorns his mean deception!"

"I bid you peace, Marmaduke," replied his father, "passion and strife ill befit this hour.—Answer him, my daughter, as your heart, your principles, and your duty incline you, and I will abide by the decree."

"Mellicent!" said Montague, approaching her with humility and sorrow, "pause, yet a moment, before you decide on the happiness or misery of my life. I have sinned, but it was through love to you—I have suffered—oh! more than the bitterness of death, in relinquishing my claim; be merciful, and accept my misery as an atonement. Give me but your love, and bind me by what laws you please; your home shall be my home; your country my country; your God my God!—Should dissension arise between our lands—I cannot indeed raise my arm against my own—but I will throw up my commission, and swear never to fight against yours; give me but your love, and I will vie with you in affection to your father; give me but your love, and I will strive to become a wiser and a better man; give me but your love, and it will gild my life on earth, and lead my soul to heaven."

The fearful agitation with which Mellicent heard their several appeals, proved how well she comprehended them; otherwise her livid colour, dilated eye, and motionless attitude, might have impressed the beholder with a belief that she was a standing corpse—upheld by some unseen means but destitute of life or sense. But her resolution was unconquered, the strength of her mind yielded not with that of its frail casket, and she replied within a minute—

"As sincerely as I forgive you, may I be forgiven of my God; but we part here, and for ever. Between us there is no tie in common; your honour to your country, your duty to your friends, demand of you to return; mine forbids my ever beholding you more. To the land of my birth, the country of my love, were my earliest affections devoted—I may not for any selfish feelings now forget her claims, or forsake her interests. They are opposed to your hopes and wishes—there can be nothing in common between us."

"Mellicent! Mellicent! can you thus calmly fling away my love and trample on my heart? Cruel, hard-hearted girl, you have never loved aught save the Moloch phantom of freedom, at whose altar you ruthlessly sacrifice me!"—

One look of speechless, heartbroken sorrow, she gave to heaven—one word she spoke in tones so woe begone, that they chilled the hearers' heart—it was—

"Farewell!"—then she dropped to the ground like an overthrown statue, for sense and life had reeled beneath her agony. Montague would have rushed forward to raise her, but Mr. Glanville put him back.

"I forbid you to touch her!" he said—"be gone, thou worse than assassin—stay not to look upon the ruin thou hast wrought—there are no words of power enough to vindicate thee, for there is thy answer. Behold that fallen flower—behold that victim whose heart thy infamy hath crushed, and stay not to reason with a father's

misery!—Oh! my child! my child! would to God I had died for thee, my hapless daughter!"

* * * * *

The blow for freedom had been stricken—the long smouldering fire had burst forth, and sent a blaze to heaven that drew the world's attention, on those who had so bravely kindled it. The skirmish at Lexington was the signal for an universal flying to arms: and though reform was at present the only declared motive of their rising, there were not wanting many, whose breasts already beat high with the ultimate hope of national independence. Blood had flowed on either side, the dogs of war were slipt, and an unnatural contest between men of the same descendants, began to desolate the beautiful creation of God, with carnage, fire, and rapine; and who was to blame?—at whose hands should be required the blood spilt—the treasure wasted in this most ill-advised and unjustly grounded war?—A rash and weak ministry, who, contrary to the general wish, or feelings of the mother land, first heaped oppression and insult on people as brave as themselves, and then strove to quench the indignation excited by this conduct, in the best blood of both nations.

It was in the autumn of the year 1775, a few months after the memorable battle of Bunker's Hill, that a lady sat alone in a shaded grove, near to the river's edge, which swept gracefully by, within a few miles of the town of Concord. The wind came off the water in gusts, and as it strewed the withering leaves around, it moaned mournfully through the almost naked branches, as it were bemoaning the desolation itself had made. That sad sound reminded the lady of human passion—like the destroyer and mourner over those it loves—heavy masses of clouds were fast gathering over the azure dome of the sky, like the wings of the storm spirit when he arouses from his sleep—and such, thought the lady, is human life, when hope is brightest and joy shines fairest, even then is desolation at hand, and the hour of mourning near; but that sun will burst through the veil which obscures his brightness, and so when this transitory life shall pass away, the soul shall ascend to its God—and sin and sorrow molest no more!—A low sound—it might be a falling leaf—it might be the murmuring wind, interrupted the maiden's musings, and brought a deep flush over her fair brow—a figure much muffled, emerged from the wood, and in another moment was prostrated at her feet.—She did not scream, nor fly—her lips, though mute, moved in fervent prayer for strength—there needed no words to tell Mellicent Glanville that Frederic Montague knelt at her feet—and they had met again on the same spot where they had parted. A few months, a very few had past, yet all was changed. He was now in arms against the country of her love, and leagued against the liberty which she idolized, and she—oh! it was a sad sight to behold the ravages which the incurable leprosy of the heart had worked on her angel features—but their expression was the same—dignity of mind, purity of

soul were enthroned on that pale brow, in sorrow, in disease, in agonizing suspense, in fatigue, in silent, but hopeless woe—that stamp of an Almighty hand remained unchanged. Death itself could hardly quench a light which emanated from the pure fountain of heavenly truth. And now the one who divided her heart with her nation's love—the one who had wrought for her so much of woe, yet whom she loved as devotedly as ever—the one whose generous arm had saved her only brother's life, when they had met in the ensanguined battle-field, the one, whom to serve, she would have gladly died—he, that loved, yet dreaded one, now knelt before her, and with what language could Mellicent reply to his broken words and impassioned sighs?—"Oh! answer me one word, my life—my soul—say but that you have forgiven—that you have not forgotten me!"

She started from her motionless silence—"In the name of heaven, why are you here, and how?"

"Mellicent, can you ask me why? I have not lived since parted from you—existence is joyless—hopeless—aimless all without you; fortune, honour, and glory are as nothing without your love; danger, or death, is an easy price for the rapture of beholding you again!"

"Colonel Montague," replied Mellicent, hurriedly, "I cannot hear these words, you are my country's foe, and therefore mine. Away—your life is here in danger—oh! begone!"

"Never, Mellicent, never—by the help of this disguise and heavy bribes, I have passed your sentinels—I will repay them again with you, or I will stay here and die. Nay, answer not, but hear me—your countrymen have bravely proved themselves of British blood and courage; an express has been forwarded to England, whose just and reasonable demands will surely be complied with, henceforth will Englishmen and Americans be as friends and brothers—united in the same interests and wishes, acknowledging the same king—respecting each other as brave men should, who are equally honourable and free—this unnatural war will close, and peace and plenty smile gloriously over the clasped hands, which now are raised against each other. To me, America is dearer than Britain, for is it not your home?—here, then, will I make mine also. I will devote my life to make your happiness—I will imitate your virtue to be less unworthy of your love—I will strive to win heaven that I may meet you there!"

"Oh! my God, have mercy on me!" lowly murmured the maiden.

"Now behold the other side—if you will indeed sacrifice yourself and me at the bloody altar of your fancied liberty, if you will ruthlessly cast both our hearts beneath the wheels of this Juggernaut's car, your work shall be complete, for here will I stay and die. Choose, then, will you trample on the heart that adores you—will you shed the blood that was freely poured to save your brother's life?"

A death-like hue came over the features of

Mellicent, her voice sounded supprest and hollow—but the spirit swerved not, the anchor of her soul was sure.

"Montague, I do not ask you to spare me—if it gives you comfort to torture me thus—I can bear it willingly—there is not that wish, hope, or joy of my own, I would not sacrifice to your desire; if the blood of my life could serve you, it would flow spontaneously; if to link my fate with yours in poverty, imprisonment, torture or death, were mine to choose, I would embrace it as joyfully as the captive hails his freedom; but I will not desert the standard I have chosen, nor cast away my country's cause, because it is opposed to my selfish hopes. It is useless to urge me," she continued more wildly, and with an involuntary scream, as she saw him about to speak, "you may slay me at your feet with this agony—you may drive me mad by this horrible struggle—but while I have life or reason, I will never forsake my bleeding country—never—never!"

"My Mellicent, be calm!" he said, much alarmed at the wild anguish of her manner, "you are now excited and view things falsely—you will not forsake your country, but rather advance her interests by gaining another warm heart and arm to her cause."

"Oh! peace, peace! I am calm now, and again beseech you to leave me—on earth we are for ever divided, but there is a better and a brighter land, where we may meet when the dark sea of life has rolled into eternity. Farewell! I love you deeply, devotedly—I will never love nor wed another—your image is graven on my heart, your name will be breathed in stillness and prayer, by my lips until I die—but a daughter of America shall never join her country's foes, nor desert that country while gloriously struggling to be free! Farewell!"

He drew himself proudly up, and folded his arms across his breast—"Enough—your choice is made, and so is mine—yonder come some of your boasted sons of Freedom, let them behold how an Englishman dare die!"

As he spoke, several American officers appeared in the distance. Mellicent gasped for breath—"Away, away—oh! for the love of God—for my sake, who would die for you, begone!—Montague, for mercy, fly!—let them not find you here.—Oh! God, you have no pity—must I see you taken to die before my eyes—if you would not kill me, begone—oh, begone! before they see you!"

"You urge me in vain—I will not fly without you."

"Then all is over—God! for thy mercy! they are here!"

Marmaduke Glanville, (who, though young, had so much distinguished himself already, that his imprudent courage had carried him, at Bunker's Hill, into danger, that nothing but Montague's presence could have saved him from) was amongst the group of officers who entered the arbour, and when his eye fell on the noble form of Montague, proudly standing with head uncovered and folded arms, he could not sup-

press the exclamation of surprised consternation which burst from his lips, and was instantly repeated by the others.

"Who is he?—what is he?—is he a spy?—is he an Englishman?"—were questions poured upon Marmaduke.

"I—I don't know—yes—no—that is—he is—nothing."

The commanding officer, General Lee, looked at him with infinite surprise; then, after a moment's pause, said—

"Miss Glanville, this person is in your company, and I will take your word for what he is; it would be all but blasphemy to suspect you of favouring a foe to America."

All eyes were turned on Mellicent. Marmaduke looked earnestly at her, and suggested her answer, by saying, "I think this is Jerry Walton from Baltimore, you expected him to-day, sister."

"This is Colonel Lord Frederick Montague, aid de camp to General Burgoyne," answered Mellicent, firmly, "he has past our lines with a false pass, but not as a spy."

"Colonel Montague?" echoed all voices.

"Even so, gentlemen," said Montague, advancing; "think not I have kept silence hitherto from unwillingness to declare my name, or dread of the consequences. I but awaited this lady's answer, that she might do herself the justice of displaying her patriotism, as it is. I am what she has said, and passed your lines by bribery. I know the consequences, and am ready to meet them; there is my sword."

"I take your sword, sir!" answered General Lee, "with deep regret, but it is my duty to order you under arrest until General Washington's pleasure be known. Captain Glanville, please to order a guard here?"

"Excuse me, sir; this gentleman bravely saved my life at the risk of his own. My sister may murder him if she pleases, I will not."

"I can sacrifice myself, but not my country," murmured she. "And you have done well, my best beloved," said Montague, "I would not have had it otherwise; farewell, best and dearest of God's creatures; farewell for ever!" He knelt and prest the hem of her robe to his lips for a moment; then rising, firmly followed the guard.

"Mellicent, God forgive you for this; but how can you forgive yourself," exclaimed Marmaduke, as he rushed away.

"Miss Glanville," said General Lee, "you have nobly done. Let England's ministers hear what an American girl can do for her country, and despair of victory."

There was no answer to his words, and he turned back to look at her; she was standing with her eyes fixed in the direction where her lover had gone; sense and life seemed gone. Suddenly she gave a piercing cry, and fell to the ground covered with blood; a vein had burst, and the bright, pure stream of life flowed fast from her livid lips. Resolution had lasted till all was done; then nature prevailed, and sunk beneath the agony; they carried her insensible to the house, and those that heard her mournful story,

almost prayed that consciousness might never return, to madden her with the memory of that hour.

And death itself had been welcome, even in the tortures of the rack, to the despair of Montague, as he paced the room of his confinement; to be held a deserter and renegade to his countrymen; to be thought a spy by the other side, and to die the ignominious death of one; even these things were light to the loss of Mellicent; to the thought that she could have saved him, and would not. At night his solitude was broken by a footstep; he started up, while his heart bounded with the hope that the devoted breast of woman had relented; but no—it was Marmaduke Glanville, and not his sister, who had entered. His appearance betokened hurry and agitation, his eye was troubled and his voice sad.

"Colonel Montague," he said, "you are free! Here is a passport for the outer lines—*Fight for Freedom* is the watchword with the guard; go at once, and may God bless you."

"Who has done this?" eagerly asked he; "is it—can it be?"

"Alas! no," interrupted Marmaduke, "you are free by the permission of Washington himself. I hastened to him, I told the dreadful story of poor Mellicent's love and duty; I told him that you had interposed your own breast between me and death; I convinced him you were no spy; his angel soul melted at the recital; Washington accepts no triumph over a defenceless foe; Washington can weep for the sorrow of an enemy; Washington gives you your life and bids you go free!"

"I thank you, Captain Glanville, but your generosity is vain. I will not escape. I do not desire to live away from Mellicent."

"Be not so rash—be not so cruel—the agony of my poor sister has already stretched her on the couch of pain and danger—her life hangs on a single thread—that thread will be snapt by your refusal to save yourself."

"You have named a motive indeed for flight: never will I add more to her misery or care. To me all things are equally joyless; honour, fame, country, have no longer a charm to my heart. I will never strike another blow against a country that contains a woman such as Mellicent—a man like Washington. Henceforth the love of woman is as a forgotten dream: the ties of home as the sound of far off music. Say to her, that as in life I have loved but her—so in death her name shall be last on my lips. Ask her to forgive the sorrow I have caused her—bid her forget the hopeless wretch who has blighted her young bloom, and heaped desolation on her heart. Tell her that many may love with better hopes, but none with deeper truth or more devoted passion. Farewell, my friend!" * * *

Who amongst us has not at some time been doomed to watch the awful footsteps of death on the person of some dear friend—some beloved relative whom we would have gladly shielded with our heart of hearts—whom to save we would

have shed our blood by drops? Who has not known the flattering hope—the sickening dread, the hurried unwillingness to think, which fluctuate through the breast when bending over the suffering bed—the ghastly effort to smile that we may deceive others—the vain sophistry with which we strive to deceive ourselves—the lingering hope against hope—the impassive stunning horror of the final conviction that hope is gone.

Such were the various feelings that agitated the hearts of a little group who were assembled in the sunny porch of a house in Chesnut street, on the 4th of July, 1776; an easy chair, propped by pillows, supported the shadowy form of a dying girl. Disease had not robbed that pale face of beauty, for her's was the beauty of soul, the spiritual loveliness, which age cannot steal, nor decay wither. Resignation and love were graven on those wasted features—purity and holy pride still beamed from those bright but sunken eyes—her transparent hands were crost over her faded bosom, and the words of gratitude and praise breathed from those pale, parted lips.—Mellicent Glanville was dying, and she welcomed her doom with joy unspeakable. She never thought of sighing over her wasted bloom, or her early grave. By her stood her anxious father and brother—they had spoken of hope, but the words died on their lips—for they saw that she heeded them not. There was a holy rapture in her smile, as she looked out upon the bright sky that plainly spoke her desire to be there. Death was very near, but it had no sting—the grave was open, but there was no victory.

"Oh! my father—my brother—how beautiful is this. I feel the warm sun upon my breast, and it seems the kiss of my God, imparting peace and love. I feel the soft breeze playing on my brow, and it whispers me of sins forgiven—of sorrows forgotten—of joy that passes all understanding. How full of mercy and goodness is He who created this world of beauty. I shall die in the blessed hope of my country's happiness—I shall be buried where its beloved sun will shine upon my grave!—Oh! America—land of my love and pride—object of my earliest and latest prayer—my first lisping accents blest thee—in the dark hour of bondage and oppression, my heart still poured its blessing on thy name—and now my failing breath blesses thee.—Oh! my country—my beautiful—my beloved—my father land!"—

"My child—my child!"

"Weep not dearest—most honoured father—but rejoice that I go to my quiet rest. Rejoice that my head will repose on free ground—that the song of Liberty will be swept by the breeze over my grave.—Oh! may those who have bled for America be blest in themselves—be blest in their children, until time shall be no more. May the love of a rejoicing nation brighten their lives, and the tears of gratitude hallow their graves!"

"And you too, my Mellicent, have contended for the righteous cause—have sacrificed for it life and love."

He had touched a chord that ever vibrated to

agony. A bright hectic flushed over her cheek, and a tear started at his words. It was the last blush of human feeling, that stained its purity or dimmed the heavenly lustre of her eye. At the moment, a long, loud shout was heard in the streets; it was caught up and echoed in every direction; it ascended to Heaven, and the blue vault on high rang with the joyous peal. The echoes reverberated back the sound, and Heaven and earth seemed joined in one loud Hallelujah!

Mellicent laid her hand on her father's arm; she could not speak, for emotion shook her wasted form almost to dissolution. A friend of Mr. Glanville's rushed into their presence, exclaiming—"The Declaration of Independence has been read in the State House!"

"Glory be to God in the highest!" exclaimed Mellicent, starting up as with tenfold health and strength—"my country is free!—Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"

She fell back as the words past her lips—her father caught her fragile form, but the spirit was fled for ever. The sudden joy had snapt the last cord which bound it to earth, and released the immortal soul from its bondage of clay. She had died in the moment so long, so fervently prayed for—in the full fruition of joy—in the perfection of her treasured hopes—and she had died most happy. She was not doomed to suffer the long suspense—the alternate of hope and despair which followed. She went from a world too cold and cruel, to contain a being so pure, so heavenly—and rejoicing angels bore the emancipated spirit to its native skies.

They made her grave in the spot she loved, where the flowers bloom fairest and the sun shines brightest; and they laid her there in her young loveliness, beneath a sky which was not brighter nor purer than herself. They planted the hallowed turf with blossoms, beautiful as the one who sleeps beneath, and the night breeze wafts the incense of their perfume to the sky.

To that holy spot, for many a year, would the maidens of America come, and invoke the blest spirit of the beautiful blessed one who rests beneath; and there, traditions say, has her hallowed form been seen to glide, blessing again the land she loved so well, and hailing with holy joy, the liberty and peace for which she gladly sacrificed herself, and died—a Patriot Martyr.

THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

THE human soul is as clearly distinguished from all animal mind, notwithstanding the partial resemblances that exist, as the bee is from the sponge, or the elephant from the oyster. Independent of all metaphysical discrimination, the literature, the history, the arts, the mechanisms, and the manufactures of mankind—all that ennobles, enriches, and delights a cultivated nation, show at once, with an irresistible certainty, the immense superiority of the human soul. It has discovered and acquired the sciences, composed the works, displayed the feelings, performed the actions, and created the buildings,

the ships, the paintings, the statues, the music, and all the other wonders of civilized society. These are sufficient facts to separate the human spirit from the animal mind. That never improves; that, in no age or country, has effected any progression; though it sees, hears, and feels as we do, and thinks and reasons, wills and judges on its perceptions, so far as its appetites are concerned, much as we do on ours. But there is its limit. Beyond that small, though useful circle, it never advances. In our appetites, in the mental agency which they stimulate and acquire, we have a kinship and a similitude, but no further. When our moral principles begin—when our improvabilities develop—when we rise beyond our animal wants and desires—when we study nature—when we cultivate literature—when we seek after knowledge—when the reason and the sympathies ascend to their Creator—we distinguish our spirit from the animal mind for ever. To none of these things can that attain. It is incapable either of receiving or of comprehending them; and these ennobling powers and their phenomena express and illustrate the amazing difference which parts us from our fellow brutes, more impressively than any verbal definitions or descriptive particularity. Their faculties, instincts, and powers are admirable for their class of being, and enlarge our notions of the benevolence as well as of the almightiness of our Common Maker; but they bear no comparison with the transcending capacity, qualities, and achievements of their human masters.—Turner's *Sacred History*.

COQUETRY.

"PRAY, Mamma, explain to me what is coqueterie? I feel as if I did, and did not understand the meaning of the word."—"Before I give you the desired explanation," replied Lady de Clifford, smiling, "I think I ought first to ascertain what your motives are in asking the question, as the character of coquette would not, I should hope, be approved of by my Rosa. Coqueterie is a vice—for I must call it such—that is supposed to belong exclusively to our sex; though, if they choose to acknowledge it, I believe it equally appertains to the other, and consists in the desire of attracting the attentions of men. Surrounded by their flattery and homage, the coquette seeks to draw all mankind around her, and all who approach her magic sphere appear to find, however they may despise the object, an indescribable charm which attracts them; for a coquette generally possesses the talent of making every one pleased with himself. Her sole aim in life is to excite admiration; and not confined to one alone, she seeks and courts it from all.—But when the object is gained, the desire of pleasing generally ceases. Madame de Genlis says of coqueterie, and the remark is most just—"C'est ce que les hommes meprisent, et ce qui les attire."—*La Coqueterie*.

precede my wedding-day—where the sweet counsel from her lips which was to make the memory of that evening holy for evermore—where the quiet and the peace which should bless my heart? They have made me what I am—they have made me what I am.”—“La, Miss,” said the astonished maid, “I am sure you ought to be happy; and as to your poor mamma, it is in nature that parents should die before their children, and she was a very delicate lady always. So do, Miss,” continued she, “dry your beautiful eyes, or they’ll be as red as ferrets, and your voice is quite hoarse with crying; you will not be fit to be seen to-morrow.”

Nothing calms one like the consciousness of not being sympathised with: Bessie Ashton ceased to weep, and began to undress, after which she dismissed her maid, and burying her head in her hands, forgot all but the irrevocable past.

“Past four! a fine morning,” Bessie started, and raised her heavy eyes to the window—the monotonous words were repeated. She looked wistfully at the bed; but no—she felt she *could* not sleep. Her head sank again on her hand; vague feelings of wretchedness and self-reproach, weighed on her soul, and too weary even to weep, she remained listlessly dreaming, till a sudden beam of the morning sunshine lit on the ornaments she had worn the night before, and startled her into consciousness. Her clasped hands dropped on her knee as she gazed on the sweet sky which heralded in her wedding-day. The sun rose higher and brighter—the heavens grew bluer—the indistinct and rarely heard chirping of the earlier birds changed to a confused twittering, varied by loud cheerful notes, and the clear carol of the blackbird and thrush; the fresh wind blew on her weary aching brow, as if seeking to soothe her misery; and Bessie Ashton sank on her knees and stretching out her arms to Heaven, murmured some passionate invocation, of which the only audible words were “Claude, dear Claude!—Oh, God forgive me and help me! *that* love is sinful now.”

Few would have recognised the pale and weeping form which knelt in earnest agony *then*, in the bride of the evening. Wedded by special license to an Earl: covered with pearls and blonde: flushed with triumph and excitement: the Countess of Glenallan bent, and imprinted a light cold kiss on the forehead of each of her beautiful bridesmaids; bowed and smiled to the congratulating beings who pressed round her; received the stiff and self-complacent speech of her aunt, Lady Ashton; and descended the magnificent staircase with her happy bridegroom. One adieu alone disturbed her. George Ashton stood at the hall-door, and, as she passed, he took her hand and murmured, “God bless you, Bessie!” Involuntarily she wrung the hand he held; involuntarily she returned the blessing; old memories crowded to her heart:—tears gathered in her eyes:—with a burst of weeping she sank back in the carriage, and when Lord Glenallan whispered caressingly, “Surely, my own, you

have left nothing there for which my love cannot repay you”—she drew her hand from his with a cold shudder; and a confused wish that she had never been born, or never lived to be married, (especially to the man to whom she had just sworn love and duty,) was the uppermost feeling in Bessie’s heart, as the horses whirled her away to her new home.

Time past; Bessie Ashton again appeared on the theatre of the gay world, as an admired bride. The restless love of conquest which embittered her girlhood, still remained—or rather, (inasmuch as our feelings do not become more simple as we mix with society,) increased and grew upon her day by day.

The positive necessity of sometimes concealing what we do feel; the policy of affecting what we do not; the defiance produced by the consciousness of being disliked without a cause, and abused as a topic for conversation; the contempt excited by the cringing servility of those who flatter for services to be performed, and follow for notice to be obtained; the repeated wreck of hopes that seemed reasonable; the betrayal of confidence which appeared natural; the rivalry, disappointment, mortification, and feverish struggling, which beset us in the whirlpool of life, and carry us round whether we will or not—these are causes which the noblest and the purest natures have difficulty in resisting, and which had their full effect on a mind like Bessie’s, naturally vain and eager, and warped by circumstances to something worse.

From her mother’s home, where poverty and a broken heart had followed an imprudent marriage, Miss Ashton had been transported to add, by her transcendent beauty, one other feature of attraction to the gayest house in London.

“Not quite a woman, yet but half a child,”

she was at that age when impressions are easiest made—and, when made, most durable. Among her rich relations the lessons taught by the pale lips of her departed parent were forgotten: the weeds which that parent would have rooted from her mind, grew up and choked her better feelings; and Bessie, the once simple and contented Bessie, who had been taught to thank God for the blessing of a humble home, and the common comforts of life, struggled for wealth and rank that should place her on a par with her new associates, and shrank from the idea of bestowing her hand on any man who could not give her in return—diamonds and an Opera-box.

During the seclusion of an English honeymoon, Bessie had believed that (Claude Forester apart) she could love Glenallan better than any one. He was intelligent, kind, graceful, and noble. He was an Earl, he was popular with women, and respected by men. He had made two very creditable speeches in the House, and *might* make more. He rode inimitably well. He had shown more taste in laying out the grounds about Glenallan, than Nash did in the Regent’s Park. In short, there was no reason she should *not* love Glenallan;—except that it would be so exceedingly ridiculous to fall in love

with one's husband; it would look as if nobody else thought it worth his while to pay her any attention; Glenallan himself would think it so ridiculous, for Glenallan had none of Claude Forester's romance, and was quite accustomed to the ways of fashionable couples, and contented to pursue the same path.—Then Lady Ashton—how Lady Ashton would laugh! and it really would be laughable, after all. So Lady Glenallan's first *coup d'essai*, after her marriage, was to encourage the violent admiration evinced for her by her Lord's cousin, Fitzroy Glenallan, who was twice as intelligent, twenty times as graceful, won all the plates at Ascot, Epsom, and Doncaster; was the idol of the women—and as to the men—pshaw! the men were jealous of him.

Now it so happened, that one of the inimitable Fitzroy's peculiarities was, that he never could be in love with the same woman for more than three months at a time. Upon this failing, therefore, the young Countess undertook to lecture him, and succeeded so well, that he suddenly told her one morning, when she was gathering a geranium in her beautiful conservatory in Park Lane, that if there ever existed a being he could worship for ever, it was herself. Lady Glenallan let fall the flower she had gathered. She blushed a deep crimson. She felt—that she was a married woman, and ought to be excessively shocked—she thought of forbidding him the house, but then it would be so awkward to make a quarrel between Glenallan and his cousin; so she only forbid him ever to mention the subject again: and to prove that she was in earnest in her wish to discourage his attentions, she gave two hours every morning, and a perpetual ticket to her opera-box, to young Lord Linton, who knew nobody in town, poor fellow, was only just two-and-twenty, and most touchingly attached to a pale pretty little sister of his, with whom he rode, walked, and talked unceasingly, and who, he assured Lady Glenallan, was the last of seven; that eating worm, consumption, being the inheritance of his family.

Fitzroy Glenallan was not, however, a man to be slighted with impunity—he ceased to be Lady Glenallan's *lover*, but oh! how infinitely more irksome and troublesome did he contrive to make the attentions of Lady Glenallan's *friend*. What unasked-for advice did he not pour into her ear!—what gentle hints and laughing allusions did he not bestow on her husband! what an unwearied watch did he not keep over the very curl of her lip, and the lifting of her eye-lash, when her smiles or her glance were directed to her new favourite.—A thousand times in a fit of irritation did she determine on freeing herself from the tyranny of this self-elected monitor; and a thousand times did she shrink from the attempt under the bitter consciousness that her own folly had in some measure placed her in his power.—He might incense Lord Glenallan, who was gradually becoming, not openly jealous—no, he was too fashionable a husband for that—but coldly displeased, and distant at times, and sneeringly

reproachful at others. He might ridicule her to his companions; he might—in short she felt, without exactly knowing why, that it would be better to keep well with the person whose admiration had once been so grateful to her. Meanwhile young Linton gradually became absorbed by his passion for his beautiful protectress:—that a being so gifted, so worshipped, so divine, should devote her time, her talents, her affection, to one as unknown and insignificant as himself, was as extraordinary as it was intoxicating. His mornings were spent in her boudoir—his afternoons in riding by her side—his evenings in wandering through the crowded assembly, restless, fevered, and dissatisfied, till her arm was linked in his, and then—all beyond was a blank—a void—a nullity that could scarce be deemed existence. His little fair consumptive sister was almost forgotten; or, when remembered, the sudden pang of having neglected her would strike him, and he would hurry her here and there and everywhere, in search of amusement, and load her table with new books, and hot-house flowers; and kiss away the tears that trembled in her eyes; and murmur, between those light kisses, how willingly he would lay down his life to save her one hour's vexation; and wonder she still looked fatigued and still seemed unhappy. But by degrees these fits of kindness grew more rare—the delirium which steeped his senses shut out all objects but one. Day after day—day after day—Lucy Linton sat alone in the dark, hot drawing-room, in South Audley-street, and with a weakness, which was more of the body than the mind, wept and prophesied to herself that she should die very soon; while her brother persuaded himself that she was too ill—too tired to go out—too anything—rather than she should be in the way.

It is true, Lady Glenallan could not be aware of all these solitary musings; but it is equally true that she was jealous of Linton's love, even for his sister; and in the early days of their acquaintance, when Lucy used sometimes to accompany them to the opera, exacted the most undivided attention to her fair self. Occasionally, indeed, when some charitable dowager had taken Lucy to a ball or party, and that little pale wistful face passed Lady Glenallan in the crowd, and gave one lingering look of fondness at the brother who was her natural protector, the heart of the admired Countess would smite her, and her arm would shrink from her companion, as she reflected that she did not even return the love she had taken so much pains to secure to herself; but for the most part she forgot all but her own interests or amusements.

At length a new actor appeared in the scenes we have described. Claude Forester returned to England! Fitzroy Glenallan's eye rested on Bessie's face, when some careless tongue communicated the news to her. For one moment he looked round, as if to assure himself there was no other obvious cause for the emotion which crimsoned the brow, cheek, and bosom, of the being before him. Lady Glenallan lifted her conscious

eyes to his, and turned deadly pale—he looked at her a moment more—bit his lip till the blood started, and moved away. A moment's hesitation, and she followed with a light quick step into the adjoining room. "Fitzroy," gasped she, as she laid her hand on his arm, "you know I knew him before I was married."—"I did not know it," replied he, coldly, "neither I believe does Glenallan." For a moment Bessie shrank angrily from the insinuation, which the tone, rather than the words implied. She dreaded she scarcely knew what, from the manner of her companion; and the consciousness that even that rapid moment, which had scarce allowed time for the crimson blood to rise and subside in her cheek, had sufficed to flash the thought through her mind of how and where and when Claude would meet her; and what would be the result of such a meeting, bewildered her and increased her agitation, as, with a nervous laugh, she said, "You will not jest before *him* about it—will you?" It was the first time she had so directly appealed to him—so directly endeavoured to propitiate him. A conscious and bitter smile of triumph played on his lip and lurked in his eye. "You may depend on my never mentioning the *past*," said he; "but tell me—" what he desired to know was left unasked, for at that moment Claude Forester himself walked through the room. He saw Lady Glenallan—paused—hesitated for a few seconds—crossed the room and stood beside her. A few words he spoke, but what they were Bessie did not hear, though they were spoken in a clear firm tone. To her imagination it seemed as if there was contempt and reproof even in the sound of his voice—she murmured something inarticulate in return, and when she ventured to lift her eyes, Fitzroy Glenallan alone stood before her. Oppressed with the suddenness of the interview—overcome by previous agitation—and stung to the heart, Bessie Glenallan burst into tears. Fitzroy had taken her hand, and was endeavouring to soothe her, when Lord Glenallan and George Ashton entered at the same moment. "Shall I call the carriage, Lady Glenallan? Are you ill?" asked the former, as he glanced with a surprised and discontented air from one to the other. "If you please," murmured Bessie, and he went, followed by his cousin. Not a word was spoken by the pair who remained; but once, when Lady Glenallan looked up, she caught George Ashton's eyes fixed on her with earnest pity: how different from Fitzroy's smile! thought she, and, as she stepped into the carriage, she asked him to call the next day and see her.

The morrow came, and with it came George Ashton. Dispirited and weary, Lady Glenallan complained of Claude Forester's coldness—of Fitzroy Glenallan's friendship—of Lord Linton's attentions—of her husband's inattention—of Lucy Linton's health—of the world's ill-nature—of every thing and everybody, including the person she addressed, and, having exhausted herself with passionate complaining, sank back to wait his answer. "Bessie," said he at length, "I

have known you from childhood, and (I may say so *now* that all is over,) I have loved you as well or better than any of your admirers; it is not, therefore, a harsh view of your character that prompts me to give the warning I beseech of you to hear patiently. You are listless and weary of the life you are leading, and mortified at Claude Forester's neglect: but, gracious heaven, what is it you wish? or when will the struggle for pernicious excitement cease in your mind and leave you free to exert your reason? Suppose Claude Forester to have returned with the same deep devoted love for you which filled his heart when he left England, and fled from a fascination which he was unable to resist. Suppose him to have urged that passion with all the vehemence of which his nature is capable—would you, indeed, as Lord Glenallan's wife, listen to the man for whom you would not sacrifice your vanity when both were free—or is there so much of the heartlessness of coquetry about you, that you would rather *he* were miserable than that you should not appear irresistible.—Do you, Bessie, wish Claude were again your lover?"—"No," sobbed Lady Glenallan, "but I wish him not to think ill of me."—"And if you could prove that you had no fault towards him, would it not seem hard that he had ever left you? would not explanations lead to regrets, and regrets to —. Bessie, struggle against this strange infatuation—this envious thirst for power over the hearts of men. Already you are entangled—already you shrink from the tyranny of Fitzroy Glenallan, and dread the approaches of the cruelly deceived Linton—already you have begun to alienate the affections of a kind and generous heart for the miserable shadows of worldly admiration. Oh! where is the pleasure—where the triumph—of conquests such as yours? What avails it to your comfort at home, or your respectability abroad, that you are satisfied to believe yourself virtuous, because you disappoint even the fools whose notice you attract? Is it indeed so gratifying to see Fitzroy bow to his thousand previous deities and coldly pass them to place himself by you? Is it, indeed, so gratifying to see that little pale deserted girl struggling for a smile, while you parade her infatuated brother through the rooms at Ashton-house? or to sit in an attitude in your opera-box as a point towards which all the glasses in the pit should turn? Warning is given you—retreat in time—have courage to do right. Think of your home, your husband—and leave Claude Forester to his destiny."

"Dear me, Lady Glenallan," exclaimed a female friend, who entered half an hour afterwards, "I can't conceive what you can find to fret about?"—"Can't you," responded the young Countess, dipping her handkerchief in some Eau de Cologne, and applying it to her forehead. "No, indeed, I can't—all the men run after you—all the women are jealous of you—you've no children—no lapdogs—no sisters-in-law—none of the torments of married life. You are as rich as Cæsar, and —" Bessie Glenallan looked

from the window, and sighed, "Yes, it's a very empty park—very dull—been so wet all the morning—but I should think you would be at no loss for amusements—got your harp and all the new books, I see. Are you going to Lady Maskingham's to-night?"—"Yes—no—why?" "*Why?*" really, my dear Lady Glenallan, something must have happened; you're quite absent; you know every one will be there."—"True—yes—oh I shall go certainly."—He shall not fancy that I am sad for his sake, thought Bessie, and she sighed again.

Full of excellent resolutions, Lady Glenallan ordered her carriage—bathed her eyes—and drove to South Audley-street. She found Lucy alone, and proposed to her to drive out, which was gladly assented to. As they returned, Bessie said to her little companion, "I shall call in the evening to see if you will go to the ball—do go; I never saw you look better. And then," thought she, as the carriage drove off, "I will have a few words of explanation with poor dear Linton, and after that I will play the coquette no more, for it is all very true—." And again Lady Glenallan sighed. Lady Glenallan and Lucy were late at the ball, owing to the difficulty the former had found in persuading Miss Linton to go at all. But Bessie, like most selfish people trying to do a good-natured thing, would take no denial, and though Lucy persisted that she was more weak and weary than usual—her chaperone waited till she was dressed, and carried her off in triumph. The ball-room opened on an illuminated garden, and Lady Glenallan was standing on the stone steps which led to the principal walks, when Lord Linton hastily addressed her, "Let me speak three words to you—pray, pray hear me, dearest." Startled and confounded, Lady Glenallan neither spoke nor moved, while, in a rapid and confused manner, he explained that he had heard a story of her attachment to Claude Forester, of their parting, of her agitation at seeing him the night before; and he conjured her by all that was holy, not to trifle with him, but at once to confess, either her love for Claude, or her willingness to fly with himself to the uttermost parts of the earth. "May I dance? Do you think it will be safe for me to dance, Linton?" asked the gentle voice of his sister. "Yes, yes, love; no, I mean—yes, dance by all means; dance."—"I have really your leave?" she continued, with a smile; "I believe you scarcely heard my question."—"Yes, yes, my dear Lucy; you wish to dance—go now—go—I am quite willing you should dance to-night.—Oh! Lady Glenallan—Oh! Bessie! answer me, speak to me!" But another voice was in Bessie's ear. As they stood in the shadow of the portico, unseen by those who were walking in the garden, Claude Forester and a young lady passed close to them. "Do not deceive me," said Claude, "I have been deceived once, and I tell you fairly, that my contempt and disgust for the most wretched profligate of her sex, is weak to what I feel towards the coquette, who, with no temptation but vanity, trifles with—" the words were lost in the

distance. Yet, as the speaker returned, Bessie thought she distinguished her own name in the murmuring protestations of Claude's companion. "He scorns me—he holds me up as a warning, as an example, he—Claude—the only being whom I ever really loved!" and Lady Glenallan herself leaned her head against the portico, too faint even for tears. "Speak to me—speak to me—answer me, beloved Bessie!"—She had forgotten *him*. Shuddering, she attempted to withdraw her hand from the death-like clasp of his, while she exclaimed in agony, "Oh! well might he scorn me! Let me go, infatuated boy! you know not what you love—Oh! let me depart and die, I am sick, sick at heart! I have not heard you—I know not what you have said, or what I have answered—I am a fool—a miserable, vain, accursed fool. I am—Oh! God forgive me!"—"Lord Linton! Lord Linton! Lord Linton!" cried several voices, in a tone of alarm and horror. "Lord Linton! your sister!" said Lord Glenallan, as he made his way through the crowd, and seized the arm of the unhappy young man.—Instantly he darted forward—and Bessie followed; drawn by the fearful impulse which prompts us to leap the precipice we shudder to gaze from. A silent circle was formed where the dance had been; the music had only ceased that moment—there was but one sound through the wide room where hundreds were collected: and that sound was the gasping breath of him who knelt with the slight form of Lucy Linton supported in his arms. All that yet deceitfully told of life, was the shivering communicated by his trembling grasp. He laid her down, and felt that he gazed on a corpse. Peals of laughter, and merry voices, came faintly from the garden, where the event was yet unknown. "Oh, stop them! stop them!" exclaimed Lord Linton, as he gazed towards the portico. "Oh! madman! fool! *to let her dance!*" And as he uttered these words in a tone of agony, his eye fell on Lady Glenallan, with an expression which froze her very soul. A terrible dream seemed to haunt her; a dream from which she *could* not wake. Slowly and with effort she withdrew her eyes, and gazed round the circle—all, all were gazing spell-bound and horror-struck, on that awful sight; all but *one*. Claude Forester supported the girl with whom he had been walking, and whose gaze was rivetted on that mournful group of the young brother and his dead sister. *His* eye alone sought another face—Bessie Glenallan met it—and fainted. Many years have passed since that night of sudden horror. They have danced in that same ball-room, to the self-same tunes: and the name of Lucy Linton is a sound forgotten even by those who knew her best. But Lady Glenallan yet remembers in her prayers that fearful evening, and smiles tearfully in her husband's face, as, for the thousandth time, he repeats to comfort her, the certainty that poor Lucy would have died in a few days at all events; and pressing his little daughter's silken curls against her mother's cheek, bids her guide and guard her well, lest she too should be a coquette.

EXPECTATION.

BY ANNA MARIA WOOD.

When at the midnight hour I speak
Thy welcome home, with playful smile,
If bloom be brightening o'er my cheek,
And gladness light mine eyes the while—
Thou'rt pleased, nor dost thou seek to know
If festive hours with others spent,
Have kindled on my cheek the glow,
And lustre to mine eyes have lent.

But when my vigil lone I keep,
And, through the hours that linger drear,
While reigns around me tranquil sleep,
Intensely watch thy steps to hear,
Till wayward doubt and wildering fear
A veil of gloom have o'er me wove,
Then dost thou chide the falling tear,
And say that sadness is not love.

Yet others may have lit the bloom,
And waked the smile, thou'rt pleased to see:
But thou alone can'st spread the gloom,
And falls each anxious tear for Thee.
Unkind! thy steps no more delay,
But quiet to my breast restore:
Think, if I love thee much when gay,
When I am sad, I love thee more.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loth
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both,
Perhaps he weaves:
Some tears—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing.
Look where your children start
Like sudden spring:
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe,
To thee and thine!

THE VENDEAN'S SON.

OF all the towns of Lower Normandy, Granville is, perhaps, the least interesting. From whatever side it is reached, indeed, whether from Coutances and its magnificent cathedral to the north, from that lovely little paradise, Mortain, inland and east of it, or from Avranches, the traveller is generally disappointed. Not always however—a gay dance of sailor lads and Norman lasses on the barren heights above the town, together with tents and colours, music, gingerbread, and other appendages of a *fete*, gave to the bleak coast of Granville a charm, that might well supply the picturesque. Nor was this, after all, wanting. There was the wide ocean, lit by a gay summer even, the sullen hills of Brittany bounding it on one side, whilst on the other the gilded line of the horizon was broken by the island of Jersey, from whence some tiny volumes of smoke were seen to rise in graceful curls, giving that pleasing effect of motion in extreme and placid distance. This proceeded, we were told, from weeds burning. Chaussee, an islet belonging to France, formed also an interesting speck on the sea's surface. Immediately beneath, the port of Granville was unusually crowded with masts of boats, nay even ships, with a variety of tiny flags flying. From the dark town were issuing crowds to the *fete*, whilst a bedusted carriage disgorged its freight of travellers, who, however wearied, could not but pause to mingle in the scene of mirth. It was one of those fatigue-repaying moments of travel, when the eye is enchanted, and the imagination gets upon a tip-toe for an adventure.

No need of describing the peasant beauty of the Normans, though here certainly less marked than in the more northern parts of the province. There was a little group of Jersey women of the middling rank, dressed in white, with fair English complexions, and English cottage bonnets too, which curiously contrasted with the head-dresses of their French neighbours, and excited much the attention and astonishment of the latter.

"What *fete* or holiday is this?" asked a stranger. "In honour of what Saint may these rejoicings be?"

"Saint!" exclaimed the questioned person with a grin; "none that I know of, except cod-fish. You may call it the *fete de la morue*."

He afterwards explained the droll expression and idea by telling us that on the morrow all the *grand batiments*, in other words, the *great ships and brigs* of Granville were setting forth on their annual cod-fishing expedition, to some marine region in the neighbourhood of Newfoundland. This at once accounted for the merry-making, for the attentions which the sailor lads paid to the lasses, from whom they were about to part, and for the interest excited in the fluttering breasts and features of the latter, for youths about to enter upon a voyage of distance, if not peril. There was, indeed, a world of wooing, nor did I ever see the verb *love* conjugated at once through so many of its moods and tenses. Some were sad and Werther-like, others with spirits *sky-high*, with heart and heels ever on the rebound.

All suffrages united in awarding the palm of beauty to one girl, the queen of the *fete*, and the

daughter of one of the ship-owners of the morrow's expedition. This sturdy mariner had made a brief appearance on the hill, but had departed to attend to some operation or steorage on board his vessel. His daughter, Louise, remained the cynosure of every eye. She was a dark, delicate, proud maiden, not loth to enjoy a triumph; and in this she was fully gratified, not only by the universal regard, but by the close attentions of more than one anxious suitor. The frank seaman, her sire, had declared, that he should consider the most active, expert, and steady fisher of his crew as best entitled to his daughter and her dower, a promise, considered not so disinterested as it may at first seem, since it ensured a choice band of sailors, and with such a bait an overteeming hold of stock-fish.

Anon, the equanimity of the *fete* was disturbed by a quarrel amongst the pretenders to Made-moiselle Louise. Pique was taken and high words arose. One youth called another "a lubber, born to hold the tail of a plough not the helm of a vessel." And the gentleman thus vituperated, retorted on his insulter as "a cursed Vendean and a *Marquis*." Now, whoever knows aught of French, must know that the most dire term of reproach in the land's vocabulary is the word *Marquis*—strange as this may seem to our aristocratic ears. Beyond it there remains nought, save an appeal to the sword. This was not wanting in the present case, but the *fete* and the crowd, and the morrow's departure, prevented such an extreme mode of settling the strife, which evaporated, much against the will of the rivals, in bloodless frowns and words.

Who was he accused of being a *Marquis*, and who had so resented the appellation? A handsome youth, named Pierre Paul, the favoured lover of Louise. No finer, nor gayer aspect shone at the *fete* under a sailor's glazed hat, nor was there either in Granville, or on board the brig of Louise's sire, a more clever hooker, emboweller, or salter of stock-fish. But how a *Marquis*?

It was in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-somewhat, that the insurrectionary army of Vendean were moved by fatuity to quit their own close and covered country of the *Bocage*. They crossed the Loire, advanced into an unknown and open province, in order to make themselves masters of a sea-port opposite to the English shores and convenient for receiving succours thence. Granville struck them as the most desirable place of the kind. They marched towards it, and attacked it with all their wonted valour. The Vendean, however, like the Goths of old, were formidable indeed in the field, but powerless against stone walls and fortifications; and, in consequence, they were repulsed from even the insignificant town of Granville to the great disappointment of Lord Moira, who was in the neighbouring seas with an auxiliary force. Their repulse at Granville proved fatal to the Vendean; they from thence retreated homewards; few re-crossed the Loire; and the royalist insurrection expired. The wives and families

of the Vendean followed their armies, the camp being their only safe refuge. Hence the hurried retreat from Granville proved most disastrous to the wives and infants of the Vendean, the more helpless portion of their families. These were found on the roads and in the ditches dead with famine and fatigue. On the road betwixt Granville and Avranché was on that occasion found an ass with a pair of panniers, in one of which was stowed an infant. This infant was the present Pierre Paul. As a lost orphan from the ranks of the royalists and aristocrats, he was stigmatized, by those who had occasion to hate, or wish to vex him, as a *Marquis*. The name became first affixed to him at school, and it was the cause of much mortification, buffetting, and blood—from the nose. The stigma added to his hardness and superiority, by calling forth all his pride and pugnacity. But it had with him the singular effect of reversing all received ideas of rank and worth. Thus noble or gentle birth—and such, from the contents of the pannier, most probably were his—which all mankind and all romance-writers so justly and prodigiously esteem, came to appear to the eye of Pierre Paul, as the most signal disgrace that could befall him. This may seem impossible in any other country; but in France it not only may be true, but is very general. Nothing so common there, as to glory in being plebeian; and why should not pride grow cheap, as well as other virtues and commodities? I see not.

On the morrow after the *fete* above described, took place a solemnity, or scene, still more interesting; indeed, if circumstances favour it, as interesting as may well be witnessed. The ships had all put out, or were putting to sea; their sails extended, and the shouts of the sailors seemed to court and to invoke the breeze. The morn was lovely as the previous eve. Jersey and the Breton mountains shone in the sea; yet, despite the fair promise of the heavens, those left on shore showed their mistrust of the fickle element, at whose mercy were now to be, for months, so many husbands, lovers, parents. The female population of Granville, old and young, were clustered around a large crucifix erected on the shore, some imploring, some weeping, whilst others, with fixed regards, watched the retreating vessels. Kerchiefs were waving; and the hair of maidens, loosened by the wind, formed a still more touching token of adieu. All this affection, evinced at the foot of the cross, placing itself, its ties, and fortunes, under the protection of that sacred symbol, presented a sweet and solemn spectacle, that had the effect of hallowing Granville in the recollection of at least one spectator.

Louise was amidst the group. How unlike the gay, triumphant beauty of the preceding evening! Then, vanity mingled with the purest and tenderest sentiment, but slightly and not ungracefully perhaps alloying them. But now her heart was all given to sorrow; a thousand anxieties preyed upon it. He might perish, or he might change; might be *maladroit* by misfortune,

and not attract her father's preference. In short, she ran round all the adverse points of fortune's compass, and, as usual, passed over the only one from which the unlucky wind was to blow.

Summer months rolled on; ships and crews had reached their far shore of destination, and were busily engaged in fulfilling the purpose of their voyage. Granville was tranquil, and many a little calendar told that half the time of absence had expired for the fishing expedition, when rumour came that some strange personages had taken up their abode at the chief hotel of the town. What was their errand? They were not mere travellers; such never stopped at Granville—nor were they going to Jersey—nor yet were they *connoisseurs-voyageurs*. The said hotel is about the filthiest in the civilized world. What tempted, then, these strangers to tarry there?—Curiosity, and more than simple curiosity; for they brought out the elders of the place and questioned them touching the time of the Vendean attack and repulse, and respecting certain waifs, in valuables and children, left by the fugitives on that occasion. Whom could these inquiries affect, except Pierre Paul? Probably him, indeed. But the said inquiries were vague. They told nought, but of a child lost on the disastrous occasion of the rout. But as to the circumstances, the ass, the panniers, or what these might have contained, the curious knew nought, till they had been informed by the Granvillites. This, however, they accounted for by observing that the parents had perished, and they acted for merely distant relatives, who were not upon the scene of action, and were only acquainted with the mere circumstance of the loss.

Wonders and adventures carry conviction with them to a large class of mankind, whilst they are invariably denied by the minority of mooters, scarce more wise. All Granville enlisted itself in the former category. The nickname of Pierre Paul was declared to be verified, and less than a veritable *Marquis* none would allow him to be. There was great joy at the discovery. It was considered to honour the town, and to prove its discrimination in saving a patrician jewel amongst so much plebeian rubbish. Pierre Paul might turn out a great man; and heaven knew what he might not do for Granville!—give it packets—make it a naval or military *depot*—at least, raise it to an equality with its rival, St. Maloes.

There was one, however, who did not share in this joy and congratulation—this was Louise. She was struck with dismay at the splendid gleam of fortune thrown upon her humble lover, and trembled, with considerable reason, for its effect. How she regretted her caprices, her momentary pride, her coquetry. The record of her little follies rose up to upbraid her; and never was innocent put into a more cruel, or more salutary state of purgatory. The poor thing made a second vow to her saint—she had already made one for the safe return of her father's vessel, and of all whom it contained, and she now doubled the gift and enlarged the request. The Curate was the richer for this; for despite the indiffer-

ence of the land in religious matters, the piety of the fishing population has never been shaken. Fortunate is their pastor—he has tithe as well as pension—nor mackerel, nor stock-fish, are known to fail in his habitation.

Well, at length, to many an anxious eye, three—six—a dozen sails appeared in the horizon. It was the fishing-fleet. There shone an universal face of joy. The heights were covered with lookers-out, and the port crowded with expectants—but poor Louise was with neither. She shrunk from meeting her lover, or receiving his joyous salutation, until he was informed of his probable good-fortune, until he had time to reflect upon it, and to consider how far it marred or squared with his previous vows and intentions. Full of these thoughts, Louise bent her steps from the town, alone, along the narrow beach. She watched the nearing vessels, but beckoned not to them. Of a sudden, boats were put out; the breeze was considered too sluggish for some of the impatient mariners, who proceeded to row to shore. This movement, too, Louise espied: nor was she herself, she thought, a stranger to the motive which inspired it. Those who had taken to the boats appeared, however, to be foiled in their aim. The tide was setting northwards, and the rowers, despite their exertions, were drifted with it and in vain endeavoured to make the port. What was Louise's dismay, and pleasure, and confusion, to observe, at length, the boats abandon their destination, and put straight for shore. Somewhat overcome by this contrariety, the maiden sat down upon a rock, sheltered by it from view. In the first boat, as it pushed ashore, she could plainly perceive, not only Pierre Paul, but his rival. They leaped out, and were followed by one or two others; these bore cutlasses, and the truth instantly flashed on the girl's mind. The quarrel on her account had, instead of dying away, been aggravated. On board, the old Captain's vigilance had forbidden and prevented a rencontre; and now the first opportunity was seized by them for indulging their mutual animosity, and deciding their inveterate quarrel.

"Let it be, first blood drawn ends the battle," exclaimed one of the friends.

"No, no! let him who would give over, cry 'Grace!' and let that mean, that he gives up all pretensions to Louise."

"It would be honestest and wiser for you both to walk boldly into town, and ask the girl herself to choose betwixt you."

Pierre Paul seemed not unwilling to abide by such decision, but his antagonist preferred the arbitration of the sword. Each shook his weapon, but there was not time to cross them when the object of dispute appeared, as if by enchantment, and wearing such an air of indignant command, that no fisherman, at least touched in heart, could disobey.

"Holy thunder! if here be not the Louise de Paix herself!" exclaimed the pacifically-inclined tar, who acted as friend or second.

The weapons dropped, though with some re-

luctance from the hand of the less-favoured combatant. Pierre Paul was at the feet of Louise in an instant, and would have claimed the privilege of a long absent lover, had not a frown of dark ill-humour from the girl dashed all his confidence.

"Come, Louise, at least you must decide betwixt us, once and for ever; and let the quarrel after, be for spite, not love."

"My decision is quickly given, Messieurs," cried the fair arbiter; "and this it is—I will have neither of you for my *bon ami*. As to you, Sir, you are too blood-thirsty." This was addressed to the rival. "And Monsieur Pierre Paul, here—"

"A Monsieur to me, Louise!" interrupted he.

"Oh! Monseigneur then, if you please—you are too——"

"Too what?" exclaimed the impatient youth.

But the word was lost, for Louise was in a flood of tears.

"There has been some one maligning me in my absence," cried Pierre Paul, savage with anger, as he pressed Louise with a volley of questions. But she had recovered herself, and relapsed into sullen pride; not contradicting his suspicion that some one had taken away his character in his absence. At length, after a scene that would have proved most amusing to any witness that happened to be in the secret, Pierre Paul sprung off for the town of Granville, followed more leisurely by his mistress and the rest of the party.

Let us accompany the hero of our brief tale. His speed soon enabled him to reach the town, which he no sooner entered, than he was recognized and saluted with the shrill children's cry of—

"Ha! here's the *Marquis* come back from the cod-fishing. He's a truer *Marquis* than ever."

With difficulty he refrained from seizing the urchins, and flinging them into the harbour. At length some acquaintances unriddled the riddle to him as clearly as their information and his impatience would permit. And straight Pierre Paul flew to the *auberge*, where had re-arrived, expectant of the fishing squadron's return, the person charged to re-claim the lost boy. He imagined that he came upon a welcomed errand, and was greatly surprised to find in his long-sought *protege* a rude young fellow, overflowing with a sense of insult and injury, and almost menacing instant vengeance with a drawn cutlass, unless what he considered the derogatory report was contradicted.

Despite his confusion and alarm, the *avoue* or man of business reasoned with the mad boy, and although he could not content nor pacify him, he at least talked down his threats of immediate vengeance, and brought him to listen to an account of his fortune, deem it good or bad, as he might. Poor Pierre Paul returned home that night as added in brain, as if he had fallen from the shrouds of a vessel. He attempted to cross the threshold of Louise, but the old Captain barred the entrance.

"No, boy—no *ci-devants* enter here. I am

glad of your fortune, but a fisherman's cabin is no place to show it in."

"You are wrong, *mon Capitaine*, I am still but Pierre Paul, the sailor, and never will be any thing else—may be richer.—"

"That's no harm," quoth the Captain.

"But the de nobler."

"You promise?" rejoined the old tar.

"I do."

The Captain was about to strike his hand into that of his young sailor, when he suddenly checked himself, and coolly observed:—"Let us see first. Good night!"

Pierre Paul heaved a sigh, as the door closed against him. His own abode was thronged with a levee of noisy congratulators, wit whom he kept his temper for a certain time, when it altogether gave way, and the poor boy was soon set down by his rudely dismissed friends, as being already "spoiled by fortune."

La nuit porte conseil—night brings counsel, saith the French proverb. On his pillow, Pierre Paul arranged his ideas, and proceeded the next day to develop them to his new friend of the inn. The young sailor wore a brighter face, and instantly began by observing that he had no objection to riches;—"If there were sufficient to buy him a lugger, he would be happy; but if a brig, a very prince."

The man of affairs hemmed twice or thrice in answer to this tar-like view of fortune, and proceeded with some preliminary circumlocution to give Pierre Paul a clear view of circumstances. *Imprimis*, he could be proved of gentle race, the son of Maurice de Feniss, a gallant officer, and though neither Marquis nor Baron, yet a Chevalier of St. Louis. Pierre Paul's countenance brightened at this excessively. Dugay Trouin, and other heroes of the French navy, had been Chevaliers, and Louise herself might have no objection to the title. The *homme d'affaires* explained, however, that it was not hereditary.

"But the wealth, the estate, the chateau!"

None of these things existed. They had gone with the goods of other rebels to the Revolution; been sold and lost. What brought the man of business with promises of fortune? Simply this, the latter was to be made by the Vendean's son making his appearance at court, having first undergone a preparatory polishing in some school of land language and polite manners. This conduct, the crafty man promised, would forthwith procure some comfortable little situation in the household, until the time, not long distant, should arrive, when the properties of royalists and emigrants were to be restored. For the accomplishment of these schemes money was not wanting. The requisite advance would be made by him who employed the agent, an old friend and comrade of the unfortunate Vendean and his family.

The countenance of poor Pierre Paul was overthrown. He had counted upon wealth, at least, as a compensation for the queer reports circulated of him. But here was the evil without aught to counterbalance it. He was to be

stigmatised as a *ci-devant*, yet left a beggar as before.

The commerce of Granville and other fishing towns in the north of France is carried on in this way. The ships proceed in the summer to the North Seas to fish. They return in autumn for a short time, but not to unload their cargo, with which, in a few days, they again set sail for some port in the south of Bourdeaux, or for Marseilles. There they dispose of their stock-fish to a right Catholic, Lent-keeping population, and return home once more, laden with the wines and oils and other luxuries of those regions. According to this routine, the brig of Louise's sire hoisted sail in about ten days; and Pierre Paul, flinging himself from the pier-head, swam aboard of her:—the Captain had previously refused to admit a *Marquis* as a sailor. But the latter thus compelled his admission, and proved himself determined to be a sailor and no courtier. Louise heard of the feat, and saw the resolve which dictated it. The good-humour and gaiety of the girl thereupon returned. The self-denial of the sailor was vaunted in Granville, even more than his previous fortune, and the original cause of reprobation became for him a source of universal esteem. On board, Pierre Paul won definitely the good graces of the Captain, and, on the second return of the brig, Louise met him, and suffered a lover's salute, which, in a few brief Sundays, was converted by the old Curate into a husband's.

Such is the story, which I heard at Granville, of the fortunes of my friend, Pierre Paul Feniss. He discarded the *De*. The first years of his married life were as humble and as hard-working as those of his bachelordom. His gleam of fortune seemed to have evaporated. What was the surprise of the writer then, in 1826, to find him in a slated two-storied house, surrounded with all the comforts of Dugay Trouin himself. Could all this have been acquired by stock-fish? No, verily. His friend, the *homme d'affaires*, had not all abandoned the Vendean's offspring, and Pierre Paul received one hundred thousand francs, as his share of the indemnity to emigrants. Part of the money was to build the slated house, and part to fit out the Louise of Granville, an inscription to be observed in golden letters on the helm of a goodly brig, on the deck of which, moreover, was oft to be seen a sturdy boy, a second Pierre Paul, in the capacity of *mousse*, mopping said deck, or mending the vessel's cordage.

The prosperity of our tar was not, however, without alloy. Betimes, when he sat himself in the ever-memorable hotel, or *auberge*, to enjoy with a comrade a game of dominos and a *choppine* of Bourdeaux, a wicked urchin would peep in at the door, and yell out the nickname of *Marquis*. The sensibility of Pierre Paul was never proof against the insult. But on the other hand, mighty was the esteem which Feniss enjoyed in the town and port. And by and by, when the honest cod-fisher shall be laid in his grave, his story will be told and magnified and adorned into a legend, far

surpassing the simple and true narrative, preserved in the New Monthly Magazine for October eighteen hundred and thirty-one.

TERRESTRIAL CHANGES.

THAT the face of the globe has successfully undergone total changes, at different remote epochs, is now a fact beyond all dispute; as, also, that long anterior to the creation of man, this world was inhabited by races of animals, to which no parallels are now to be found; and that those animals themselves only made their appearance after the lapse of ages, during which no warm-blooded creatures had an existence. It has been further remarked by zoologists, that the animals which first appeared in these latitudes were analogous to such as now inhabit tropical regions exclusively; and that it was only at a period immediately antecedent to the creation of the human race, that species, similar to those of the existing æra, began to appear in the northern latitudes. Similar peculiarities have been also found to mark the vegetation of corresponding periods. It would hardly be credited, by persons unacquainted with the evidence upon which such facts repose, that, in the most dreary and desolate northern regions of the present day, there once flourished groves of tropical plants, of Coniferæ, like the Norfolk Island and Araucarian Pines, of Bananas, Treeferns, huge Cacti, and Palms; that the marshes were filled with rush-like plants, fifteen or twenty feet high, the coverts with ferns like the undergrowth of a West Indian Island, and that this vegetation, thus inconceivably rich and luxuriant, grew amidst an atmosphere that would have been fatal to the animal world. Yet, nothing can well be more certain than such a description is far from being overcharged. In the cold formation, which may be considered the earliest in which the remains of land plants have been discovered, the Flora of England consisted of ferns, in amazing abundance, of large Coniferous trees, of species resembling Lycopodiaceæ, but of most gigantic dimensions, of vast quantities of a tribe, apparently analogous to Cactæ or Euphorbiaceæ, (but, perhaps, not identical with them,) of Palms, and other Monocotyledones; and, finally, of numerous plants, the exact nature of which is extremely doubtful. Between two and three hundred species have been detected in this formation, of which two-thirds are ferns.—*The Fossil Flora*.

MAN does not consist "of two enemies who cannot part, and two friends who cannot agree:" he is not made up "of a god and beast tied together:" he is a whole—in the different parts of whose entire construction, similar difficulties exist. He is, as it were, one book—of which, if the grammar and the vulgarst portions astonish us by their perfections, it is no wonder that the higher and sublimer chapters are more than we can comprehend.

THE SYCOPHANT.

Bearfoot Hall, January 18—.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—You were certainly very considerate in offering to provide for one of my boys in your *own line*; you meant it kindly, I know, and I thank you. And yet I think I should hardly have intruded my second son, Winterton, on your protection, were it not that he has already manifested in so many various ways the disposition of a courtier, that, faith, I suspect he can never be an honest man.

You see, brother, I am unchanged; the worthy representative of those (with one exception) unbaroneted Bears, who, ever since the days of the fifth Henry, have been ready and willing to show and use their tusks. My other son is a chip of the old block; but Winterton resembles *you* in person as well as in mind: and I never witness the graceful bow which he makes when Lord C. pays us a visit, without thinking of the congee with which you never failed to salute the provost at Cambridge; while your artless elder brother paid his respects so awkwardly, that he excited the ridicule, and he used to fancy, the contempt of professors and students. Well! in this old weather-beaten hall, I will venture to assert, that I have been as happy as you, with the smiles of your king (God bless him) beaming on you, and the applause of a parcel of sycophants ringing in your ears.

When Winterton has been with you a few months, perhaps you will be able to write and tell me if he is likely to make a figure in your world. If he is to go to the devil, it is easier travelling a road embedded with golden sand, than one covered with paving stones; and I should like my boy to make the best of it, at all events. Perhaps you may be able to come down to us sometime during the shooting season; you will hardly know the girls, they are so much improved.

My dear Basil,

Your affectionate brother,
HAROLD BEARFOOT.

To the Right Hon.

Sir Basil Monkton Bearfoot.

The baronet to whom this note was addressed, received it about two o'clock on the afternoon of a winter's day, in his library—a small and silent room, where no light was admitted except through a painted oriel window, opening into St. James's park. A servant in a rich livery presented it to him, upon a chased gold salver, and then stood back, evidently waiting to deliver a message. Sir Basil, after casting his eye over the letter, looked up.

"The young gentleman who brought that letter, sir?"

"Let him be shown an apartment; he is my nephew."

"And the messenger from Whitehall, sir?"—

"Must wait."

"Mr. Granville is below, sir."

"Let him call to-morrow, at twelve."

"There is a person from the city—a clerk of—"

"I know; let him also call to-morrow, and tell every one that I am particularly engaged. I shall not want the carriage till four o'clock."

The servant bowed and withdrew.

Sir Basil Monkton Bearfoot was a slight and worn-looking man, of it might be forty or even fifty, for care had suffered no traces but its own to remain on his aristocratic features; his mouth when in repose was firm and severe, but when he smiled, there was something so ineffably sweet in its character, that you forgot the statesman, and looked only upon a kind and benevolent friend. His forehead was high and expansive, and the eyes which sheltered beneath his very shaggy and rugged brows, were quick and even restless in action and expression. He read over his brother's letter without betraying any emotion, at least, none that would have excited the attention of an ordinary observer. Again he cast his eye upon the opening paragraph, and commented thus upon the epistle, leaning back in the chaise-longue, and placing his feet on a small ottoman that stood directly before the fire:

"Second son, Winterton." The eldest, I suppose, is to be initiated, like Dandie Dinmont's terriers, "wi rottens, wi stots, wi tods, and brocks, until he fears nothing that ever wore a hairy skin," and that for the purpose of keeping the animal with just the proportion of intellect that belonged to his ancestors!

"Unbaroneted bears." I do believe my worthy brother thinks my accepting a baronetcy as disgraceful as if I had been knighted on Lord Mayor's day.

"Manifested in many various ways the disposition of a courtier,"—ergo—"he can never be an honest man." Harold, Harold! An elder brother never forgives a younger one his prosperity; and to cut at my advancement you resort to the old adage of "rogues at court."

"Use their tusks." Aye, to gore their friends.

"Graceful bow." You were, indeed, a bear, and, consequently, despised the ease and grace which churlish nature had denied you from your birth; how easy it is to despise what we cannot possess. "Happy, happy," repeated the minister. "After all, we may balance accounts, perhaps, and place nothing to either debtor or creditor! Happiness!" he again ejaculated; and pressing his hand on his brow, repeated the wise observation of a wise man—"Alas! we are apt to call things by wrong names:—we will have prosperity to be happiness, and adversity to be misery, though that is truly the school of wisdom."

"If he is to go to the devil, it is easier travelling a road embedded with golden sand, than one covered with paving stones!" An expression of bitterness and scorn passed over the baronet's face, as he laid down the letter, after repeating

the paragraph. "And this," he said, "is the moral philosophy of an English country gentleman, in the year of our Lord 18—! No attempt to withdraw his son from what he affects to consider the road to destruction; the youth has taken it into his head, I suppose, to fall down and worship the idol of the straining eyes and the beating heart—even ambition! and his father says, 'you'll be certainly damned for idolatry; but if you get well paid for it, why, you must e'en support the gilded curse as best you can!' What clods we are at best," he continued, after a moment's pause, "marry! this brother of mine cannot see the difference between a courtier and a sycophant—between a man who, inspired by the glorious rays of God's own luminary, soars upwards, and upwards, and upwards, until, with steady eye and well-poised wing, he looks on earth's greatest as the mere instruments of his AMBITION:—he cannot see the difference between such a being as this, and the moping, mowing owl that feeds on mice, worships the moon, and pays homage to all that have better eyes than itself; both are rapacious, and so, according to his theory, both must be the same. I must see the youth, however, and shall soon see through him, I suspect, or despite his likeness to his uncle, he is no son of my good brother of Bearfoot Hall."

Winterton Bearfoot bowed in so obsequious a manner on entering his uncle's presence, and inclined his body, which was long and lean, so completely after the fashion of a falling tower, that he had established himself for some moments on the corner of a high-backed chair, before Sir Basil could regard or observe the expression of his sharp, keen features. It was, in truth, one of those faces which, even in age, it is painful enough to look upon, because it tells of suspicion and mistrust: but in youth—when we love the open brow, the clear calm eye, that reflects the purity of heaven, and brightens with the beams of truth—it is sad, I say, to see the features in the spring of life, worn, and contracted, and gangreened with that loathsome suspicion which narrows the eye, furrows the cheek, and teaches the mouth to smile in such a sort, that you would rather it never smiled at all. Winterton Bearfoot was not yet twenty, but he had set his heart (without consulting his head) upon being a Metternich at the very least; and, as a preparation for the diplomatic situation he hoped to fill, commenced by practising the art of deception upon every biped and quadruped at the Hall. He was hardly thirteen, when his father's game-keeper detected him snaring hares, and bagging young partridges; and it was the universal opinion that he entertained no liking for any living creature except himself. As he grew older, he practised the art of betraying upon the other sex, and that with so much success, that all the old dames in the parish made bonfires in honour of his departure; nor was this much to be wondered at:—his father gave him "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," to form his manners, and of himself he adopted Rochefoucault's *Maxims* to form his mind. These precious monitors, acting upon a crafty

and ill-directed brain, aided his spurious ambition, and bid fair to make Winterton Bearfoot—not a second Metternich, but a smooth, creeping scoundrel.

It requires much more talent than people are in general aware of, to form a respectable rascal.

It is true that the aspirant's smile was insidious, but not sufficiently so to deceive the initiated; and his eagerness to appear what he was not, led those versed in the world's ways to believe that he was even more weak than wicked. "We take cunning," says Bacon, in his admirable *Essays*—"we take cunning for a sinister and crooked wisdom," and certainly there is a great difference between a cunning man, and a wise man, not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability. True, and that was precisely the difference which existed between the minds of the uncle and nephew; and though the cunning may sometimes pass for the wise, a little time reads the difference clearly.

"I like our cousin so much," said the baronet's youngest daughter, (he unfortunately had no sons,) climbing on his knee, after Winterton had been domesticated about six weeks in the family; "he is so attentive to Emma, and has presented her such a sweet ring with a heart's-ease upon it, and a pretty motto." "Indeed," was papa's answer. And Sir Basil, whose observations had presented him no inclination to bestow his eldest daughter upon his second nephew, without farther comment, sat down, and wrote to a brother minister, requesting that he would provide for Winterton in the Colonial Office; quaintly adding, that he had no particular desire to settle him in "*the home department*," but would oblige his friend in return, when he had a relative to dispose of:—thus was his first promotion marred by his want of honest wisdom.

Cunning said, "flirt with and secure the daughter—the eldest daughter, while you flatter the father and mother."—"Do not flirt," quoth Wisdom, "steady your eye and nerve your hand to one great purpose, and suffer nothing to interfere with that."—"But if I marry the daughter," replied Cunning—"You will starve," said Wisdom. But Cunning laughed—not outwardly, but inwardly—and the tender token was bestowed; and the baronet, taking Wisdom for *his* monitor, got rid of his nephew in the course of the following week, considerably placing him in a boarding-house, to be near the situation he had procured. The head of the department where he was now drafted, was of a different character and bearing from Sir Basil; a man who, from the mere fact of being of low birth, looked coldly, though with a specious diffidence, upon well-born and highly distinguished persons; one who, like Sir Archy Macsycophant, was aye "booing, booing, booing," yet while he bowed, he sneered, and from a habit of suspecting all, had learned to think that he was himself suspected. In the mere act of bowing he was likely to be out-done by Winterton, whom he immediately regarded with jealousy, because, in the first place, he was of an old family, and secondly, because it was in

compliance with a request, which, from the quarter it came, might almost be considered a command, that he was now under his protection; and his mean small mind imagined that there must be some peculiar reason for Sir Basil's request. "Why not provide for him in his own department?" said he to his wife, "there *must* be a *motive* for it; doubtless he wishes to gain more intimate information as to my proceedings."

"Very likely," replied the lady; "or, perhaps, Lady Monkton Bearfoot, thinks by this means to make herself acquainted with my principles of economy."

"Psha!" retorted the husband, "your ideas revolve round one subject, and one only!" forgetting that his own were precisely of the same nature. How often in domestic life, does the husband reproach the wife for the very errors which he implanted, without reflecting what the fruits would be.

Winterton Bearfoot, had he possessed a little more wisdom, might have overcome much prejudice, but as it was, he appeared (at least so his superior thought) intent on foiling him with his own weapons. Did a great man enter the office, Winterton out-Heroded Herod in his attentions. Who was ever half so obsequious? Who ever listened to the worse than nothings which fell from titled lips, with so inclined a body—so intent an ear, so homage-like a carriage? Who laughed and continually applauded the stale jests and antiquated "Joes," of an expectant governor, with a tenth of the zeal and earnestness of Winterton Bearfoot!

"The fellow leaves me nothing to do in the way of compliment," said his uncle's *friend* (I suppose I may use the cant term for the occasion) to his listening mate, one night after the departure of a dinner party, in which the young official was of necessity included; "did you not notice the compliment he paid Lord Eatemup? who is not only a *gourme*, but a *gourmand*: he was helped twice—yes, *twice* to soup, and the *second* time that he called for turbot, asked particularly for the fins. Winterton was so extraordinarily attentive to his wants, that at last his lordship said, 'Sir, you make no dinner.'—'Your pardon, my lord,' returned the popinjay, 'I leave that for my superiors—but too happy to be enabled to wait on those whose rank and talent command so much respect.'"

"And how did it take?" inquired his lady.

"Faith, not at all—Eatemup's a fool—yet the bait was too large for even him to swallow—he never, during the whole dinner, asked him to take wine!"

"He made himself quite ridiculous by his sweet attentions to the ladies Lycett," proceeded his wife; "he praised the beauty of Lady Jane's mahogany complexion, and eulogized Lady Emily's figure, which every body knows is padded."

"I wish the devil had him," exclaimed the husband.

"The creature is perfectly harmless;" opined the son, who had a greater portion of sense than

either parent, however strongly it might be enveloped in the bandages of affectation, which so closely entwine our modern youths. "Perfectly harmless—upon my honour!" and he yawned, naturally too, as, drawing his fingers through his fair and perfumed curls, he leaned his elbow on the chimney-piece—to the let, hindrance and molestation, of the thousand and one knick-nackerics which crowded its polished surface.

"I do not think so," responded his father, in that decided tone, which papas resort to when children presume to differ from them in a favourite opinion. "I do not think so—but upon what do you ground your assertion?"

"He is too mean, too anxious to produce an effect, without knowing how to set about it—in short, he is nothing but a *sycophant*."

"Humph! he must go elsewhere for all that," persisted the father; "a little situation in the colonies."

"Which I do not think his uncle would object to—upon my honour," drawled forth the son, closing the drawing-room door and his observation at one and the same moment.

And "the little situation in the colonies" was procured; and the youth shipped off, to the secret gratification of both parties concerned in his departure. His uncle addressed the following epistle to his brother, when Winterton went down, previous to his departure, to take leave of his family:

"My dear Brother—Winterton has now been not only with me, but in the Colonial Office, as you are aware, some months, and it is with regret I assure you, he is unfit for *our* courtier-like existence—will you believe it, brother Harold—he *bows too much*! However, the situation to which he is appointed is in every way advantageous, and as he will of course explain all matters connected with it to you, I will say no more on the subject. He is likely to make more gold in India than in England—and as *that* was one of the principal, if I remember rightly of your desires for him, I am glad there is a prospect of its fulfilment.

"Your's, my dear brother, as ever,

"B. M. B.

"To Harold Bearfoot, Esq.,
"Bearfoot Hall."

"Bows too much," repeated Harold Bearfoot, of Bearfoot Hall, ten times at the very least, and with every intonation of voice that it is possible to imagine. "How the devil can that be—these courtiers grow more incomprehensible than ever. India! I should like him to return governor-general at the very least—if it were only to spite his uncle. The case is clear—clear at noon-day—he was jealous of the boy—that is the simple fact—Oh! it is clear—quite. Well—an open field and fair play, and my life on't he'll be a ——" but before the old gentleman could exactly determine what he should be—he was sound asleep (it was after dinner) in his comfortably cushioned chair.

There are many persons, and many occurrences in the world, which tempt us to put much

faith in Lord Bolingbroke's assertion, that "as proud as we are of human reason, nothing can be more absurd than the general system of human life and human knowledge." This is certainly true, and the theories of various speculators, or *philosophers*, as I believe it is the fashion to call any set of men who start a particularly new or peculiar doctrine, are no less singular than amusing, and more extraordinary than the absurdity Lord Bolingbroke complains of. Mahomet, for instance, who understood human nature as well, if not better, than any uninspired person, gravely declared that *women* had no souls. And Monboddo, who *says* he knew the world, contends that men are only monkeys who have rubbed away their tails!! A grave Spanish writer I have heard of, makes this theory more probable, by actually proving that the Jews had once tails? There is no assertion, however absurd, that will not be believed by some simple-hearted, unsophisticated people, who think their system as they speak their language, and dislike the trouble of translating either the one or the other. It was precisely so at all events with Harold Bearfoot, who having taken it into his head that his brother was afraid of his nephew—slept upon the idea, and could have sworn with a clear conscience to its truth when he awoke.

Winterton's sisters were soon busied in the clipping and cutting of linen, calico, muslin, and the necessary equipments for India; his kind, good-natured mother, the very personification of Lady Bountiful, stowed chests of preserves, and hordes of tongues, hams and pickles, away for his use, enough to stock an Indian; while his father rang a succession of changes on Sir Basil's jealousy, the governor-generalship of India, and the respectability (for that was his favourite phrase) of the Bearfoots.

"God bless you, my dear boy! do not forget to wear your flannels on board ship," sobbed the tender and kind mother. The sisters wept also; not that Winterton was beloved by any of them, for sycophants, *at home*, are always selfish, making up for their out-of-door suavity, by in-door austerity. But the idea of parting, even with the dog that worries, excites, for the moment, something approaching to regret. Besides, it was right to be sorrowful, and their tears were mixed with certain tender memoranda, as they pressed cheek to cheek in the great hall. "Winterton, you will not surely forget the cornelian." "Winterton, the carved fan." "Oh, brother! you surely will remember the ivory work-box." "Winterton," sobbed forth Julia, the youngest, and consequently the most natural of the family, as she climbed up his knees, and circled her little arms round his neck—"dear Winterton, come back soon, and bring me my parrot." His father had made his adieus in what was called—certainly without any reason—the library; but, as his instructions were perfectly disregarded by his son, and not likely to be of much use to any one, there is no necessity, that I know of, for repeating them here. One thing is certain—that when Mrs. Bearfoot entered the room, more

than an hour after her son's departure, she saw that her husband's forehead still leaned against the window, and that his eye was fixed upon the long, unbroken line of avenue, which the shadows of evening were rendering every instant more indistinct. "What does it signify, after all, Bess?" he murmured, drawing his hand with no gentle motion across his eyes; "there is no doubt of his returning governor-general, at the very least!"

* * * * *

Years passed on; Sir Basil Monkton Bearfoot had paid the debt of nature, after suffering (like most public men who deserve well of their country) much unmerited calumny and reproach: and his brother, also, slept the everlasting sleep in the tomb of his fathers; the elder girls were either married, or old maids; and, if Julia had not received her parrot, she made up the loss, by becoming, like most other women, a parrot herself. The eldest son of the Bearfoots bade fair to perpetuate the lack-wit of his father, and was, to speak in homely phrase, a dosing, smoking club-going, English 'squire, with less money, and more necessities, than had ever fallen to the share of his progenitors.

It was on a fine and cheerful day, that a group of military-looking men were assembled under the piazzas of the United Service Club, discussing the most current topics of conversation, and passing jests and remarks on the pedestrians who sauntered up and down Pall Mall, or loitered to gaze on the engraved glories which grace the windows of "Moon, Boys, and Graves." "Surely I know that face, said Major Matton to his friend, Colonel Guildford; "I cannot be deceived; and yet, if so, he is strangely altered."

The gentleman who elicited this observation, seeing that he had caught the eye of two of the party, stopped, looked up with a smile, any thing but pleasing, and bowed twice, in so lowly a manner, that even in these days of nods and abruptness his salutation attracted the attention of several of the ordinary passengers; the greeting was acknowledged with so marked a coldness, that the person went on his way, not, however, without repeating the bow, as if it had met with the warmest reception.

"If a masked and draped figure were to rise out of the waves, and salute me after that fashion, I could swear to it."

"And so could I," replied his friend; nothing can change that man. One would have thought that his Indian experience would have gone some way towards breaking the neck of his lies and flatteries; they were too gross even for the East."

"Pardon me," replied the other, "poor Bearfoot had never tact enough to discover that; it was not given him to see more than one side of any question. You were at Madras, I believe, when he arrived?"

"I was, and he was a standing jest among us for some time, though we discovered at last, that he was malignant and treacherous as a tiger. We had a good deal of leisure, and some five or six used to enter into a combination, to make the

creature contradict himself twenty times a day. Lord Goydon, poor fellow! would meet him with—'Good morrow, Bearfoot; I think we shall have rain to-day.'—'Your lordship is always correct; and, with all due deference, I had just formed the same opinion. I hope your lordship will avoid cold.' At the next turn the colonel would exclaim—'Ah, Bearfoot! another of our scorching days; we shall be cinders soon.' 'Calcined, colonel, calcined; I never saw such indications of heat; my dear sir, you ought not to venture out without an umbrella.'

"'Bearfoot!' Collingwood would exclaim, with a grave countenance, 'I fear we shall have a change of administration—they are not content in Old England with the way affairs are managed, nor, to tell you the truth, am I over well satisfied.'

"'Who has so much penetration as you, my dear sir?—(for Collingwood was high in office) I only wish that there were *such* men—(with emphasis)—as I *could* name, near the throne, and then, indeed, we should be once more a great nation."

"Ah, Winterton, is that you?" Sir Thomas Grenville would say, slapping him on the shoulder, with a vigour which would throw the generality of men into undisguised passion at such a familiarity, 'have you heard the news, my boy—our friends in the administration, over the water, are firm—firm in their seats; besides, all rumour of change has passed, and I am sure you are delighted at it.'

"'Undoubtedly, my dear Sir Thomas—I am delighted—perfectly so. Ah! you always said how it would be—from first to last! What would I not give for your powers of discernment!'

"We had often," continued Colonel Guildford, "jested, as I have said, on the mean, sycophantish habits of this youth; but on the night of the day when the above conversations took place, (Bearfoot joined our party,) we were, as gentlemen generally are, after dinner, more merry than wise—and at supper managed to recapitulate our morning dialogues.

"'Come,' said Collingwood, laughing, 'you and I, Bearfoot, will take a glass of this fine claret together, to the change we talked of this morning.'

"Winterton bit his lip, and coloured; but, anxious to avoid the subject, filled a bumper immediately.

"'What change is that?' inquired Sir Thomas, who, of course, was in the secret, 'change of love—has Winterton been again fickle?'

"'No, no, no!' vociferated Collingwood—'it is the change, the happy change, that either is to, or has taken place, in our English administration.'

"'Winterton Bearfoot will never lift glass in such a cause,' replied the other; he is a good man and true—true lipped and true hearted. Why, it was only this morning that he assured me he was perfectly delighted at the stability of our affairs, and congratulated me on my powers of discernment.'

"'I'll not believe it,' retorted Collingwood, 'it was *my* penetration he complimented, and who can compliment so well.'

"The jest was carried on good-humouredly and gloriously, as we called it, and the sycophant was, even in our estimation, sufficiently mortified. The next morning his smiles, to our astonishment, were as bland as ever; but in the course of a month or so, Collingwood was very coolly received at the government house. For this there was no apparent way of accounting, and we attributed it to the caprices of the great, the intermitting fever of inconsistency. The same change, however, was perceptible towards Sir Thomas Grenville, and all of our party, on that evening, with the exception of Bearfoot, who had certainly bowed himself into the good graces of the governor's lady, at last. Many other circumstances roused our suspicions, and at last we received information that the villain had absolutely forged some letters, written others, (anonymously, of course,) and moved heaven and earth, to be revenged for our jest. He had blackened us in a most horrid degree, and when it was all discovered, his excellency's coldness was fully explained. Bearfoot's scheme was more characterized by cunning than wisdom; but, as we were talking of our meditated punishment for his transgressions, and of their probable result, the news burst upon us like a thunder cloud, that Winterton, the lying, sycophantish Winterton Bearfoot, had absolutely stolen a march upon the governor, and clandestinely married the youngest and most lovely of his daughters; we pitied the girl, and we sympathised most truly with her parents, and well we might, for it nearly broke the old man's heart. He saw the perfect and utter unworthiness of the man she was united to; as an officer and a gentleman he could not acknowledge a branded liar, and his feelings as a father had been most deeply outraged by the duplicity she had been induced to practise. They were obliged to leave the country without money and without pardon; but we heard that the governor procured him some small situation in the West India Islands. I have known nothing of him since; but his salutation tells me he is unreformed."

I must now pass over a few additional months, and then introduce my readers to a very miserable room, in the neighbourhood of Kennington—a little attic of one of those new paper-like houses, where the wind displaces the cement intended to unite the mixture of coarse clay denominated, in builder's terms, "close burnt brick." A man in soiled and worn out garments was arranging the remains of what had been fine and abundant hair, at a three-cornered bit of looking-glass, which rested against the creaking window-frame, his features were ghastly and attenuated, and a low, wheezing cough, interrupted, in a most painful manner, the dialogue he was carrying on, with a slight and elegantly formed woman, whose beauty had been evidently destroyed both by want and sorrow; but little fire crouched amid

the three rusty bars which served as a grate, yet a girl of about thirteen was endeavouring to heat an iron over its embers, with the evident intention of ironing a yellowish shirt-collar, and still more yellow neckcloth, on one end of a napless blanket, which had been half drawn off the wretched bed for the purpose; a boy, of perhaps five, with the restlessness of childhood, was endeavouring to catch those cold, blue-looking flies, that buzz so incessantly in deserted windows, robbing even the ambushed spiders of their prey.

"How can I get it out, love?" said the woman, in a gentle, expostulating tone; "it was my last resource, God knows to pledge it, and I would not have taken it but to procure them food."

"It must be had, for all that—it is the only thing I can wear—it hides all defects; and, indeed, I have every reason to believe that I shall be able to obtain this situation at last."

The woman shook her head.

"Between both our connections—they do not know the absolute state of starvation we are in—but I must have the cloak."

"Winterton," replied she, solemnly, "even my ring—my wedding ring, is gone—of all my jewels not a stone, not a pearl remains. We have hardly wherewith to cover our worn limbs—and the chain—"

"Ay, woman-like, mourn over your baubles," he replied, unfeelingly. "Then why not leave us to starve, and go at once home to your lady mother."

The patient wife looked at her daughter, whose tears were fast cooling the iron she had heated, and, snatching her boy to her bosom, replied only with a burst of tears to her husband's brutal taunt.

Somewhat softened, he continued—"Forgive me, Anna—but there is your father's picture—the miniature—I am sure neither of us have any reason to cherish *that*. You could pledge it, and redeem my cloak. Something tells me that my appeal of to-day will be successful."

After a moment's pause she arose, and unfashioning an old red leather case, placed the little picture in her husband's hand.

"You surely do not expect me to go to a pawnbroker's?" he exclaimed, his habitual selfishness returning immediately.

"Winterton, I cannot take this *there*."

"Then *she* can," he said.

"What! send my child to such a place?"

"You are much more careful of her than of me," was the sneering reply.

She again took up the miniature, and with the manner of one who has nothing more dear to part with, descended the creaking stairs.

Winterton Bearfoot is already recognized, and it only remains to accompany him, enveloped in his cloak, to the dwelling of the great man, from whom he expected, perhaps, because of his importunity, as much as any thing else, some situation.

After many hours waiting, he was more bitterly disappointed than ever, and his hurried step and

hectic cheek evinced the contending feelings of his mean, but yet human bosom. His family had long cast him off as unworthy to bear his name—friends!—the *sycophant*, the *slanderer*, had none—even she, who, "in evil report and good report," had followed—and watched—and waited—she, the high-born and the beautiful, who in the fulness of her unworldly feelings had bestowed her pure, her young affections, on one so unworthy the treasure—*she*, he felt—he *knew* it—*she*, could not but scorn him; his children—his *own* flesh and blood—they loathed—despised *him*—their father! They clung to their mother with even more than the sweet confidence of childhood, for they knew that if she would abandon him, *her* mother would receive her to her bosom, and she would be rich—beloved as ever.

Some—many, perhaps, of the good feelings which are always inherent with the bad in every bosom, however their cultivation may be neglected, struggled within him, and he leant for a moment against a tree in St. James's Park, perhaps from a wish to arrange his ideas. As he pressed his forehead against the rugged bark, two persons passing, stopped, and exclaimed, at the same moment, "Winterton Bearfoot!" These persons were Collingwood and Colonel Guildford.

He looked at them, and the expression and brightness of his eyes, blazing like torches in a charnel-house, rivetted both gentlemen to the spot. At first he attempted to salute them, but the effort was made in vain.

"Ah!—you witnessed my disgrace, and the devil sent you here to see my misery. Disappointed—loathed—starving—wife—children—all starving. Well—let it be so."

A horrid change passed over his countenance, and as his hand, which was before extended towards them, fell helplessly towards the earth, he added, in a low and faltering voice, "and as you called me the *sycophant*, why, you may call that the *sycophant's* grave."

They were his last words—he would have fallen on the earth, but Collingwood caught him in his arms—a quantity of blood rushed from his mouth—his face for a moment was crimson as the *gore* itself, and then it faded, almost as quickly, into the cold and pallid hue of death.

ANCIENT AND MODERN NOVELS.

THE flimsy, dull novel, full of fashion, etiquette, and politics, is superseding the fine old legend devoted to disclosing the heart and painting mind and manners. I like to have the light of fancy let in upon me through the stained glass of a gothic window, with its deep tints, its rich and mingled hues, instead of catching it through plate glass and paltry frames. I like to see beauty in "purple and pall," with her high and proud consciousness of her own power, rather than your questionable dames flirting in tinsal and gossamer gauze, as light and as specious as their own character.—*Woman's Love*.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

AND now came on temptation's demon hour
To crush the Saviour!—By the Holy Ghost
Compelled, within a desert's trackless wild
Alone He wandered, unperceived by eyes
Of mortal; there to fathom time and fate,
Redemption, and the vast design of love.
A noontide o'er his contemplation sped
Away, and still the awful Thinker roved
With foot unwearied: sunset, fierce and red,
Succeeded:—never hung a savage glare
Upon the wilderness, like that which tinged
This fated hour;—the trees and herbless rock
Wore angry lustre, and the dying sun
Sank downward, like a delty of wrath;
Behind him leaving clouds of burning wrack!
And then rose twilight; not with tender hues,
Or choral breezes, but with shade as dim
And cold, as death on youthful spirit throws:
Sad grew the air, and soon th' affrighted leaves
And branches from the crouching forest sent,
A wizard moaning, till the wild-bird shrieked,
Or fluttered, and in dens of deepest gloom
The lion shook, and dreadful monsters glared!

Tremendous are ye, ever-potent storms,
In wild magnificence of sound and scene!
Watched on the mountains, in convulsive play,
Or from the ocean margin, when the sea
With her Creator wrestles! and we hear
The fancied wings of everlasting power,
In wrath and gloom fly sweeping o'er the world!
But when hath tempest, since a deluge roared,
The pale earth shaken, like that stormy rage
That tore the desert, while Messiah mused?
Then God to hands infernal seemed to trust
The helm of nature, while a chaos drove
The elements to combat!—night and storm,
And rain and whirlwind, in their frenzied wrath
Triumphant, while aloft unnatural clouds,
Hung o'er the sky the imag'ry of Hell!
Not hence alone tempestuous horror sprung:
To aid the Tempter, shades of ghastly light,
With phantoms, grim beyond a maniac's dream,
To thunder, darkness, and dread midnight gave
A power unearthly:—round thy sleepless head,
Adored Redeemer! did the voices chaunt,
Or wildly mutter their unhallowed spell:
Yet all serene Thy godlike virtue stood—
Unshaken, though the universe might fall!

Thus forty days of dire temptation leagued
Their might hell-born, with hunger, thirst and pain.
Meanwhile, in thankless calm the world reposed,
Life went her rounds, and busy hearts maintained
Their wonted purpose: still uprose the parent orb,
And all the dewy ravishment of flowers
Enkinded: day and ocean mingled smiles,
And then, blue night with starred enchantment rose,
While moonlight wandered o'er the palmy hills
Of green-haired Palestine, and thus unmarked
By aught portentous, save demonian wiles,
Messiah braved. At length, by hunger racked,
And drooping, deadened by the scorching thirst
Of deep exhaustion—round him nothing stood
But rocky bleakness, mountains dusk and huge
Or riven crags, that seemed the wreck of worlds!
And there, amid a vale's profoundest calm,
Where hung no leaf, nor lived one cheering tone
Of waters, with an unappalled soul
The Saviour paused, while arid stillness reigned.
And the dead air—how dimly intense
It hung and thickened o'er the lifeless dale!
When lo: from out the earth's unfathomed deep,
The semblance of a mighty cloud arose;
From whence a shape of awful stature moved,
A vast, a dim, a melancholy form!

Upon his brow the gloom of thunder sat,
And in the darkness of his dreadful eye
Lay the sheathed lightnings of immortal ire!—
As king of dark eternity, he faced
The Godhead! cent'ring in that one still glance
The hate of Heaven and agony of Hell,
Defiance and despair!

DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HARP of the North! the mighty hand
That swept thy chords with matchless skill
Is powerless now—the enchanter's wand
Is broken—and his heart is still.
Thy minstrel sings in realms above
The triumphs of redeeming love.

Land of the mountain and the flood—
Land of his sires he loved so well,
From lordly hall to cottage rude,
Ah! who will now thy glories tell,
Or cast a wizard's spell o'er thee,
O'er hill and lake—o'er tower and tree?

His fame requires no sculptured stone,
No "storied urn" to tell his glory;
His monument is "Marmion"—
His name's enshrined in deathless story:
Heroes and kings may be forgot,
But ne'er the mighty name of Scott!

The cold earth claims the mouldering clay;
But mortal fetters cannot bind,
Nor give to dust and dull decay
The triumphs of the immortal mind;
And while we mourn for him that's gone,
His better part is still our own.

His spirit breathes o'er flood and fell,
By mountain, valley, wood, and stream,
And hallows many a Highland dell
Where lingering fancy loves to dream,
And listen to the melting strain
That flows from white-haired Allan-Bane.

His was the high creative power—
That secret charm which Shakspeare knew;
Nature's best gift and richest dower,
By many sought, but found by few—
Revealing in his pictured page
The manners of a former age.

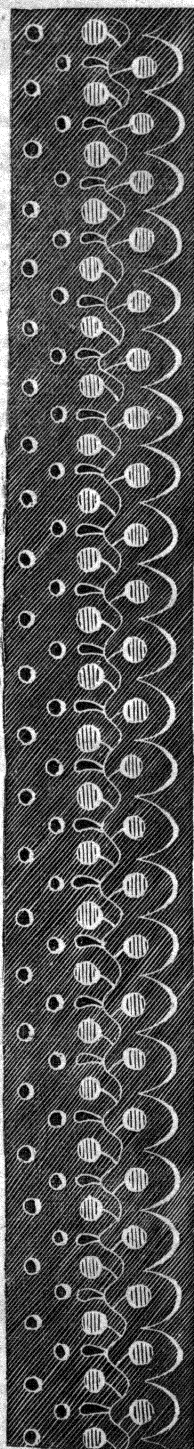
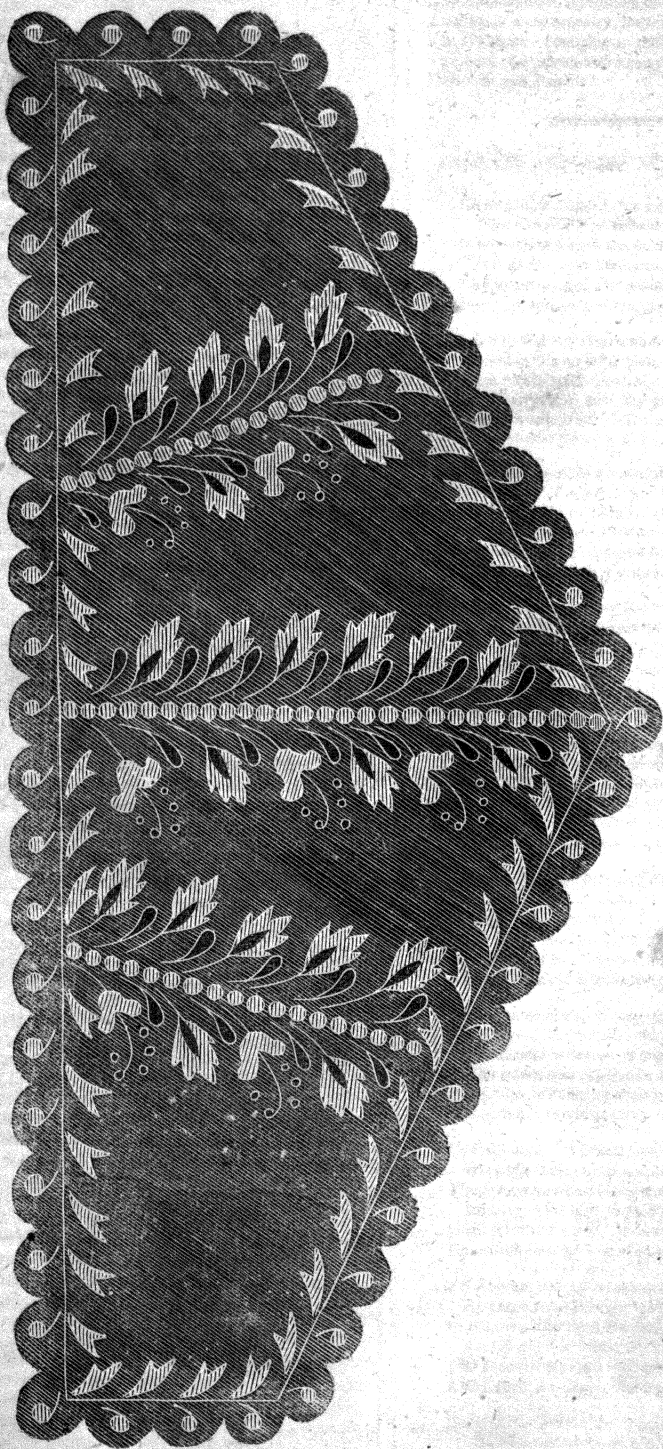
The belted knight on war-steed bounding,
With nodding plume and kindling glance,
And banners waving—trumpets sounding—
The pomp and pride of old romance—
Start into life beneath his pen
In all their glowing tints again.

Of lady-love and father-land
His high toned harp would deeply thrill;
The generous heart—the open hand—
He sung with all the poet's skill,
Who felt their force and best could tell
Emotions that he knew so well.

To Abbotsford, his much-loved home,
He came from foreign lands to die;
In his own Scotland sought a tomb,
And heaved at home his latest sigh.
The peasant points his sacred mound,
And treads on consecrated ground!

Harp of the North, thy tones are mute!
The mountain breeze is o'er thee sighing,
Like the low murmuring of a lute
That sorrows for the dead or dying!
The hand that waked thy noblest strain
Will never rouse those strings again.

FASHIONABLE CROWN AND SIDE PATTERNS.



THE MAN OF LETTERS.

IF there is one thing in the world that I love more than another, it is quiet. My father, never once thinking of consulting my disposition, put me, at thirteen years old, into the Honourable East India Company's service, as a *middy*. The very first night I spent on board I nearly died of the noise; and though I afterwards "followed the sea," as the saying is, for more than twenty years, I never was able to reconcile myself to the intolerable clatter that seemed to be the eternal destiny of a seaman's life. After I had duly waded through all the various subaltern ranks, I at length arrived at that of captain; but even that scarcely afforded any better refuge from noise and flurry. It was true that I could keep the men at a distance from my cabin, and that, under one excuse or another, I could pretty well avoid giving audiences to the officers; but still there was the general turmoil of the ship for ever howling in my ears:—the rude dashing of the waves against the side of the vessel, and the loud sulky whistling of the wind, with its orchestral accompaniment of creaking timbers, whizzing cordage, and quivering sails, were endless to my unfortunate aural nervousness, and as intolerable as endless.

Just as I was about to commence my second voyage as captain, my father died, and, as I was his only son, I found myself placed by that circumstance in a situation of considerable affluence. My resolution was soon taken: I sent in my resignation to the Company, and determined that nothing should ever again inflict on me the unbearable hubbub of a life upon the sea. The only portion of this transaction that gave me any pain was the taking leave of my officers and crew; I believe I may say, without vanity, that I had always been a prodigious favourite with all, whether as their messmate or their superior; and for such a quiet man as myself, it required no little struggle to muster sufficient resolution to bid them an eternal farewell. But if this was my feeling in general, it was still more strongly particularized in the instance of my old shipmate, Jack Howden. Jack and I had begun our seafaring life together, within half-a-dozen days of each other, and though I had reached the rank of captain, while he was only second mate, I sincerely felt that it was no superior merit on my part that had so elevated me above him, but merely a more than usual share of that worldly influence which my father, from his long connection with the Company, possessed. Jack and I, therefore, though our march of rank had gone on, *haud passibus æquis*, had always been sworn friends. Gallant, bustling, and jolly, he was, in his outward bearing, a strange contrast to my subdued manner; but still there was something congenial in the condition of our minds which always kept us together, though I had now and then to complain that he was somewhat too noisy for my taste. The sincerity of our sorrow at

parting was honest and real, such as a sailor's ought to be; and I could not tear myself away from him till I had made him promise, over and over again, to pay me a visit at my country-house—one which, conjointly with a pretty estate, my father had some years before purchased in the immediate neighbourhood of the little borough of Eye, in Suffolk.

At length, then, I was quit of the noisiness of a sailor's life, and at liberty to direct my steps which way I would. For a while I tried London, being chiefly tempted thereto by the persuasions of my only sister, who had been left a widow with two daughters, very shortly after her marriage, and who had made it a point, even against the solicitations of her father, to continue in the metropolis for the purpose of furthering the education of her girls.

At first, glad to escape the watery tumult that had beset me all my life, I almost persuaded myself that London was a quiet place; and with the idea of settling in it, I enlisted myself in a club—got myself made a fellow of the Royal Society—and bought a renter's share of Drury-Lane, for the purpose of securing a free admission to the theatre. But I very soon began to make the discovery that, after all, London was only quiet as compared with the uproar of an Indianman, and that *per se* there fell to its lot a pretty considerable quantity of disturbance. As soon as I had fully made up my mind to this conclusion, I determined to try my country seat at Eye; and then again there was another leave-taking to go through, and, as may well be supposed, a much more noisy one than the first, as in this case I had to deal with my sister and two nieces, instead of a set of heroes, who had been too much tossed and tumbled about the world to allow their eyes to twinkle, however much their hearts might quiver. At length, however, after two or three floods of tears, I was allowed to tear myself away, and to proceed on my solitary journey to Eye, with a promise that as soon as the summer came round I should be joined there by my weeping relations. That promise, alas, was never performed in full. My poor sister, a month or two after I quitted London, died suddenly, and bequeathed her two daughters to my care. The girls, who felt their mother's death most severely, were glad enough to get away from the metropolis, and take refuge in my quiet country seat, where, after a while, they became so domesticated, that it seemed as if London was equally forgotten by us all, and as if I had grafted upon their feminine spirits that same love of peace and tranquillity, with which I myself was so deeply imbued.

Thus, for a year or two we lived in that happy serenity which constitutes the great charm of a country life, and thus might we for ever have continued, but for a little incident, which, though I hope it has blown over without any detriment,

threatened at one time to disturb my peace and repose in the most unceremonious manner, and which, as a lover of my species, I think it right to relate, that I may, if possible, warn others of the rock a-head, on which my little vessel of quiet was very nearly lost.

In all respectable peaceable country dwellings, (and I state this for the benefit of my town readers,) and especially in those where a superior love of good order prevails, the inhabitants make it a rule of being in bed by ten o'clock. After this, I need not add that the established law of our domicile at Eye is in favour of the same hour for retiring to rest. Thus much premised, I may go on with my story.

It was about twelve o'clock one night, after having retired to bed at my usual hour, that I was roused from my first slumber, by a pretty smart knocking at the door. Sailor-like, my sleep was never much sounder than a cat's, but still, though I heard the first appeal to the knocker, I could hardly believe my senses, that any body should be beating at the gate at such an hour, and I therefore laid still in my bed, awaiting a confirmation of the circumstance; it soon came—double-distilled, as they say of lavender water—and I then, with some hurried thoughts about fire, thieves, and I knew not what, started up with the intention of reaching the window, to ascertain what it was all about; but even before I could go so far on my voyage of discovery, the third summons resounded in my ears, and I responded thereto, by giving a fillip to my alarm-bell, which laid at hand, and which presently made the whole household as wakeful as myself.

"For heaven's sake, Susy," cried I to the maid, as I heard her clattering along the stairs, "what is the matter? Is there any danger?"

"Danger, Sir!" quoth the wench, "it is quite certain!—he's come, and says that he must see you immediately."

"Who is come?"

"That is just what he will not tell. I asked him to send up his name, but all he would say in answer was—'Go and tell Captain Burton that I am here; and he'll know who you mean.'"

Now this was prodigiously puzzling to a man who had not been expecting a living soul at the hall for many a-day; and I was no more able to guess who this well-known person could be, than the reason that had induced him, in violation of all the rules of quiet and tranquillity, to make his appearance at so unconscionable an hour. However, with some curiosity to prompt me, and with still more discontent at the ill-omened commencement of the adventure, I proceeded down stairs, to ascertain who the unceremonious visitor might be; while Susy, in her zeal for her master, marched behind me, with a rushlight in one hand, and a sword in the other, pretty nearly as long as a serjeant's pike-staff.

When I arrived in the library, I found a man standing near the table, muffled up in a dark cloak of awful dimensions, while one solitary kitchen candle gave a sort of darkness visible to his extensive figure, still more extended by the

huge mantle that fell over his shoulders and enveloped his person. There was really something quite Abruzzi-ish in the whole affair, and I think I never made any one so grave a bow, as that with which I marked his presence on my entering the room.

"Whom may I have the honour of addressing?" quoth I, a little stiffly.

No immediate answer was afforded; but the new-comer prepared himself for one, by striding up to the spot where I was standing, while Susy, who began to think in right-earnest, that a battle was on the eve of commencing, stole up on the other side, and gave my morning gown, which I had hastily thrown on, a vigorous tug, either as a notice to be on my guard, or as a warning to retreat in time. Before, however, I had an opportunity for either the one or the other, he whom I had questioned, placed his mouth close to my ear, and whispered in a well-remembered voice: "Jack Howden!—send young sauce-box away—and mum!"

Half the mystery was thus in a moment explained, though as to the other half, I could not for the life of me conceive what had brought my old ship-mate to the hall at so uncouth an hour. However, after thrusting my hand into the hard paw extended by my friend, and giving it a hearty though silent shake, I obeyed his instructions, and dismissed Susy, as much for my own sake as his, for I was not a little anxious to have the matter elucidated.

"My dear Jack," cried I, as soon as she was gone—"welcome, welcome, ten thousand times. I suppose you knew the pleasure this visit would give me, and determined to heighten it by taking me by surprise; if so, you have succeeded to a miracle."

"Captain Tom Burton," cried my friend, "I see by your manner that I have been a little out of order; and egad, now I think of it, order and quiet are every thing with you! But let this satisfy you, Tom: I knew, that come what hour I might, I should be welcome!"

Another hearty and reciprocal shake of the hand between us proved that though we had been separated for two or three years, the cordiality of our friendship had lost nothing by absence.

But though the mystery of Jack's arrival at past twelve o'clock was at the time beyond my calculation, it admitted of an easy, though not very agreeable solution. From his account it appeared, that just before he had started on his last voyage for China he had been pressed by an old acquaintance of his, to be a guarantee for him to a considerable amount to another person, who was a sort of mutual friend, and who, as he then believed, would never press him to an inconvenience, even though the guarantee should be unable to meet the demand against him. Jack, however, had reckoned without his host, and scarcely had he returned, when he was informed by his creditor, that the guaranteed had disappeared, shortly after his departure for the east, without leaving any assets, and that the guarantee was consequently counted on. Jack made

not a few wry faces at this announcement, but after venting his choler, he actually paid the sum of 1500*l.* on his bond of indemnity, congratulating himself, that, although it was almost a larger sum than he could well muster with all the earnings of his long sea-faring life, it was a comfortable thing, after all, to be free from debts, and that it might so happen, that his friend would some day or other return and repay the amount. But Jack was again without his host; no sooner had he paid the 1500*l.* on the bond of indemnity, than his creditor acquainted him, that there was likewise an I. O. U. which he held of his, for 1000*l.* additional, and on which it was his intention to proceed, if not immediately settled. It was in vain, that Jack reminded Mr. Nathaniel Gorgle, that that I. O. U. had only been given on a contingency that had not yet happened, and that the very fact of its being merely an I. O. U., instead of a strict legal document, proved the doubtful grounds on which it had been given. Gorgle was inexorable, and gave my friend notice, that if the amount was not paid within three days, he must put the business into his lawyer's hands. Jack, though he hated the name of a lawyer worse than six-years-old junk, made up his mind not to pay the demand, for two reasons: first, because it was not justly due under any pretence; and secondly, because he had not the means wherewith to pay it. The word "lawyer," however, had shaken his nerves, which against a cannon-ball would have been immovable; and not knowing what might be the consequence, if he should be arrested, he determined to run for it, and play at hide and seek, till his ship should again be ready to sail. But where was he to conceal himself? He had left himself well nigh pennyless by paying 1500*l.*, of the value of which he had never received one farthing; and by his creditor having previously been to a certain extent an associate of his, he was unfortunately acquainted with most of Jack's haunts, so as to know where to look for him, when the alarm of his retreat should be given. Under these circumstances, Jack remembered the invitation that I had given him to pay a visit to the hall, at Eye; and though he could not absolutely promise himself that Mr. Nathaniel Gorgle, the inexorable, should not trace him thither, still it appeared to be the best chance of escape that presented itself to his observation.

"Besides," cried he, after having narrated all these circumstances, "I have another scheme for misleading him; and that, to tell you the truth, was why I would not trust your servant with my name. I have been thinking that you can pass me off here by some fictitious cognomen, and put me into another line of life into the bargain; so that, should inquiry be made in this quarter, it may be blunted by hearing that you have neither a Howden nor a sailor with you."

"Admirably thought of," cried I, "and the name, at all events, may be managed easily enough. Suppose we christen you after our old shipmate, Holland; I am sure that, if he were here, he would lend you his name, and much

more, with all his soul. But how about your new vocation?"

"Why, that is rather a puzzle. In the first place, it must not be any thing mechanical, for I don't know Scotch granite from Bath stone—a turning lathe from a steam engine—or a loom from a shuttle; so that if any one asked me a question on one of these subjects, I should be posed in a twinkling."

"But do you fancy you would be any better off with one of the learned professions at your back?"

"Worse, Tom, worse," cried the newly-christened Mr. Holland, "if any one was to call me a lawyer, I should be ready to knock him down; and, as to a physician, I don't even know where the pulse lies."

"What do you say to being a doctor of divinity?"

"Lord bless you," cried Jack, "a 'damme' would slip out in the first half hour, and ruin the whole. The only thing that I can think of is, that you should pass me off as a man of letters."

"A what!" cried I, astounded; "why I don't think that you ever read three books in your life."

"There is some truth in that; but then it opens a wider field for originality. Besides, you cannot forget, that I always had the reputation of keeping the best log in the whole ship. Let me tell you, that can't be done without some knowledge of letters. I like the man of letters, too, because it is more general than any thing else. Do you stand up stoutly for my reputation, and then, if I should prove ignorant here or there, it will only be thought that my vein has not yet been discovered, and that I am like a mine that has not yet been successfully worked."

Though I could not help laughing mightily at my friend's notion of passing himself off as a literary man, I promised to give him my best support; and, that point settled, Susy was again summoned to get ready the spare bed-room, which being prepared, we bade each other farewell for the night.

As I again laid myself down on my pillow, I could not help sighing at the recollection of the unceremonious manner in which my peace had that night been disturbed. Jack Howden was a good fellow—an admirable fellow—a kind-hearted fellow; but, alas, he was also a noisy fellow. His burly sailor voice was still ringing in my ears, and I went to sleep with sad foreboding that the knell of the tranquillity of the hall had been sounded in that ominous rap, that at past twelve o'clock had roused me from my repose.

The melancholy foretelling of my spirit was but too true. The next day the hall wore quite a different aspect. Half an hour served to introduce the frank-hearted sailor to my nieces, Fanny and Kate. Young girls have light hearts; and, in another half hour, there was more giggling, laughing, smiling, and romping, than the old hall had witnessed during the whole of the previous time that I had occupied it. Still I contrived to bear up against my misfortune

pretty well. Jack was an old friend, and I was willing to suffer a little for his sake. But when he got to his practical jests, my patience was put to a severe trial:—a pound's worth of crockery was nothing in his eyes compared to a hearty laugh; and the fracture of one of my best mahogany chairs seemed with him to be justified, if it was but accompanied with the cracking of one of his superlative jokes.

But "bad begins, and worse remains behind." If there is any point on which I am peculiarly sensitive, it is that of keeping up a right understanding with my neighbours. This is sufficiently necessary in London; but in the country, where every body knows every body, it is absolutely indispensable; and the thing, of all others, that has always most flattered me, when it reached my ears, was—"Well, I must say, Captain Burton, of the hall, is a man that every body must like."

How it got about I can't imagine; but, nevertheless, there is no denying that, before Jack had been with me a week, every one in Eye was aware that there was a most eminent man of letters sojourning at the hall. I did all in my power to keep the lion to myself, and for a while I succeeded; but at last the fatal moment of trial came, for to resist such a note as this was impossible, especially as it was from a lady, who, by dint of wealth, scandal, and bluishness, had contrived to be sovereign queen of Eye for the last twenty years.

"Mrs. Bluebusk presents her compliments to Captain Burton, and requests the favour of his and his nieces' company to a *soiree*, on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Bluebusk, being told that a gentleman very high in the literary world is on a visit at the hall, hopes that the captain will so far overlook ceremony, as to bring him with him, as the pleasure of half an hour's conversation with a man of letters is the richest pleasure that Mrs. Bluebusk knows."

From this there was no retreat. The girls were delighted at the thought of hearing their literary friend extinguish Mrs. Bluebusk, who in her time had extinguished so many smaller wits, and thus collecting for himself honours everlasting, on the principle on which Harry Monmouth, according to Shakspeare, proposed to appropriate to himself the accumulated laurels of Hotspur; and though the literary gentleman himself did not much relish the invitation, I could devise no mode of escape, unless he was willing altogether to resign his Eye retreat.

"Well, Tom," said he, "if it must be, it must; but, for Heaven's sake, stand by me in the attack, for I never was superlatively given to reading."

"Don't trust to your reading," cried I.

"I don't intend," said he.

"Psha! I mean—instead of trusting to your reading, draw liberally on your invention; and keep up your brow, as if you meant something."

"Well, we shall see," quoth Jack, in a somewhat melancholy tone; "but I should not wonder if the old lady sank me."

Wednesday night came, and we proceeded in

a body to the abode of Mrs. Bluebusk. There we found assembled some score of the *élite* of the place and neighbourhood, for our hostess had gone beyond herself in inviting all she knew, that they might be witnesses of her "half an hour's conversation with a man of letters, which was the richest pleasure that Mrs. Bluebusk knew."

Scarcely was the first introduction over, ere the lady commenced her attack upon poor Jack—or, as I had been obliged to introduce him—upon Mr. Holland, the man of letters. I trembled every moment for my friend, and yet was delighted to see that he acquitted himself with much greater readiness than I had dared to hope. But still his peril seemed as if it never would end. Mrs. Bluebusk appeared to be a lineal descendant of Antæus of old; every time she was rebuffed, she returned with fresh vigour to the charge; and my poor friend looked round him in vain for an opportunity of escaping.

"Really," quoth Mrs. Bluebusk, "your sentiments as to Chaucer are very extraordinary, and I should like to have another opportunity of talking the matter over with you."

"That is just my feeling, Ma'am," cried Jack; "I think we had better leave the subject alone for the present."

"Well, then, let us choose another topic."

"With all my soul, ma'am."

"What say you to the Milton tribe?" asked the lady.

"Lord love you," cried Jack, quite briskly, "they are not to be compared to the natives!"

"Jack!" whispered I, in a tone of remonstrance, wondering where the deuce he had got to. But I had no time.

"Natives!" cried our hostess—"was not Milton a native?"

"Ma'am," exclaimed Jack, suspicious of a blunder, "I thought native oysters came from Colchester, and that the Miltons were a distinct breed. But, probably, you know more than I do about oyster-beds."

"Sir!" quoth Mrs. Bluebusk, with a sort of petrifying accent, "I was speaking of the poet."

"Oh—ah—the poet!—and a very poor poet, too, ma'am, in my opinion."

"Jack!" again whispered my warning voice—but in vain.

"Milton a poor poet, sir!" exclaimed the Blue; "he is the 'god of my idolatry.' Pray, what part of him do you object to?"

"What part of him?" muttered Jack to himself—"why, now she must be gone back to the oysters again;" and, having thus re-assured himself, he exclaimed—"The beard, ma'am."

"My dear sir," quoth his hostess, "what has that to do with Milton's poetry? though, perhaps, you may be thinking of Samson Agonistes, and object to the lines—

'Then turned me out, ridiculous, despoiled,
Shaven, and disarmed among my enemies.'

"Very true, ma'am," cried Jack, catching at every straw; "it is his ridiculous poetry to which I object. Perhaps Milton borrowed his idea from

'This is the priest all shaven and shorn.'

I think the passage is to be found in 'The House that Jack built.'"

"You are building a pretty house, Master Jack," whispered I, in a thousand trepidations. But this time luck was on our side.

"I am afraid, Mr. Holland," cried *la* Bluebusk, "you are willing to raise a laugh against my enthusiasm in behalf of Milton. Perhaps some day you will run through his poems with me, and point out his failings. But, pray, if you set your face against Milton, what poet do you recommend for sublimity?"

"Shakspeare, Jack," whispered I; but I was too late.

"Why, Falconer, to be sure, ma'am," cried he in a moment;—"did you never read his 'Shipwreck?'"

"Certainly, Mr. Holland."

"Hip—hip—hurrah!" roared Jack, with a smile on his face for the first time:—"so have I; and now we *can* talk together a bit. Do you remember his whistling wind, and creaking cordage—his mast overboard, and his haul on the jib? That's something like poetry!"

"Really, Captain Burton," said Mrs. Bluebusk, "your friend has a most extraordinary taste; I am afraid that you must have bitten him with your sea-knowledge. I always understood that Falconer ranked as a fifth rate writer."

"Fifth rate!" quoth Jack, indignantly—"no such thing; he is a right-down first-rate man-of-war, stem and stern, with sails full set, and three tiers of guns in his broadside."

"Well, on your recommendation, I will read him again," cried Mrs. Bluebusk, half persuaded. "In the mean time, let us pass on to Shakspeare."

"Scuttled again!" murmured Jack; while I did this time find an opportunity of whispering in his ear, "You must praise Shakspeare, blow high, blow low." Jack gave me a nod and a wink, in friendly intimation of having heard and appreciated my advice.

"Well, Mr. Holland, what do you say to Shakspeare?" demanded our pertinacious hostess.

"Say, ma'am!—why I say, as you said of the native Miltons: he's the god of my—of my—he's the god of my high-holiday."

"Good heavens! Mr. Holland, you surely can't defend his absurdities!"

Jack gave me a piteous look, as much as to say, "What ship a-hoy!" and then, with a desperate plunge, he exclaimed—"Yes damme, ma'am, absurdities and all. I don't know but what his absurdities are the best part of him."

"What, sir, his witches?"

"Who calls witches absurdities?" quoth my friend, a little warmly. "To be sure they aren't flesh and blood; but they are very honest folks in their way, and God forbid that I should say a word against them!"

"Lord, Mr. Holland," cried our hostess's toady, "do you believe in witches?"

"What do you mean by 'believe?'" replied Jack: "I mean to say I've seen 'em—sometimes

in the main shrouds—sometimes between the upper sheets."

"Witches in shrouds are certainly in character," remarked Mrs. Bluebusk; but how they get between the sheets is a little incomprehensible."

"Well, then, damme, ma'am," cried Jack, somewhat nettled at her want of faith, "it is still more incomprehensible how you are to get at the upper sheets without the shrouds."

"Why, I protest, Mr. Holland, you are quite a Johnsonian," answered the lady; you not only believe in witches, but use all his hard worded incongruities, to puzzle your adversaries. Pray, are you ready to go the length of his sesquipedalian lucubrations?"

"Whew!" whistled the astounded Jack: "I'll go the length of my own tether, ma'am, with any body; but as to Sess's-queer-puddling, I leave that to my betters."

Mrs. Bluebusk stared; but nothing could make her resign. "At all events," cried she, "you can have no objection to defend your favourite Shakspeare by explaining one of his witch scenes, which, to my poor ability, I must confess is absolute nonsense.—Miss Stibbs, my dear, have the kindness to fetch Macbeth."

Away toddled toady; while Jack employed the interval in wiping the thick-set perspiration from his forehead, and muttering to himself something, the only words of which that I could hear, were "she-shark!—Shakspeare—Macbeth!—who are they?"

"Now let us take this scene, Mr. Holland," cried his persecutrix, armed with the sixth volume of Shakspeare. "Here, sir, this.—Pray don't turn away!—The third scene of the first act.—If you will but explain the first ten lines, I shall be satisfied."

Jack, who had well nigh made up his mind to have a run for it, when Shakspeare was produced, thought that, for the sake of his reputation, ten lines might be ventured on; and he therefore, took the book from her.

"Where am I to begin, ma'am?"

"There, if you please sir—'Enter the three Witches.'"

"Yes, ma'am: but, upon my word, you seem to read as well as I do. If you don't understand it now, I really doubt whether you will a bit the more, though I should read all night."

"Ah! Mr. Holland, that is your modesty!—Now, pray begin."

Jack gave me a horrible look, as if he was just entering into the last agonies; and then in a sepulchral tone proceeded—" '1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?'—Come, that is pretty clear, however. Now you see, ma'am, supposing I was an old woman, and was to say to you—'where hast thou been, sister?'—do you mean to say you would not understand me?"

Mrs. Bluebusk, who was at that doubtful age which the owner calls young, and the rest of the world calls old, bridled up at the illustration, as she exclaimed, "Oh! I understand that, sir, of course."

"To be sure—I knew you must," cried Jack, triumphantly.—"2 *Witch*. Killing swine."

"Ah, what does that mean?" interrupted the hostess.

"Why, this is clearer than t'other. It comes from the Chinese. When I was at Canton, there was a grand dispute about the way in which pigs ought to be killed. Some were for sticking—others for hanging—and a third party for the knock-me-down bullock fashion. Now I take it, this witch is a disputaceous lady—these thundering old women often are—and she starts the subject 'killing swine,' for the purpose of chopping a bit of logic with her sisters."

"Well, I protest that never struck me before," exclaimed Mrs. Bluebusk.—"What comes next?"

"3 *Witch*. Sister, where thou?—Now, you see, this third witch is a quiet, peaceable soul; and, instead of accepting the challenge, she tries to turn the conversation another way. Suppose we do the same, ma'am."

"No, really," cried the lady; "I cannot consent; your observations are so truly original!—What comes next?"

"1 *Witch*. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap."

"Why 'chesnuts,' Mr. Holland?"

"Clear again, ma'am. The author's object is to take us back to primitive society. Acorns first, and then chesnuts! You observe how ingeniously he has managed it.—I admit, however, that it would have been more natural, if he had added in a note, 'Let me advise my readers never to eat the husks.'

'A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht.'

Now that is full of nature again. He means to signify that the good wife had lost her teeth; and how expressive is 'mouncht' of the way in which old, toothless dames get through their victuals! Perhaps you will ring the bell, ma'am, and let us see you eat a crust. Of all things in the world, I like practical illustrations."

"That you do, Jack," cried I, with a sigh; while a fleeting vision of crockery and broken furniture swam before my eyes.

"Give me, quoth I," continued Jack, reading.—"No one, I presume, will dispute the nature of that.—'Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.'"

"Ah! now, that is what I want to know. What is the meaning of 'aroint'?"

"Lord, ma'am, can you doubt that for a moment," answered Jack; "just look back to the line before—'and mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht.' There, you see: she does not mounch once, or twice, but three times. Why, then, of course, she must have her mouth pretty tolerably full; and, being in a hurry to answer the applicant, how beautifully expressive of an indistinct palate pronunciation is the word 'aroint.' We really must have the slice of bread up to illustrate all this: and see how the picture is carried on—'the rump-fed ronyon cries.' That shows her good living, and accounts for her being always mounching: she had just dined off rump-steak

pudding, and was making her dessert on chesnuts. 'Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of the Tyger,'—Now, this you see—"

"Oh, come, Mr. Holland, I fancy that I need not trouble you to explain that. Here is my nephew, who has been two years midshipman in a king's ship, and I presume he must know a little more about sea matters than you."

Jack, with high indignation in his look, surveyed the young whipper-snapper, who had been thus unceremoniously put over his old sea-faring head, and vehemently exclaimed, "Phoo! phoo!" which was about as much contempt as he thought it became him to condescend to express; and, having thus vented his spleen, he continued—

"But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do."

'And like a rat without a tail,'—that line's fine, ma'am, very fine."

"Yes, Sir, but what may it mean?"

"Mean!" echoed Jack: "now that is as cruel a question as I ever heard. I point out to you a fine line, and then you ask me what it means; just as if you can expect a thing to be fine, and have meaning too!"

"And what say you to the last line you have read?"

"'I'll do, I'll do, I'll do!' why, ma'am, I say this—upon my soul I can't do any more," and, without further ceremony he bounced out of the room, whispering me as he passed, "I'll tell you what, Captain Tom, the old lady has run me regularly dry, so I'm off to the Bee, to get a double allowance of grog."

Mrs. Bluebusk looked after him as he sailed along, and then, turning to me, cried, "Upon my word your friend is a very extraordinary gentleman; but it is easy to perceive that his genius is of the first-rate order, and that entitles him, of course, to be eccentric."

I signified my assent to the proposition by a silent bow, at the same time inwardly congratulating myself that matters had passed off so well. After this, the conversation gradually extended into general subjects, when it was suddenly interrupted by a loud bustle on the stairs, which attracted every body's attention; and a minute after, two brawny, top-booted fellows strode into the apartment.

"What may you be pleased to want here?" demanded Mrs. Bluebusk at the top of her voice.

"Oh, Ma'am, no offence to you," replied one of the fellows, "but there is a gentleman here whom we want. We are London bailiffs, backed with the Suffolk sheriff's writ to arrest one Mr. John Howden, *alias* Holland, (as we hear he is called in these parts,) for 1000*l.*, at the suit of Nicholas Gorgle."

Mrs. Bluebusk looked at me, with a thousand thunders in her eye. As for me, I was all trepidation. Farewell all peace—farewell all tranquillity, after Mrs. Bluebusk's *sanctum* had been violated by bailiffs in search of a person whom I had introduced.

At length the storm burst forth—"Captain

Burton," exclaimed she, "I am astonished at your placing me in such a situation. I have every respect for literary men, and as such feel towards Mr. Howden."

"Lord love you, ma'am," cried the London bailiff, "what do you mean by a literary man? Mr. Howden is none of that sort, and I ought to know, for I have had most of the literary men in England in my custody at one time or another. This here defendant is an old East Indian sailor, and, I'll be sworn, never read a book in his life, unless, perhaps, it was his own log, or Falconer's Shipwreck."

"Falconer's Shipwreck!" screamed the toady.

"Falconer's Shipwreck!" screamed Mrs. Bluebusk:—"that accounts for it, then! Captain Burton, how dare you tell me that your friend was a man of letters?"

At that moment the servant entered, and put a note into my hand. I saw in an instant that it was written by Jack. I opened it—glanced at its contents—while Mrs. Bluebusk exclaimed, Don't read that impostor's scrawl; but tell me, Sir, how you dared to pass him off to me as a man of letters?"

"A man of letters, ma'am," cried I, "listen to this note, and then tell me if he is not a man of letters."

"To A. T. B., Esq., F. R. S. &c.

"Bee, Eye, Sept. 2—10, p. m., A. D. 1831.

"Dear T.—Tell Mrs. B., though I've drunk her tea, and our thoughts so gee, I cannot come back p. p. c., because D. I. O. with the scent of a bailiff at my heels. This is a word in the Q. E. D. That rascal N. G., who holds my I. O. U. has traced me to Eye with a *ca. sa*.

Your's most literally, J. W. H."

"P. S.—Remember me to F. and K., and beg them not to put an R. after my name, though for the present I am Q in the corner."

The bailiffs, when they heard it, were off like a shot. Mrs. Bluebusk, when she heard it, thought that a better case had been made out than could have been expected; upon which, Miss Tibbs thought so too. My nieces, Fanny and Kate, when they heard it, shed a tear a-piece for honest Jack's misfortune; and, lest my readers should do the same, let me add, that I have just received news that the friend whom he guaranteed has just returned *nummi plenus*, and released from all his pecuniary difficulties this newly-dubbed "man of letters."

WOMAN.

THE Countess of Blessington, in her Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron, has the following remarks:—

"How few men understand the feelings of women! Sensitive, and easily wounded as we are, obliged to call up pride to support us in trials that always leave fearful marks behind, how often are we compelled to assume the semblance of coldness and indifference, when the heart inly bleeds; and the decent composure, put on with

our visiting garments to appear in public, and, like them, worn for a few hours, are with them laid aside; and all the dreariness, the heart consuming cares, that woman alone can know, return to make us feel, that, though we may disguise our sufferings from others, and deck our countenance with smiles, we cannot deceive ourselves, and are but the more miserable from the constraint we submit to. A woman only can understand a woman's heart—we cannot, dare not complain—sympathy is denied us, because we must not lay open the wounds that excite it, and even the most legitimate feelings are too sacred in female estimation to be exposed—and, while we nurse the grief 'that lies too deep for tears,' and consumes alike health and peace, a man may, with impunity, express all, nay, more than he feels—court and meet sympathy—while his leisure hours are cheered by occupations and pleasures, the latter too often such as ought to prove how little he stood in need of compassion, except for his vices."

INVOLUNTARY DANCING.

ON arriving at Tulli, I was surprised to observe, as I looked down upon the village from a hill above it, that all the people who had assembled to gaze upon us, were jumping and skipping with the greatest activity and in the most grotesque manner, striking their bodies on several parts, and performing such strange antics, that I conjectured it was a national dance got up in celebration of our arrival, not supposing it likely that a stray sect of jumping dervishes could have established themselves in so out-of-the-way a spot.

As I approached the village, however, I found that not only my servants, but my brother and myself, in spite of our fatigues, were unconsciously joining the dance, and striking ourselves in good earnest. I thought of the electric eels in some river in Africa, and fancied a similar phenomenon hung over Tulli. The mystery was too soon cleared up; we had entered the precinct of the most venomous little insect I had ever met with: it is a miniature wasp, scarcely larger than a sand-fly, with a green body, and a pair of forceps that inflict its wounds unmercifully. We have lost all chance of rest, and it is ludicrous in the highest degree to observe the effects of the bite upon the people. They break suddenly off, in whatever occupation they may be engaged, and, after jumping and beating themselves for a few moments, resume their work, in which, however, they are soon interrupted for more exercise. They are covered over with black spots, in which I am bidding fair to rival them—for these little insects never fail to leave their marks. We are situated on the slope of a hill, surrounded on all sides with pine-trees, and I imagine that circumstance may be the cause of so many insects, for the heat is not particularly great; the thermometer stands at 74.—*Skinner's Excursions in India.*

THE MOONLIT CHURCHYARD.

THERE is no cloud to mar the depth of blue,
Through which the silent, silver moon careers,
Save in the west some streaks of hazy hue,
Through which pale Vesper, twinkling, re-appears;
The sacred harmony which rules the spheres
Descends on lower regions, and the mind,
Stript of the vain solicitudes and fears,
Which seem the heritage of human kind,
Commingles with the scene, and leaves its cares behind.

To gaze upon the studded arch above,
And on thy placid beauty, mystic moon,
Shedding abroad the mysteries of love,
And rendering night more exquisite than noon,
Expands the slaking spirit; while as soon
As from terrestrial frailties we retire,
And to thy hallowed mood our hearts attune,
To those benignant feelings we aspire,
Which makes the spirit glow with purified desire.

'Tis sweet, thus resting on this grassy mound,
To look upon the vales that stretch below,
On the old woods, that throw their shadows round,
And on the silver streams of ceaseless flow,
Murmuring and making music as they go;
And on the hamlets, where a little star,
Beaming within the lattice, makes to glow
The homeward travellers heart, as, from afar,
He hails a shelter from the world's contentious jar.

The scattered wrecks of generations past,
Slumbering around me are the village dead;
O'er them no sculptured stones their shadows cast,
To keep the moonshine from their verdant bed.
Here oft my steps hath contemplation led;
And here, alone, in solemn reverie,
Under this hoary elm, with lichens red,
I've thought how years and generations flee,
And of the things which were, and never more shall be:

Nor is the day far distant, nor the hour,
Deep in the bosom of Futurity,
When all that revel now in pride and power,
Commingle dust with dust as low shall lie;
Yes! all that live and move beneath the sky
An equal doom awaits; our sires have passed—
Alike the mightiest and the meanest die;
And, slowly come the doom, or come it fast,
The inexorable grave awaits us all at last.

But man was made for bustle and for strife;
Though sometimes, like the sun on summer days,
The bosom is unruffled, yet his life
Consists in agitation, and his ways
Are through the battling storm-blasts; to erase
Some fancied wrong, to gain some promised joy,
To gather earthly good, or merit praise,
Are—and will be—the objects that employ
His thoughts, and lead him on to dazzle or destroy.

Yet lost to all that dignifies our kind,
Cold were the heart, and bigoted indeed,
Which, by its selfish principles made blind,
Could destine all that differed from its creed
To utterless perdition; who can feed
A doctrine so debasing in the breast?
We who are dust and ashes, who have need
Of mercy, not of judgment; and, at best,
Are vanity to Him, with whom our fate must rest?

Since thus so feeble, happy 'tis for us,
That the All-Seeing is our judge alone!
We walk in darkness—but not always thus;
The veil shall be withdrawn, and man be shown
Mysterious laws of nature, now unknown;
Yes; what is shrouded from our feeble sight,
Or now seems but a chaos overgrown
With marvels, hidden in the womb of night,
Shall burst upon our view, clear, beautiful and bright.

Oh! who that gazes on the lights of life,
Man in his might, and woman in her bloom,
Would think, that after some brief years of strife,
Both must be tenants of the silent tomb!
Naught can revoke the irrevocable doom—
Childhood's despair, man's prayer or woman's tear!
The soul must journey through the vale of gloom:
And ere it enters on a new career,
Burn in the light of hope, or shrink with conscious fear.

Then, in resigned submission, let us bow
Before the Providence that cares for all;
'Tis thine, O God, to take or to bestow,
To raise the meek, or bid the mighty fall;
Shall low-born doubts, shall earthly fears intrude
The deathless soul which emanates from thee?
Forbid the degradation! No—it shall
Burst from earth's bonds, like day-star from the sea,
When from the rising sun the shades of darkness flee!

THE OUDALISKI'S SONG.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THEY said that I was fair and bright,
And bore me far away—
Within the Sultan's halls of light,
A glittering wretch to stay;
They bore me o'er the dreary sea,
Where the dark wild billows foam—
Nor heard the sighs I heaved for thee,
My own—my childhood's home!

They deck my arms with jewels rare
That glitter in the sun,
And braid with pearls my long black hair—
I wept when all is done!
I'd give them all, for one bright hour
Free and unwatched to roam,
I'd give them all, for one sweet flower
From thee—my childhood's home.

They bring my low-toned harp, and bid
My voice the notes prolong—
And oft my soul is harshly chid
When tears succeed to song:
Alas! my lips can sing no more,
When o'er my spirit come
The strains I heard in thee of yore,
My own—my childhood's home!

For *then*, the long lost visions rise
Of happy sinless years—
I dare not hide my streaming eyes,
Yet cannot cease from tears:
I see the porch where wearily
My mother sits and weeps—
I see the couch where rosiely
My little brother sleeps.

I see the flowers I loved to tend,
Lie tangled on the earth;
I hear the merry voices blend—
Mine old companion's mirth!
Oh! what to me are gilded halls,
Rich vestments, jewels rare?
I'd rather live in cavern walls
And breathe the mountain air.

Here the hot heavy winds are still,
The hours unwearied pass,
Oh for the sunshine on the hill—
The dew upon the grass!
Oh! for the cool resounding shore,
The dark blue river's foam;
Shall my sick heart ne'er see them more?
Wo! for my childhood's home!

Original.

THE MONK.

A TALE, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE POLITICAL STATE OF FRANCE IN 1793.

My escape from France in the year 1793, has about it an appearance of romance, which may serve to illustrate the state of the times at that eventful period.

I am a Benedictine Monk, and a native of Languedoc; one of the finest provinces in France. For many years I was a professor in a seminary near Toulouse, and rose to be the second in authority in a community of more than thirty friars, who were attached to that institution. The founder of our order, Saint Benedict, prescribed as a rule, so far back as the fifth century, that his monks should superintend the instruction of youth; a duty which they have faithfully executed at all times; but more especially since the dispersion of the Jesuits.

The college to which I belonged, was well endowed, and well supplied with able professors and teachers. It was situated in a beautiful champaign country, cultivated like a garden. It was indeed a fine district, richly furnished with every necessary of life, and at the cheapest prices. These advantages naturally drew to us numerous scholars. They sometimes exceeded four hundred, who were accommodated in noble buildings, surrounded by a spacious park, and scenery gay and varied, particularly on the southern border of the valley, where the Pyrenees rose in majestic grandeur. The climate too, how fine! bland in summer, and temperate in winter; a mild college discipline; liberal, friendly and gentlemanly conduct on the part of my religious brothers; all combined to give health to the body, and to the heart contentment.

As sub-director of this great establishment, I possessed a considerable share of influence, which I endeavoured to use honestly. I may have sometimes misapplied it; intentionally I never went wrong; but who is perfect? Among our scholars there were 40 or 50, who were paid for by the king, being the sons of poor officers. After staying with us three or four years, they received commissions in the army, provided their conduct at college had been correct, if not, they lost all chance of royal patronage. We had likewise placed under our care, some students of the highest rank in Europe; among these, I will only refer to an Italian prince, very nearly allied to the Sardinian throne, and who assumed the incognito of *De Barge*. He was consigned to my special superintendence—the reigning king of Sardinia is his son—he was a youth of gentle manners, and perfectly disposed to live on a footing of equality with the other boys. I mention him here, because he is spoken of in the subsequent part of my narrative; and I have likewise brought into notice the king's pensioners, in order to vindicate the severe punishment that I was officially called upon to inflict on one

of them named *Nebon*. That young man had given offence to one of the religious, who was his teacher; and when the lad obstinately refused to obey that gentleman, or apologize for his behaviour, the affair was referred to me. On a calm investigation of the matter, it appeared that the discipline of the college could not be well sustained, under all the circumstances of the case, without an example being made of *Nebon*; and although we were aware of its sad consequences to the poor youth, we thought it better that one should suffer, than that the police of the school should be jeopardded, and so we passed upon him a decree of expulsion.

He was sent home, and *Nebon* carried with him the strongest prejudices against me. I, who was neither accuser nor witness, but simply the judge of the matter!—and even then not in the last resort; for my opinion could have been nullified by the superior of the college; yet he always considered me as the main cause of his disgrace. This happened in the year 1787, when he was about 18 years old.

It was an unpleasant occurrence; and very few like it took place, while I had any share in the administration; on the contrary, things went on in harmony, and the institution was at the height of prosperity, when the political troubles, which preceded the great revolution, broke out. We felt their effects immediately; and in four or five years the collegial establishment crumbled to pieces. Scholars went one way, the monks another; and nothing was thought of, at least among us persecuted priests, but to hide ourselves from the public eye. Our religious order was suppressed by law. Altars were dishonoured or abandoned, vows of celibacy abolished and ridiculed; churches shut up, and the holy sabbath stricken from the calendar. One of the poets of the day thus describes this last event:—

" Les fetes, nlore, n'offroient plus
D'utilite ni d'avantage;
Comme de bien d'autres abus,
L'on en abolit l'usage.
On fit, aussi, un autre changement,
Qui meme causa bien plus de peine;
C'est que sans nul menagement,
L'on vota d'allonger la semaine:
L'assemblee fut assez hardie
D'ordonner qu'on en retranche.
Non pas mardi, ni mercredi,
Mais justement dimanche!"

This political hallucination, very soon drove the wise and virtuous from public affairs, and put the helm of state, under the guidance of men, instigated by the demon of destruction. The reign of terror triumphed every where;—the profligate alone ruled the land. Those priests and monks who did not choose to marry, or wor-

ship the Goddess of Reason, became particularly obnoxious to persecution. I perceived this, more and more, every day, even in the sequestered spot to which I had retired; for I had taken shelter under my paternal roof, with my aged father, who resided several miles from the high way, on a farm, so remote from the bustle of the world, that I flattered myself, I might live there unnoticed.—On the 21st of January 1793, our virtuous and beloved king, Louis the Sixteenth, was beheaded. That bold and bloody execution frightened us all. No man's life was safe after the royal decapitation; besides, as a non-conforming priest, I was an outlaw, and the pursuit after us, became daily more and more active, and made it necessary for me to fly from France. But how was I to get away? and what asylum should I seek abroad? In considering the subject, I thought of my young pupil, the Italian prince, and immediately set about planning my escape.

An old schoolmate of mine lived in the neighbourhood, who carried on a small trade between *Cette* and *Genoa*. He was at his house at this period, and I paid him a visit. Alarmed himself, he willingly entered into my project, which was for me to accompany him to *Cette*, (with some goods he had lately purchased at the fair of *Beaucaire*,) in the capacity of a servant, and endeavour to bribe the skipper of the coasting bark, in which they were to be shipped, to connive at my embarkation with him for Italy. Our scheme was put into execution immediately. Surrounded as I was by friends, in my father's house, I found no difficulty in procuring a peasant's dress, which I put on even to the *sabots*, or wooden shoes. I changed my name too, from that of my family, *Andrus*, to *Peter Assiot*; and having when a boy learned the *patois*, or provincial dialect, spoken throughout the south of France, by the peasantry, I was able to converse on the road with people of the rank I had assumed. Thus equipt, I started with my friend, whose name was *Bonet*, for *Beaucaire*, and thence rode in a hired wagon, which contained part of his merchandise, to the port of *Cette*.

Nothing occurred by the way to disturb us. We arrived safe, at the principal inn; Bonet, found a coaster nearly ready to depart, and shipped his goods. "Now," said he, "I will sound the captain about you; as the vessel is to sail this evening, arrangements must be made immediately; wait here, while I send the wagon back, and go to the wharf to speak to the master of the boat. In half an hour I will return."

As soon as he went away, I retired to the corner of a garret, where supposing myself to be alone, I fell on my knees, and repeated the morning office from my prayer-book, and ended by an invocation to our merciful father, asking for protection of his ruined church, and the restoration of a settled and virtuous government to my unhappy country.

When about leaving the room, I met a man who came out of an adjoining apartment—he glanced at me a look of fury. What he meant

by it I could not then comprehend; but the moment I entered the bar-room, to which he followed me, I was accused by him of being a counter-revolutionist. Bonet had come back, and held a public journal in his hand, which he had been reading—he seemed in low spirits, and was hardly roused from his state of dejection by the harsh voice of my accuser. But when he threatened to take me before some committee of vigilance that he named, my friend started from his seat, and asked what he meant?

"Why," said he, "I caught this man, who I take to be a spy from Conde's army, in the very act of praying, which alone is proof of aristocracy. Who prays now but royalists? Have we not shut up all our churches, and written 'everlasting sleep over our grave-yards'?"

While he was speaking, I calmly surveyed his savage face—it was covered with bushy whiskers and mustaches, and his whole costume was that of personal filthiness; and in this he was in perfect keeping with the *enrages* of that day. A man who was met in a cleanly garb, was called in their slang, a *muscadin*—an anti-republican. To stand the test of patriotism with those polluted *Jacobins*, the pre-requisite was a slovenly dress.

"Comrade," said Bonet, in a soothing voice, "what can such a poor man as that have in common with the aristocracy or Conde? He follows me on my lawful business as a servant, and has nothing to do with politics—be seated then, and let us drink a cup of wine to Robespierre's health." But the fellow was in too fierce a humour to be coaxed. "I am," said he, "well known at the Jacobin club, and have sworn to be vigilant. Moreover, news has arrived from Paris, which you may see in the Journal, now in your hand, warning us to be on the look out for emigrating nobles and priests, and vowing vengeance on any captain, who shall take them away; so, do you see, citizen, I will not meddle with you, because I know you; but it's all a sham about this man being a servant; no servant speaks French as I heard him in his prayers just now, and I mean to have him up before the committee."

"And pray," said Bonet, "what authority have you to meddle with travellers? Are not you the brother of the innkeeper, and barber of the house?"

"I am all that," cried he, "and what is more, I am a member of the affiliated club of Jacobins, as I have already told you, and that shall be my warrant for examining this man."

We had the room to ourselves, fortunately. The varlet approached, and had the audacity to lay violent hands on me. My friend, a warm-hearted little Languedocian, sprang forward in my defence, and pulled him off, while I, seeing plainly that it was a matter of life or death, looked round for some weapon of defence, when fortunately recollecting the use that angry peasants make of their wooden shoes in battle, I seized one of mine, and applied it with such hearty good will against the hideous hairy mouth of the barber that he fell prostrate at my feet.

No one was a witness of our assault, nor were we slow in making our retreat—the field of battle was left to the bleeding foe—Bonet led the way to the wharf. As we hurried along, he told me that an accusation by such a miscreant as that Jacobin was a sentence of death; and then added that the orders from Paris contained in the journal that he had just been reading, were of so peremptory a character that the skipper positively refused to receive on board any one who had not a regular passport; and you have nothing left for it, my good father, but to make your way to Italy by land."

When we came to the sea side, Bonet despatched the man who had charge of a boat belonging to the coaster, and bade him tell the master, to proceed immediately on his voyage, and stop for him off the little town of *Frontignac*; then taking the oars he rowed across the bay. As soon as we had reached a mile or two on the smooth bosom of the Mediterranean, we considered ourselves safe, and in talking over our adventure, could scarcely refrain from laughing. "This," said I, "is my *coup d'essai*; it is the first hard blow I ever gave a human being; but the caittiff seemed to thirst for my blood."

"And should he soon recover from his trance," said my friend, "he will have it yet. But I think we have sufficiently the start of him to put you in safety. You must get to Italy by the way of Switzerland or Savoy. My wagon waits in yon hamlet, by my orders, to take a few boxes of Frontignac to Montpellier, and in it you may go to that city. The wine is to be delivered to my brother-in-law, a medical gentleman, to whom I will give you a line; for the rest you must trust to his friendship and your own prudence—he is worthy of all confidence, and will assist you willingly."

As he spoke, we approached the shore, at a distance of five miles from *Cette*. In a few moments, Bonet had written with a pencil to his relation; my adieus, amid tears of gratitude, were made, and I was seated once more in the wagon. The ride to Montpellier was accomplished in a couple of hours, and I found myself a welcome guest in the good doctor's house.

I spent three days in a retired part of it, secure against every thing, except a domiciliary visit. There was not a single servant under his roof. The army had drawn off many of the men, and the disordered state of every profession did not afford the expense of a female. The wife and daughters executed all the domestic duties of the family; so that no fear was entertained of the malice or imprudence of hirelings—yet I began to feel the necessity of moving. My affair with the barber at *Cette* had occasioned some talk, and I did not like to loiter within the sphere of that Jacobin's influence. Besides, if he should discover me, he might injure my worthy host; I, therefore, put in execution on the fourth day, a plan which he had suggested when I first arrived.

The doctor was a director of a public botanical institution, or garden of plants, and he proposed

to obtain for me a commission to visit the mountains in the capacity of herbarist, by which means I might travel unmolested, he hoped, even into Savoy. I relished the scheme much, and having put on suitable clothes, and obtained an elementary book on botany, in order to recover what I had learned of that science at college, I retained my borrowed name of *Peter Assiot*, and started on my new vocation.

My friend accompanied me in the evening to the garden, where I was introduced to the superintendant, who gave me written instructions. Four days had I spent in the conversation and society of this worthy friend—it was an acquaintance of no long standing certainly, yet our attachment was mutual and sincere—it had its source in the sympathy and high-wrought sensibility which the dreadful condition of the community engendered. We embraced each other on the public road and amid darkness—our adieus were pronounced with a faltering tongue, for the sword of *Damocles* hung over our heads, and over that of every honest man in France.

We parted. I took a cross road that led far away from the great thoroughfares, intending to pass the Rhone at the *Pont Saint Esprit*, or bridge of the Holy Ghost; and the event for several days did not disappoint the hope I entertained, that amongst the rustics of the villages, and magistrates of the small towns, I should get along unmolested.

The country people, however, on the 8th day after I left Montpellier, appeared to be less tranquil; there were in all the hamlets indications of insubordination and idleness. I asked no questions. My business was to get on towards the frontiers, unnoticed if possible, and without unnecessary intercourse with any one. I therefore traversed the villages, in perfect silence; wondering, nevertheless, what could draw the whole population of the district into groups of men and women, and produce the uneasiness which every where met my eye. This induced me to sequester myself from the observation of the common people, and seek a night's lodging in the barn of some gentleman's estate. With this view, about five o'clock in the afternoon of a sultry day, overcome with fatigue and anxiety, I turned from the road into an avenue that led to a pretty looking *chateau*. A *chateau* must not be mistaken for a fortified castle—it is well known that gentlemen's country seats are so styled. Any capacious villa, constructed with white free stone, and having the exterior of a genteel modern house, is called a castle now a-days.

I sauntered up the long straight avenue, until I approached the house; then desirous to see the gardener or one of the servants, I took a right hand gravel walk, which led to an unenclosed shrubbery—there, stopping to look round, I heard footsteps, and in a few moments two ladies appeared—they seemed alarmed at the sight of a stranger. I took off my hat, and in manner and language the most respectful, explained the

cause of my intrusion. This satisfied them; and after putting many questions about the temper of the people, they called the butler and gave me in charge to him. No sooner had he conducted me to the servant's room, than the same questions were asked by him, which being frankly answered to the best of my knowledge, we gradually became sociable and communicative; so that in the course of an hour or two he had left nothing untold that I wished to hear.

"You are," said the old man, "in the house of the *ci-devant* Count de Saintonge, who emigrated a year ago, and is now living abroad in very reduced circumstances."

Here I interrupted him to enquire whether M. de Saintonge had not been ambassador to Spain? And receiving an affirmative answer, I told him that I knew him personally; for I had seen him at our college about six years before, in company with Monsieur de Brienne the Archbishop of Toulouse. He was then, as I remember, going to the springs of Barege, on his way to Madrid.

"I have served in his family twenty years," resumed the butler; "the elder lady of the two you saw, is a native of Spain, and wife to my absent master; the other is her daughter, born here, and now eighteen years of age. As you know the Count, you may recollect his handsome person; he is as good too in heart as in looks. These ladies thinking that our countrymen—Frenchmen—would never molest females, and apprehending the possibility of a confiscation, should the estate be forsaken by the whole family, have had the courage to stay here and brave the storm. There was another cause that kept them:—the young lady is engaged to the son of one of the generals of the Republic: very fine men, both father and son; for you know that the army has many true patriots in it, who fight for their country disinterestedly, and have no share in the wicked doings of the government."

"No doubt at all of it," said I, "but go on."

"Well, this son, who is himself a captain of cavalry, is passionately fond of my young mistress; and we owe to his watchfulness and his father's protection, all the quiet that we have hitherto enjoyed. We expect the lover here to-night, for his regiment is at no great distance, and he often gallops fifty miles a-day, backwards and forwards, to see that all is right at the chateau. We look with impatience for him just now, and the reason is, that there arrived a few days ago, at *Sisteron*, a small town a few miles off, a new and furious commissioner from Paris, charged with the sacred duty, as he calls it, of raising this district to the condition of thoroughgoing republicanism; and this he declares he will do immediately, by bringing every patrician house to a level with those of the peasants—who, he says, are the true 'sovereign people.' He does not understand that kind of equality which lodges one family in a fine stone edifice while thousands of others dwell in mud huts. So, to cut the matter short, he has proclaimed to us all, that he means to give up the residences of the aristocracy to the

flames; and this it is that has thrown the whole district into confusion, the signs of which you saw yourself all along the road. But what has increased our alarm to-day is, that the good miller, who lives near the stream at the foot of the hill, and who is an old and faithful tenant, gave us notice a few hours ago, that from what he could learn, the threatened conflagration would begin to-night. He came up to warn the ladies, and invite them down to his house; 'for,' said he, 'you need not attempt to defend yourselves; the commissioner has bribed too many of the disaffected peasantry, by the promise of pillage. It would only cause a useless waste of blood.' But my mistress, who is a brave Castilian, and likes to see danger, before she flies from it, chooses to postpone her retreat until the enemy shall show himself. Besides, we have sometime ago, removed to a place of security, all our plate and other valuable property, and so reformed our once splendid establishment, that we have no body here now, except the cook, a waiting boy, who takes care of one horse, which is all we keep, and the daughter of a neighbour, who attends the two ladies, and milks a cow. What a falling off is all this," concluded the old butler—"Ah! believe me, sir, we shall never see things put to rights, until we get a king on the throne."

To this I responded most heartily; and then asked if he did not think the Countess would allow me a short interview. Her situation appeared to be critical, and I felt strongly inclined to advise and aid her; so I sent the butler into the parlour, with the respects of an humble acquaintance of the Count's, who requested permission to see her. He brought me word that I might go in. On entering, I bowed to the two ladies, and told them that the character and rank of the Count were well known to me, and that my regard for him, had inspired me with the hope that I should make my services acceptable to his family, at a juncture so fraught with danger as the present.

"Stranger," the Countess answered, "we may thank you, even if we should not trust you. This new commissioner has, indeed, alarmed us; yet the times cannot be so out of joint, as to authorise the fulfilment of his threats. How! license a mob to pillage and burn the dwellings of unoffending people! An act so cruel and useless will never be perpetrated by a public functionary. The nation is strangely deluded it is true, and fearful acts of atrocity have been committed. But, who are you, pray, who claim acquaintance with my husband?"—"This paper, madam, will show my present occupation.—(I gave her the letter of instructions from the garden of plants.)—It is an employment that may carry me beyond the frontiers; perhaps among the Alps. If in my travels I can convey news from you to the Count, I will do it with pleasure. Your situation, just now, is full of difficulty and danger. I offer to watch the threatened proceedings of this night."

"That is very good in you," said Madame de Saintonge, "and as we are but feebly protected, I accept your offer. Should we be assailed and

driven hence, our retreat will be down to the house of a faithful dependant. Yet our fears may deceive us. What motive for such excesses! Transgressions must have their limits; and, in this instance, no advantage can be gained of a political character."

"Ah, Madam! what may not a people do, who have ignominiously executed the eldest son of our holy church; a people unrestrained even by the sacredness of kingly majesty! If our august monarch was denied justice or mercy, what barrier can his humble subjects oppose? No, ladies, believe me, an infuriate and rebellious populace, led on by this new man from Paris, will spare nothing; and I should be glad to see you even now, before it be too late, withdraw to the miller's house, which the butler tells me is open to you."

They declined going, however, and after thanking me, in a tone of friendly confidence, they pointed to a small door, through which they could pass unobserved, in case of alarm, to a terrace that overhung the garden, down which lay the shortest road to the miller's.

I returned to the butler's room, where, amid sad forebodings, I waited until nine o'clock, at which time I left the house, intending to take my station in the barn, where I thought I could be most useful, particularly in giving timely alarm; and if no disturbance took place, I could repose very comfortably on the hay. It was a dark night. The old servant accompanied me with a lantern. We ascended a ladder to the hay-loft, where he pointed to a clean corner. "There is a snug place," said he, "for you to sleep on; and if any one comes, please to take notice of this door; it leads into a back passage, as you may see, from the end of which are steps to the harness room, whence you can escape to the back of the barn; and should you have occasion for an offensive weapon, here is a rustic's pike, that may, peradventure, serve you a good turn."

As he spoke, he took from a corner, a large pitchfork, which he placed in my hand. "It is very well to possess it," said I; "a strong case may occur to justify the use of it. And now good night, old man; depend upon my watchfulness and friendship."

The butler withdrew, and I sat down on the hay. There I listened to every noise, with an attentive ear, for more than an hour, when the sound of voices came suddenly upon me, and close to the door. I started on my feet, and moved to the back gallery. Two men stepped on to the floor, just beneath me. They spoke *patois*, a provincial dialect with which I was well acquainted. "The commissioner from Paris," said one, "will look after this chateau himself, it seems, because it belongs to a great aristocrat, who has run away. He is just behind us, and we must make haste and saddle the horse, which is to be seized for the army, he says."—"That's as it may be," replied the other, holding up his lantern to the peg where the saddle and bridle hung. The horse was soon equipt and taken

out; and immediately after they returned with a third person, who announced himself as chief of the party, by the authoritative tone of his voice. I stood motionless, with the pitchfork in my hand, watching the trio, who stopt near the hay mow. "Give me the candle," cried the commissioner; "do you hesitate? I myself, then, will kindle the republican bonfire;" and so saying, he applied the light to the hay, and in a moment all was in a blaze. "Now," added he, "I shall be able to see without you. Make haste and help your companions, who are demolishing the oppressor's castle."

The raging flames were not more fierce than the feeling of indignation that possessed me. I retreated through the harness room, ran round the barn, with my pitchfork well poised for battle, and met the commissioner face to face. He was just stepping from the stable door to mount his horse. At sight of me, the incendiary started aside, and drew his sword. "Who art thou?" cried he.—"Wretch," said I, "I am, I hope, the vengeful instrument of high heaven, to punish the author of this desolation." He shrunk before my voice and upraised arm; for cruel men are commonly cowards. I advanced upon him, and with one vigorous thrust, put the double pronged weapon into his body; then, nerved by the vehemence of my wrath, with strength almost supernatural, I took the bleeding corse, and flung it into the fire.

"Thou devil," I exclaimed, thy carcass shall feed the flames, which thine own guilty hands have kindled." The wretch's sword lay at my feet—I snatched it up and mounted the horse. A noon-day's sun could not have cast a stronger flood of light on every object around, than did the crackling blaze from the barn. I traversed the park at full speed, and dismounted at a balustrade near the terrace. Throwing the reins over a post, I approached the door, indicated by the ladies: it was shut. The house resounded with riotous voices, in the din of which I heard the cries of women. I returned to the court-yard and entered the great door, which had been forced open; and rushing up stairs, sword in hand, reached the room from which the distressing screams issued. The house was already on fire: large mirrors and other fragile furniture lay in shattered ruins under my feet: the glare of the stables shone in dazzling lustre upon this demolished splendour: every thing I met was suited to sustain the rage by which I was animated. I entered the room undaunted; nor was this courage misplaced even in the bosom of an ecclesiastic, when exercised for the protection of innocent and helpless females. Madame de Saintonge stood before me, threatened by a ruffian, who held a knife to her heart, swearing that if she did not divulge the secret deposite of her plate and money, he would take her life. Irritated by her firm refusal, the deed was about being perpetrated, when my avenging arm cut him down. The brave Spanish woman recognised me immediately, and cried out, "Stranger, generous stranger, I thank you; but fly to the

rescue of my child beset by a villain in the alcove." I turned to obey, but I was not destined to achieve the victory single-handed. A young man entered the room at that very moment, and attracted by the imploring cries of the daughter, outstript me in speed, discharged his pistol and slew the licentious boor, with whom she was struggling. This new ally was *Jules*, the accepted lover of the young lady. The sudden appearance, however, of her best friend and protector, the horrible situation from which she was rescued, the sight of the blood around, threw her into a state of insensibility. I approached, and saw at once that it was nothing more than a fainting fit, which the fresh air and cool water would soon cure, and directed in a voice of command rather than entreaty, the young gentleman to assist me to take her to the fountain in the garden. The flames were moving rapidly towards us; our bloody tragedy had left no enemy alive to testify against us, and we had nothing to do, but to get out of the house as quick as possible. Transported to the basin of the *jette d'eau* at the foot of the terrace, the young lady soon revived. On our way down the back stairs, we stopt a moment to contemplate with deep sorrow, the body of the faithful butler, who was early sacrificed in defending his mistress and her daughter, against the two assailants who perished in the manner I have just related.

Before we left the fountain, the miller came to us, in an agony of grief; he could do nothing but wring his hands and look on. We ourselves had paused a moment to contemplate the dreadful scene. Above, the people seemed drunk with joy, singing revolutionary songs and dancing the *Carmagnole*, while loud explosions of gunpowder rent asunder the larger pieces of furniture. From the roof the flames rose high in the air, scattering fragments of slate far around; in the distance, the stables and out-houses burnt with fury; and still further, near the horizon, were to be seen the incendiary works of the same demon of destruction, who had caused the ruin over which we stood musing in silent grief.

"Let us turn from this sight," said the Countess, "and go down to our kind neighbours."

"You will find in the yard," said I to the miller, "a horse, which I beg you to bring along." *Jules* directed him to bring his horse likewise to the mill, as he had left him near mine.

An escape from life from such a calamity, was suited to diminish the regret produced by the conflagration, and to fill the heart with gratitude; no sooner, therefore, had we reached the little sitting room in the miller's house, than yielding to my invitation, we fell on our knees, while I sent forth a short ejaculation of thanks for our preservation. Refreshed by this holy communion with high heaven, we related to each other the events that had brought about a result so romantic.

"On my way to visit you," said *Jules*, "I stopt at *Sisteron*, to dine with my mother; and there, receiving a hint of the intentions of the commissioner, I hastened to your succour."—"And for

my part," said I to the ladies and the young officer, to whom I had been introduced as the humble friend of the Countess, "I scarcely know myself, when I stop to consider the part I have enacted in this sanguinary conflict. Which of us can explain in the philosophy of life, how it has happened that I, accustomed to none other than the quietest paths of our terrestrial pilgrimage, inculcating by precept—by example—and, my friends, let me add, by profession, the christian doctrine 'to bear and forbear,' appearing on all occasions, unto this day, save one, a peaceable and inoffensive man, should so suddenly have been fortified with the heart of a lion, and with the arm of a practised warrior, and have slain within an hour two human beings."

"Two!" exclaimed the Countess. "Ah, the dreadful necessity! But what other, master Peter, beside my assailant?"

I looked round to be certain that we were alone, and then I said in a suppressed voice—"that other was Robespierre's commissioner himself!—the author of all this ruin."

"How!" they all exclaimed, "the commissioner?"

"Yes," said I, "and you shall hear the manner in which I gave him exact retributive justice—fire for fire!" Thereupon I related briefly, my adventure at the barn and the capture of the horse.

"This is truly amazing," said the Countess; "but you have done too much good to be safe here, and we must hide ourselves in some other corner, until the storm blows over." Then calling the miller in, who had just arrived with the horses, asked if he could take her and Miss Saintonge a few miles in the market cart? to which, giving an affirmative answer:—"Let us immediately depart then for *Sisteron*, and beg a temporary shelter of the mother of *Jules*. Our two friends will escort us on horseback." This arrangement was forthwith adopted, and we took the high road to *Sisteron*, a populous town, about a couple of leagues off, which we reached at early dawn, and stopt at the house of *Jules'* mother. I dismounted to hand the Countess from the cart, and in taking leave, told her that I should put up the horse, subject to her order, at the inn where I intended to breakfast, and then pursue my journey on foot.

"On foot," said she, "that will never do. Take the horse with you, as a small notice of a debt which I can never acquit; no, my worthy friend, he will not pay you the hundredth part of what we owe you. He has been valiantly won by your own hand, and will, no doubt, contribute to your ease and comfort; then let me have the pleasure of presenting him to you. If I mistake not, sir, the accustomed indulgences of your real rank in life, so different from the station I see you in, will make him a welcome companion;" and she added, with much feeling, "should the misfortunes of our country ever have an end, I may give *Peter*, the sometime counterfeit herbarist, when he visits me again, a reception more in accordance with his true condition in society,

and a heart-felt testimony, I hope, of the warmest esteem and friendship."

To all this, I made a suitable reply, and kissed the hand which the fair lady presented to me, as she turned to enter the house of her friend. Having saluted her young companions, I hastened to the tavern, whence, after breakfast, I turned the horse's head towards the frontier town of *Embrun*, which was not more than thirty miles from *Sisteron*.

Before dark I arrived at the gate of the last town, which lay between me and the land of safety. And here, on the eastern verge of the republic, I expected, of course, to meet with greater vigilance than I had yet observed. My road was through a fortified city, which, to use a military phrase, was not to be *turned*: the watchful garrison forbade all hope of that. Resolved, then, to follow the straight and legal way, and solicit of the constituted authority leave to pass on, for the purpose of continuing my botanic pursuits, beyond the limits of France, I boldly entered the town of *Embrun*.

The very worst principles of the revolution were in full activity in this town. Hypocrites and fanatics ruled there, and exercised their authority with despatch and cruelty. No quarter was given to the votary of religion, or even of the moral duties of life; and any one entertaining notions at all favourable to the *ancient regime*, or old order of things, either in reference to politics or religion, was immediately sacrificed as an enemy to the state. Accusation, trial, execution, all followed in quick succession; for the monsters, in their work of extirpation, called it republican mercy, to put a prisoner out of misery with despatch. The guillotine was kept in permanent action. Four distinguished disciples of the new school of liberty, regulated every thing under the name of *Comite de Surete Publique*, three of whom were truly ferocious. One, however, who acted as president, possessed some redeeming qualifications, and now and then, helped to temper the sanguinary propensities of his colleagues, two of whom could neither read nor write, and were by profession low mechanics. Some of this I learned from the innkeeper, who showed me the town hall where these patent patriots, to whom I was obliged to apply for a pass, held their meetings.

In order to show their devotedness to liberty, they had discarded their French names, and assumed those of the great men of Greece and Rome. Thus the president styled himself *Aristides*, while the other three took the appellations of *Brutus*, *Cato*, and *Torquatus*. *Aristides*, the president, had been upon some civic mission to a body of troops that was stationed a few miles to the east, and happened to return to the board of the committee, the next morning after my arrival. I stood near an open door in an adjoining room, when he took his seat at the opening of the business of the day, and was informed by his immaculate companions, that, during his absence, an aristocratic merchant had been sent to the guillotine, for hoarding assignats: "A practice,"

said Brutus, "so contrary to our republican maxims, that we are determined to put an end to it; for money in the body politic, so often compared to blood in the human system, must circulate, or the corporation becomes languid and sickly—one nimble franc is worth more than two dead—acting upon this sound doctrine, we sent the miser to the national razor; and mean now, by thy good leave, dear *Aristides* the just, to divide the sleepy treasure among our noble selves; giving thee one fourth, as a matter of right."

"How much does it amount to?" asked the president.

"Sixteen thousand livres," was the answer.

"Give it to the army," said he, "I will have nothing to do with it. If the man, whom you have sacrificed, was guilty of *incivism*, take his money and put it into the military chest; our soldiers require it. I have been shocked at their destitute state, which I witnessed myself yesterday."

"The soldiers!" bawled out *Torquatus*: "what are they to us? If they want money, let them use their swords; a sabre briskly handled, will cut as well as a guillotine: and I say, brothers Brutus and Cato, make the division into three parts, if *Aristides* is squeamish."—"Undoubtedly," was their answer, and he forthwith began to count it over, for that purpose.

I remained transfixed with astonishment, not only at the rapacity of these men, but at the incautious way in which they exercised it. No one was in the apartment with me, it is true, except the official messenger, who said he could not introduce me before the bell of the committee should ring. It is possible that they thought themselves alone. At any rate, no notice was taken of their proceedings by my companion, whose attendance seemed to be divided between this board and a court room, which was entered by a door from the chamber in which I sat. I had then nothing to do but to listen to the sequel of this curious dispute.

The president, who really appeared to be a sincere enthusiast, and well disposed man, showed strong signs of disgust. He had just returned, as I have said, from a visit to a military corps, in which he perceived a more moderate and much more honest display of patriotism. There he saw the soldiers faithful, although without pay and ragged and barefooted. What a contrast, with the selfishness, robbery and cruelty of the civil government. Struck with remorse, he determined, it would seem, to withdraw from this den of thieves. Indeed, I subsequently learnt, that he had resolved from that moment, to give his services to his country, as a volunteer in the army.

The person who made these reflections, was a young man of only 23 years of age; not possessed of any shining parts, but living, as he did, in a remote corner of the republic, and animated by an honest zeal for the good of the commonwealth, he had risen, even with moderate talents, to the head of the important committee, over which he

presided. One of our proverbs says:—*Au Royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont Rois*;—In the kingdom of the blind, one-eyed persons are kings; and just so it was with Aristides. There were not many at any time well educated at *Embrun*, except the professionally learned, and they had long since been driven into exile. Few then were left, who could even read and write; and this was the cause of his sudden promotion.

When I stood listening in the anti-chamber, I, of course, was ignorant of some of these particulars, which circumstances revealed to me the next day, as the reader will see in due time.

Representations had been made to him by the officers of the corps he had just visited, on the neglected state of the troops, and pecuniary aid was earnestly solicited. Aristides promised to do his best; and very opportune, indeed, was the receipt of this money now in the hands of his colleagues. It was *legally* forfeited he hoped; at any rate the plundered owner was not there to claim it; and far better would it be to bestow it on the military, than on the rogues, who intended to pocket it, even to the exclusion of the president. On former occasions he had endeavoured to persuade them into the right path, but his remonstrances generally produced discontent, and sometimes rudeness; but no rupture had yet taken place; nor did he intend to foment one; for he did not think himself strong enough to denounce them openly. He merely gave them to understand by his irritated looks, and formal call for the business of the day (ringing his bell at the same time, to learn whether any one waited to be introduced) how much he disapproved of their conduct.

Brutus, at the sound of the bell, hastily replaced the money in his pocket, and catching at the same moment, a glance from the angry eye of the president, insolently exclaimed: "Hark ye, young man, let me give thee a piece of advice; dismiss that air of importance, and recollect that we are thy equals; that this is the peoples' committee, where discretion and secrecy is expected. We are friends, I hope; but should I be mistaken, I need not tell thee, how easily three can overcome one."

As he finished speaking, the messenger bade me follow him into the room.

"Who hast got there, thou son of Typhon?" enquired Brutus.

"He is a traveller, who wants a passport, and can tell his own story, I suppose."

The committee was immediately called to order, each member sitting with a red cap on his head, while the president held his pen ready to write down the *proces verbal*.

"Approach the table, citizen, and let us know thy will," said he.

"I am," I said, "an itinerant herbarist, duly commissioned to gather medicinal and other plants, for the botanic garden of Montpellier."

"And what's thy name?" asked the president, as he surveyed me with a searching look.

"Peter Assiot," I replied.

"Show thy passport."

I took from my pocket the order of the Montpellier gardener, and gave it to Torquatus, who happened to be nearest to me; but that representative of the peoples' lives and fortunes, not knowing how to read, handed it to Cato, who, for the same good reason, passed it on to the President.

"This paper," said he, after reading it, "is not a passport; have you nothing else to show?"

"No, citizen, and my business here, is to solicit a written order, with which I may continue my vocation, among the mountains of Savoy."

"But, Peter," cried the petulant and overbearing Brutus; "plain Peter! I say; (and it is lucky for thee that it is not *Saint* Peter, for thou knowest that all saints are banished from France;) tell us how it happens that thou art without a passport, and demandest to go beyond the frontier! Dost not know that he is reputed a suspected man who travels without a certificate of *civism*?"

To that question I made no answer; in truth, his arrogant manner took me by surprise, and for a moment I felt confounded and could not speak.

"How!" cried he, "tongue-tied! surrounded as we are by conspirators, the reign of terror must exercise all its might. Brother Cato scrutinize rigidly."

It occurred to me, that as I had no satisfactory document to show, in the form of a passport, that they might be soothed by gentle language, and I accordingly called upon the president, whom I addressed, and entreated to encourage the sciences, by assisting me in a study so useful and agreeable; contributing to the comfort of the sick and delight of the healthy. But while I was speaking, citizen Cato began his scrutiny. The first thing this Roman Senator did, was to thrust his hand into my pocket, under the pretence of finding traitorous papers, but with the hope of laying his hand on my pocket book, and transferring what assignats might be there into the common fund of plundered money. And it would perhaps, at that moment, have been as well for me, if a packet of paper assignats had met his rapacious grasp, instead of what he seized, if I may judge by the effect it had against me, in the eyes of those reprobates. Cato drew forth for the inspection of Brutus, my *breviary*; my well thumbed prayer-book. This was a precious discovery of itself; but how horror-stricken the rogues appeared, when on looking at the first leaf, they saw my real name and profession!—This was, indeed, a strange piece of forgetfulness on my part. The book had belonged to me many years, and the offices which I recited daily led me to the perusal, generally, of a certain number of pages, which opened habitually, as it were, of their own accord, while the blank sheet in front was wholly forgotten, because I never had occasion to refer to it.

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed Brutus, joy glistening in his eye, "Thou art then a priest, a refractory Benedictine! Thou art, most reverend father," added he, with an air of irony and exultation;

"thou art a dead man! This book alone condemns thee!"

The book was put into the hands of Aristides, who saw plainly that I was a disguised religious. On such occasions, there was very little form or process; an order of arrest and accusation, was made out for the court, which sat in an adjoining room; the jail was in the yard opposite, and between the two buildings, stood the guillotine: so that a prisoner *outlawed*, as all non-conforming priests were, required only to be identified; that done, he was led to the scaffold.

I saw the extent of my danger, and waited with calmness and perfect presence of mind to be led forth to execution; the grave seemed open to receive me, and in the language of the malignant Brutus, I was a dead man! But the president, instead of dismissing me with harshness, complimented me on my composure, and in language respectful and consoling, told me that the committee would listen to any extenuating plea that I might be disposed to offer.

Whether this was meant as a mock display of fairness, or to give me a chance of defence, I did not know; but thinking it necessary to say something, and looking upon myself as a condemned man, I believed it to be a suitable opportunity to let them hear the whole truth, and thus addressed them:—"It would not become me, a minister of the high God, in which character I now stand before you, to prevaricate; and if ever death can be met with courage, it is when the victim dies by such evidence as you have brought against me. You adduce as sole cause of my condemnation, the holy book of *your* Master and of mine; a book more dear to me than a thousand lives. It has been my companion and comforter here on earth, and you now make it my passport to heaven. Truly, citizens, when I came here to ask leave to travel a short journey among men, I did not expect that you were preparing for me a certificate of such rare value, for a journey to that bourn from which no traveller returns.

"This then is a revolutionary committee! Father of mercy in what times do we live! The fair land of beautiful France, with the millions of virtuous people, held in thralldom, and made to tremble before a few mistaken enthusiasts and designing chiefs. You said something about laws and outlawry. Where are your laws and who made them? Was it the handful of cannibals, who gorge on the blood and treasure of their countless victims? Wherever I cast my eye, I see slaughtered brothers, devastated fields and ruined towns. Your committee rooms are other caves of *Cacus*, whose avenues seem covered with human remains, while they themselves are filled with the vapour of guilt and the smell of the charnel house. I am ready and willing to quit this infected atmosphere; and in asking a blessing from heaven on my wretched country, I pray for the forgiveness and reformation of you, my murderers."

In the latter part of this short speech, I spoke with too much rapidity and animation to be in-

terrupted. It was a sharp reproof. I own, and delivered in language rather more free, than was usually tolerated in that *soi-disant* hall of liberty, and it made their red caps shake with rage. Personal violence would have followed, had not Aristides restrained his companions. "Be calm," my dear colleagues," he cried, "the executioner will carry to this fanatic our vengeance and our answer. Take him to prison; let a file of soldiers be called; I will myself convey to the tribunal, our accusation and our proofs."

As he ceased speaking, I saw him put my breviary in his pocket; and the messenger who introduced me to the committee, having seized me by the arm, led me to jail.

I may as well relate here, what took place among these gentlemen after I left them. As soon as the storm had subsided, and they had resumed their seats, they made themselves merry with my last solemn apostrophe. It was an occurrence well suited to cheer their tiger hearts. To cut off the head of an insolent and refractory priest! Nothing had happened for a long time so satisfactory and delightful.

Aristides took advantage of this change of temper, gave his hand to Brutus in token of reconciliation, and begged to be indulged with the fraternal hug; a favour which was forthwith granted, when they sprung into each other's arms and kissed cheeks. The president dissembled; but if ever hypocrisy was excusable it was on this occasion; for his object was to obtain as much of the treasure, pocketed by Brutus, as he could, in order to take it immediately to the army. Being good friends again, he proposed to him to reserve for his two colleagues and himself six thousand livres, and let him have ten thousand for the suffering soldiers. "It will be a patriotic gift," said he, coaxingly, "worthy of such good citizens as you are! and you may pay your own admirable civic services with two thousand livres a-piece—what say you, my valued associates, Torquatus and Cato?"

They yielded with reluctance, counted out the money, and adjourned the meeting.

I was locked up in a dismal hole, where amid profound silence, and solitude, not the smallest ray of light penetrated, so that nothing could be seen to withdraw my mind, "purged of fear and terror," from the all absorbing thoughts of approaching death. I spent the day in prayer and preparation for that awful change. It seemed inevitable, and I felt resigned. At the tenth hour, as nearly as I could judge, I threw myself on a heap of loose straw that lay in the corner, somewhat surprised at the long reprieve; for I expected the usual despatch would have been exercised towards me. Calm and submissive, I slept soundly for four hours, when about two in the morning, I was awakened by the unlocking of the door, and on opening my eyes, saw a man standing near me with a lamp in his hand. He spoke, and I recognised the voice of Aristides. I rose refreshed and told him I was ready.

"Be silent," said he, "while I impart to you the cause of my visit. I am just going to set off

for the camp in this neighbourhood, and mean to remain with the army as a volunteer; for I am sick of the disorder that prevails here: more especially am I horrified and disgusted at the innocent blood, which these monsters shed daily; and am determined, reverend father, not to have your death on my heart. You have not yet been called to the tribunal; no accusation or proof exists there against you; and I now restore to you the book which alone could condemn you. The jailor is a creature of mine, and partakes of my aversion at what is passing. He has three persons in prison, including you, who are to be arraigned for trial to-morrow; I have myself written the word *two* instead of *three* on his register; and he knows that I have power to open this prison to whom I please. Follow me then; your horse and baggage are on the outside of the eastern gate, and the officer of the night stationed there is my friend."

What an unexpected deliverance! Nor was I slow or tame in uttering my acknowledgments. Aristides listened to them in silence a few moments, and then resumed thus:—

"In protecting you, Reverend Dom Andras, I am doing this night a truly christian act; for I am not only forgiving an enemy, but saving his life."

"An enemy!" exclaimed I.

"Yes," one whose early hopes were blasted by your agency; one from whom his very parents turned in scorn and reprobation, and whose fortune seemed wrecked forever; I am the expelled *Nebon*, the charity scholar of the king, driven from college by your decree; and driven thence, innocent of the offence of which I was accused. Think not that I would take all this risk and trouble for a stranger; no, my father, it would be adventuring myself gratuitously; but when I recognised in you an ancient professor, the relic, as it were, of a magnificent institution, overthrown by the vehemence and zeal of ignorant reformers, I felt disposed to forgive the injury I had received, and to protect you if I could. I knew you the moment you appeared before me, and immediately resolved in my heart to aid you. Since your confinement here, I have prepared my plan, which is unknown to every person except one, and he is an officer of our garrison, who was a scholar, cotemporary with me, and under your care. He entertains none but the kindest recollection of you, and contributed long since to weaken my resentment, by placing my case before me, as one of strong presumptive guilt. This young officer is *Lacastre*, who has procured the appointment of chief of the guard for this night, at the Savoy gate, and waits for us there; please then, follow me, in order that I may introduce him to you." As he ceased to speak, he gave me a passport, in case I should meet a detachment of troops that had taken possession of Savoy.

With augmented surprise at this discovery, I embraced the worthy *Nebon*, and left the prison. Darkness favoured our passage through the great street that leads to the eastern gate. All

the town slumbered in profound silence. *Nebon*, perfectly well acquainted with the mud holes and other impediments, so common in the streets of our cities, gave me his arm, and conducted me in safety to his companion, Captain *Lacastre*, who accompanied us through the gate, and threw himself into my arms, with every expression of a most affectionate recognition. A short time was allowed me to thank him for this good action, and to bestow upon him a paternal benediction. *Nebon's* horse waited by the side of mine. We mounted and galloped off on a good road for four miles without speaking a word, when my friend stopt to tell me that the little town of *Barcelonnette*, the first in Piedmont, lay on my left hand, not more than two leagues distant, and that I could easily get there by day light, when all danger would be over; adding that his road was on the straight course south. He then took me respectfully by the hand, raised his hat, and left me.

This generous, this magnanimous proceeding, drew a flood of tears from my eyes; I wept like a child, and for a long while was so overcome, as scarcely to mind the gait of my horse. Day was breaking, and the possibility of some new obstacle falling in my way, roused me; I quickened his pace, and a little after sunrise entered the land of safety, and prosecuted my journey industriously, until I arrived at Turin, where I met with a most hearty welcome from the Prince. As to *Nebon*, I add here with much pleasure, that he soon obtained a commission, and gradually rose to the command of a regiment, and performed ever after the part of a good soldier and a good Frenchman.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

I SAW a mourner standing at eventide over the grave of one dearest to him on earth. The memory of joys that were past came crowding on his soul. "And is this," said he, "all that remains of one so loved and so lovely? I call, but no voice answers. Oh! my loved one will not hear! O death! inexorable death! what hast thou done? Let me be down and forget my sorrows in the slumber of the grave?"

While he thought thus in agony, the gentle form of Christianity came by. She bade him look upward, and to the eye of faith the heavens were disclosed. He heard the song and transport of the great multitude which no man can number around the throne. There were the spirits of the just made perfect—there, the spirit of her he mourned! Their happiness was pure, permanent, perfect. The mourner then wiped the tears from his eyes, took courage and thanked God:—"All the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait till my change come;" and he returned to the duties of life no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent, who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

BY C. SWAIN.

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among,
When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and song;
'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the gale.

For he whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life—
That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and fruitage rife—
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of mind—
Had fled for ever from the fame, love, friendship of mankind!

To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit swept afar,
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or star;
To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth—
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence worlds had birth!

There was wailing on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train swept by!
Methought—St. Mary shield us well!—that other forms moved there,
Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young, and fair!

Was it a dream?—how oft in sleep, we ask, "Can this be true?"
Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels to our view:—
Earth's glory seems a tarnish'd crown to that which we behold,
When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold!

Was it a dream?—methought the "dauntless Harold" passed me by—
The proud "Fitz-James," with martial step, and dark, intrepid eye;
That "Marmion's" haughty crest was there, a mourner for his sake;
And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet "Lady of the Lake."

The "Minstrel," whose *last lay* was o'er, whose broken harp lay low,
And with him glorious "Waverley," with glance and step of woe;
And "Stuart's" voice rose there, as when, 'midst fate's disastrous war,
Heled the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave "Ich Ian Vohr."

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the "Dominie" stalk'd past,
With "Bertram," "Julia" by his side, whose tears were flowing fast;
"Guy Mannering," too, moved there, o'erpower'd by that afflicting sight;
And "Merrillies," as when she wept on Ellangowan's height.

Solemn and grave, "Monkham's" approached, amidst that burial line;
And "Ochiltree" leant o'er his staff, and mourn'd for "Auld lang syne!"
Slow march'd the gallant "McIntyre," whilst "Lovel" mused alone;
For once "Miss Wardour's" image left that bosom's faithful throne!

With coronach, and arms reversed, forth came "Mac Gregor's" clan—
Red "Dougal's" cry peal'd shrill and wild—"Rob Roy's" bold brow looked wan;
The fair "Diana" kissed her cross, and bless'd its sainted ray;
And "Wae is me;" the "Baillie" sigh'd, "that I should see this day!"

Next rode in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and scarf,
Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far-renowned "Black Dwarf;"
Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing free—
The pious sculptor of the grave—stood "Old Mortality!"

"Balfour of Burley," "Claverhouse," the "Lord of Evandale,"
And stately "Lady Margaret," whose woe might nought avail!
Fierce "Dunbarton" on his charger black, as from the conflict won;
And pale "Habakkuk Mucklewrath," who cried "God's will be done!"

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms mid wildest scenes,
Passed she—the modest, eloquent, and virtuous "Jeanie Deans;"
And "Dumbiedikes," that silent laird, with love too deep to smile,
And "Ellie," with her noble friend, the good "Duke of Argyle."

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark "Ravenswood" advanced,
Who on the false "Lord Keeper's" mien with eye indignant glanced;—
Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, 'neath covert close and sure,
Approach'd the beauty of all hearts—the "Bride of Lammermoor!"

Then "Annot Lyle," the fairy queen of light and song, stepped near,
The "Knight of Ardenvoir," and he, the gifted Highland Seer;
"Dalgetty," "Duncan," "Lord Monteith," and "Ronald" met my view—
The hapless "Children of the Mist," and bold "Mhic-Connel-Dhu!"

On swept "Bois Guilbert"—"Front de Bouc"—"De Bracy's" plume of woe;
And "Cœur de Lion's" crest shone near the valiant "Ivanhoe;"
While soft as glides a summer cloud "Rowena" closer drew,
With beautiful "Rebecca"—peerless daughter of the Jew!

Still onward, like the gathering night, advanced that funeral train—
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy main;—
Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were seen
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and woman's beauteous mien!

A sound thrilled through that lengthening host! methought the vault was closed,
Where in his glory and renown fair Scotia's bard reposed!—
A sound thrilled through that length'ning host! and forth my vision fled!—
But, ah!—that mournful dream proved true—the immortal Scott was dead!

THE DEATH-FEAST.

THE birth-day or the wedding day,
Let happier mourners keep;
To death my festal vows I pay,
And try in vain to weep.

Some griefs the strongest soul might shake,
And I such grief have had;
My brain is hot—but they mistake,
Who deem that I am mad.

My father died, my mother died,
Four orphans poor were we;
My brother John worked hard, and tried
To smile on Jane and me.

But work grew scarce, while bread grew dear,
And wages lessened too,
For Irish hordes were bidders here
Our half-paid work to do.

Yet still he strove, with failing breath,
And sinking cheek, to save
Consumptive Jane from early death—
Then joined her in the grave.

His watery hand in mine I took,
And kissed him while he slept;
O, still I see his dying look!
He tried to smile, and wept!

I bought his coffin with my bed,
My gown bought earth and prayer;
I pawned my mother's ring for bread,
I pawned my father's chair.

My Bible yet remains to sell,
And yet unsold shall be;
But language fails my woes to tell—
Even crumbs were scarce with me.

I sold poor Jane's gray linnnet then,
It cost a groat a-year;
I sold John's hen, and missed the hen
When eggs were selling dear;

For autumn nights seemed wintry cold,
While seldom blazed my fire,
And eight times eight no more I sold
When eggs were getting higher.

But still I glean the moor and heath;
I wash, they say, with skill;
And workhouse-bread ne'er crossed my teeth—
I trust it never will.

But when the day on which John died
Returns with all its gloom,
I seek kind friends, and beg, with pride,
A banquet for the tomb.

One friend, my brother James, at least
Comes then with me to dine;
Let others keep the Marriage-feast,
'The Funeral-feast is mine.

For then on him I fondly call,
And then he lives again!
To-morrow is our festival
Of death, and John, and Jane.

Even now, behold! they look on me,
Exulting from the skies,
While angels round them weep to see
The tears gush from their eyes!

I cannot weep—why can I not?
My tears refuse to flow:
My feet are cold, my brain is hot—
Is fever madness?—No.

Thou smilest, and in scorn—but thou,
Couldst thou forget the dead?
No common beggar curtsies now,
And begs for burial bread.

THE LAST WISH,

A BALLAD.

The Words by Mrs. Wemans—the Music by her Sister.

AFFETTOSO.

The first system of the musical score, marked 'AFFETTOSO'. It consists of a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a series of eighth notes and rests.

The second system of the musical score, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics 'Bring me sweet flow'rs to shed,' are written under the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with its eighth-note pattern.

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics 'Around my dying bed, A breath of' are written under the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with its eighth-note pattern.

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics 'May, and of the wood's re - pose, . . . For I, in sooth, de - part;' are written under the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with its eighth-note pattern.

The fifth system of the musical score. The lyrics 'With a reluctant heart, That fain would linger, where the bright sun glows.' are written under the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with its eighth-note pattern.

Haste! to my pillow bear, These fra-grant things and fair, My hand no
es press
more shall bind them up at eve, . . . Yet shall their odour soft, One
bright dream round me waft, Of Life, Youth, Summer— all that I must leave.
espress
ad lib.

II.

And oh! if thou would'st ask,
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace,
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone may be,
The spirit bound to each familiar place.
I bid mine image dwell,
(Oh! break thou not the spell!)
In the deep wood, and by the fountain's side,
Thou must not, my Belov'd,
Rove where we two have rov'd,
Forgetting her that in her spring time died.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

Nothing is more imperious than weakness, when it fancies itself upheld by strength: some weak people, on the contrary, are sensible of their weakness, and are able to make a good use of it.

On a reverse of fortune, we always respect those who have respected themselves in prosperity.

When one of our most popular moralists observed, "that he never knew a man of sense a general favourite," he uttered a sentiment peculiarly adapted to charm the English. In France every man of sense would have aspired to be a general favourite, and every man of literary distinction might have won easily enough to that ambition. But here, intellect alone does not produce fashion, and the author, failing to attain it, affects the privilege of railing, and the right to be disappointed.

Art is nobility's true register,
Nobility Art's champion still is said;
Learning is Fortitude's right calendar,
And Fortitude is Learning's saint and aid.
Thus, if the balance between both be weigh'd,
Honor shields Learning from all injury,
And Learning Honor from black infamy.

That would be a most singular book, in which no falsehood could be detected.

Forgive not the man who gives you *bad* wine more than once. It is more than an injury. Cut the acquaintance, as you value your life.

The fruit which comes from the many days of recreation and vanity is very little; and although we scatter much, yet we gather little profit; but from the few hours we spend in prayer and the exercises of a pious life, the return is great and profitable; and what we sow in the minutes and spare portions of a few years, grow up to crowns and sceptres in a happy and glorious eternity.

Every thing is easy, if you follow the current of opinion: a shallow bark neither wants canvas nor oars to glide down the stream.

One of the Hydrangea tribe perspires so freely that the leaves wither and become crisp in a very short space of time, if the plant be not amply supplied with water; it has 160,000 apertures on every inch square of surface on the under disk of the leaf.

To be a great man requires only courage enough to support adversity.

A French author, M. Grand, states a fact in relation to the finny tribe, not heretofore, we believe, noticed by naturalists. It is, that the *Aborescent tritinnica* enjoys the power of song. The music it makes, when placed in a vase containing a small quantity of water, may be heard

at the distance of twelve or fifteen feet. M. Grand supposes that these sounds serve as means of communication from one of these animals to another.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

'Tis feign'd that Jupiter two vessel's placed,
The one with honey fill'd, the other gall,
At the entry of Olympus; Destiny,
There brewing these together, suffers not
One man to pass, before he drinks this mixture.
Hence it is we have not an hour of life
In which our pleasures relish not some pain,
Our sours some sweetness.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

True friendship, as Tully observes, proceeds from a reciprocal esteem and a virtuous resemblance of manners. When such is the basis, the variety in certain tenets and opinions is of no ill consequence to the union, and will scarcely ever unloose the social ties of love, veneration and esteem.

People are scandalized if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think what a bustle there is about my head.

RECIPES.

FOR DYEING STRAW AND CHIP BONNETS.

Chip hats being composed of the shavings of wood, are stained black in various ways. First by being boiled in strong logwood liquor three or four hours; they must be often taken out to cool in the air, and now and then a small quantity of green copperas must be added to the liquor, and this continued for several hours. The saucepan or kettle that they are dyed in may remain with the bonnets in it all night; the next morning they must be taken out and dried in the air, and brushed with a soft brush. Lastly a sponge is dipped in oil, and squeezed almost to dryness; with this the bonnets are rubbed all over, both inside and out, and then sent to the blockers to be blocked.

Others boil them in logwood; and, instead of green copperas, use steel filings steeped in vinegar; after which they are finished as above.

FOR DYEING STRAW BONNETS BROWN.

Take a sufficient quantity of Brazil wood, sumach, bark, madder, and copperas, and sadden according to the shade required.

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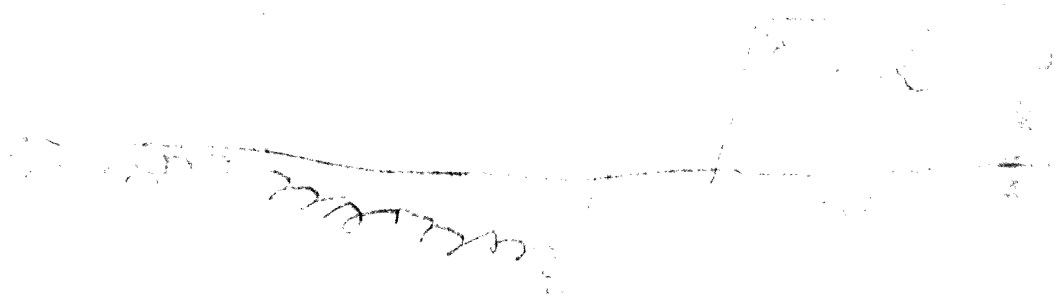
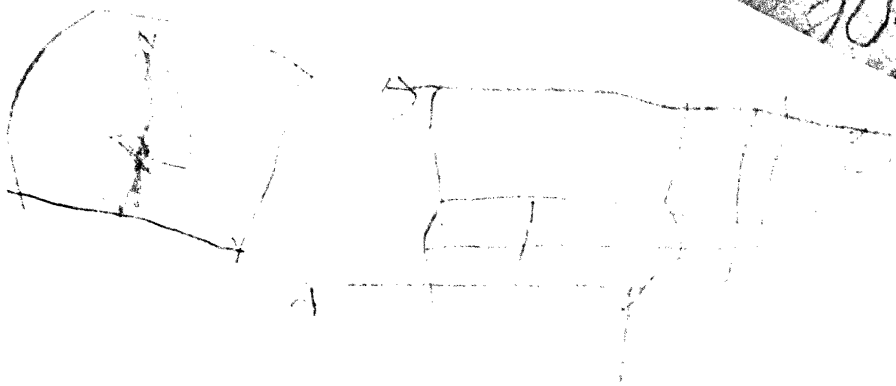
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